

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Birth fears no Rush, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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Mysteries and Enigmas of Science.

The *Popular Science Monthly*, for July, has two articles which are alike in the fact that they concede a state of absolute incapacity, on the part of men of science, to explain certain very ordinary but entirely inexplicable mental phenomena. Under the title, "A Zoological Enigma," Dr. Oswald narrates the experiments adopted by some physicians in Ohio to determine whether the faculty of returning to a particular place or house, from great distances, which is present in some animals and absent in others, is the result of an exercise of scent, or of memory or, indeed, of any other known faculty.

A dog was made insensible with ether at Cincinnati, put into a wicker basket, started on a train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, first enroute to Danville Junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea in Madison County. This circuitous route was taken because, on a former occasion, when the dog had returned from a point 100 miles distant from his home, it was suspected that he might have found his way back by simply reversing his course on the railway by which he had come. At Berea the dog was shut up securely over night and well fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing, on the top of a grassy knob at some distance from the railway, and was let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and struck first on a trot and then a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, i. e., south-east, but due north, in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that has lost its way, but "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went headlong into a copse of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail, and on the afternoon of the next day after receiving this report the owner met the dog on the street in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burrs and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness." Dr. Oswald says:

"That settled the memory question. Till they reached Crab Orchard the dog had been under the influence of ether, and the last thing he could possibly know from memory was a misleading fact, viz., that they had brought him from a southwesterly direction. Between Berea and Cincinnati he had to cross two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five good-sized towns, then centers of a network of bewildering roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of Kentucky before, nor ever within sixty miles of Berea. The destination of the watershed might have guided him to the Kentucky River, and by and by back to the Ohio, but far below Cincinnati and by an exhaustively circuitous route. The weather, after a few days of warm rains, had turned clear and cool, so that no thermal data could have suggested the fact that he was two degrees south of his home. The wind, on that morning, varied from west to northwest; and, if it wafted a hint of city atmosphere across the Kentucky River Mountains, it must have been from the direction of Frankfort or Louisville. So, what induced the dog to start due north?"

Upon the question of scent he suggests:

"A nose that can track the faint scent of a rabbit through thickets of aromatic herbage might easily distinguish the atmosphere of a reeking manufacturing town at a distance of ten miles. At fifty miles it might be barely possible under the most favorable conditions of wind and weather; at one hundred and fifty miles it seems impossible under all circumstances."

"Similar causes have produced similar results in other species of animals, for the sense of orientation is not confined to the genus *Canis*. Horses and goats show traces of the same talent; pigeons, crows, falcons, and all migratory birds possess it in a transcendent degree; also all migratory fishes and reptiles, shad, sturgeons, tunnyfish, and marine tortoises. Now, there is no doubt that in most birds the olfactory sense is very feebly developed. Eagles, falcons, and sparrow-hawks hunt by sight, and even condors and other vultures have been decoyed with sham carcasses, hides stuffed with straw or stones. Pigeons and chickens are very sharp sighted and awaken at the slightest sound, but a noiseless thief can surprise them in any dark night—the sense of smell does not warn them. Von Haller went so far as to assert that birds can not smell at all, and that their nostrils are only respiratory apertures."

"How, then, could carrier-pigeons find their way from Cleveland to Philadelphia? Belgian pigeons have carried letters from Paris to Namur and from Geneva to Brussels, in fourteen and twenty-two hours; and a peregrin, which Henri Quatre presented to the commander of a Mediterranean brigantine, returned from Tanager to Paris in a single day. Did they steer by sight? However telescopic their vision might be, the incursion of the globe would preclude the idea."

"The bird-of-passage instinct is much less wonderful. Cranes and geese might steer due south by the aid of the noontide sun, and return by inverting the process till they come in sight of familiar scenery. A Northampton swallow, flying at the rate of two miles a minute, could well afford to roam at random over the State of Massachusetts till she came in sight of the Holyoke range and Mount Tom. A sturgeon, too, might find his spawning grounds at the mouth of the Ottawa by following the St. Lawrence upward till he reached the Chaudière of St. Anne. In short, the art of retracing a self-chosen route appears much less enigmatical. But even reptiles have crossed unknown seas by the aid of the same geographical second-sight which guided the Philadelphia pigeons to their native roost. According to a well-authenticated report, the crew of a British East Indianman caught an enormous tortoise near St. Helena, marked it with the brand of the company, and quartered it in the cockpit, but in the English Channel their captive crawled overboard and plunged overboard. Two years after, the same tortoise was caught in Sandy Bay near Jamestown, on the south coast of St. Helena. No ocean current could have carried it there; it must have navigated by its inner compass a distance of seven thousand English miles."

No explanation whatever of this enigma is undertaken by the *Popular Science Monthly*. Nothing but the overwhelming evidence that such facts occur, could outweigh the equally overwhelming conviction that out of courtesy to men of science they ought not to occur, because science has no explanation whatever to offer for them. That they are phenomena of mind and betray intelligence of the highest order, cannot be doubted. Certain animals, such as lizards, are said to be almost wholly destitute of the faculty.

In another article, in the same number, on "Hysteria and Demonism," Dr. Charles Richet describes mesmerism as a species of "somniaambulism produced by passes" and as a disease, though it is a disease which is "not disagreeable," and is "also without danger." No accidents, "either grave or light," have been noticed as consequences of it, and "it is even possible that in certain cases it appeases the over-excited nervous system."

Now to describe mesmerism as a condition of "somniaambulism produced by passes," is very much like describing church-membership as a condition of pecuniary independence produced by baptism. Somniaambulism, or walking in one's sleep, is a disease, because it is not voluntarily superinduced and cannot be voluntarily controlled or limited, and because the action of the faculties while it is pending, are unnatural, disagreeable and dangerous. Mesmerism is just as little like somniaambulism as is the orientation or faculty of finding localities, previously under consideration.

Dr. Richet admits the phenomena of mesmerism or animal magnetism as facts, i. e., he admits that the mind and will of one person may control the mind, will, senses, imagination, belief and judgment of another by means of "passes" and other "bewitchments" for which medical science has only the abusive names "hysteria, demon-

ism, disease," and the like. In some cases there is torpor and muscular and fibrous contractions; in others none of these. In some cases the subject becomes insensible to pain or touch, and may be pricked or tickled without provoking any sign. In nearly all cases the judgment and beliefs of the subject are under the control of the operator. At this point, Richet commits the most deplorable misrepresentation by attributing to the somniaambulism "caused by passes" i. e., to mesmerism, a phenomenon which he well knows never occurs in genuine somniaambulism, and which, in fact, clearly distinguishes mesmerism from all somniaambulism, as well as from ordinary sleep. He says:

"A fact which marks the difference between somniaambulism and ordinary sleep is that the dream, which is only spontaneous in ordinary sleep, may be provoked in somniaambulism. It would be very hard, for example, to make a man who is sleeping quietly in his bed dream of a lion. If we should say to him aloud, 'Look at the lion!' one of two things would happen: he would not hear us, or he would wake up; but in neither case he would not dream of a lion. On the other hand, I once said to one of my friends whom I had put into the condition of somniaambulism, 'Look at that lion!' He started at once, and his face expressed fright; 'He is coming,' he said, 'he is coming nearer, let us run away—quick, quick!' and he almost had a nervous crisis under the influence of his terror."

We have seen numerous cases of genuine somniaambulism. If Dr. Richet has ever seen them, he well knows that if any instances ever occur in which outside persons can give direction to the thoughts, purposes or action of a somniaambulist, they are the rare exceptions. The degree of control is totally unlike the control of a magnetizer over his subject. It is as imperfect and accidental as the alleged control which a person awake can exert over a person in an ordinary sleep or dreaming, by pinching him or talking to him. In the above instance, while the writer begins by asserting that the person whose "dream" he influences, is a somniaambulist, he ends by explaining that by the word "somniaambulist," he means a mesmerized subject; i. e., one whom he has thrown into somniaambulism by "passes."

The fact is that if Richet had presented facts bearing on mesmerism, without abusive epithets, such as "disease," "hysteria," etc., his article would have been rejected as unscientific. An allegation that one person could influence the will, judgment and belief of another, by "looks and passes" merely, is in itself an unqualified endorsement of mesmerism in its essential claims, and therefore it is unscientific. But if the writer couples his endorsement of the essential fact with dyslogistic epithets speaking of it as a "disease," this restores its scientific standing, though disease ordinarily means something that is involuntary, and produces pain or inconvenience, while this is a phenomenon which is at all times controlled by an intelligent will (of the magnetizer) and produces no pain or inconvenience whatever.

The word "disease" being thus deprived of its meaning, may be used as a shield and buckler, behind which a scientific man may state to other scientific men that he has produced and witnessed genuine mesmerism phenomena without incurring mesmerism. Such scientists are the Nicodemuses of today who save their standing in the regular schools of science by denouncing all "isms" that have not a purely materialistic origin, and yet send for Jesus by night, get an inkling of the very truths which they denounce, and investigate them surreptitiously. To admit they do not know how a dog finds its way home, is scientific. They need not charge the dog with being diseased. But to admit that one man's will can influence another's by looks and passes, is unscientific, unless the admission is coupled with the statement that the person so influenced is for the time being in a state of disease. This can safely be done by redefining the word "disease," so as to make it mean a "psychologic influence, impossible upon, and removable from, one person at the will of another, attended by no pain, curable by no medicine, having no perceptible deleterious consequences, often accompanied by great benefits, indeed a curative power. Under this new scientific definition not only mesmerism, but eloquence, prayer and music, and possibly the reading of the *Popular Science Monthly* are diseases."

Hudson Tuttle and "Christian Spiritualism."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your excellent issue of June 5th, there appears an article from the pen of Bro. Tuttle under the heading of "Christian Spiritualism," inquiring of Brittan, Buchanan, Kiddle and myself the might have extended the list to Crowell, Watson, Fishbough, Fishback, Harter, Seaver, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Hyzer, and many others "what they desire to convey" by the phrase "Christian Spiritualism." Doubtless Dr. Brittan, Prof. Buchanan, and Mr. Kiddle will answer each for himself, and the brave, independent Journal I am confident, will publish their responses.

But to the subject matter: I have never called myself a Christian Spiritualist. Others have thrust the honor upon me, if it be honorable—the dishonor if it be dishonorable. Only a few times in the multiplicity of my writings have I employed the phrase Christian Spiritualism, and for the reason that I preferred religious Spiritualism, as a phrase of broader and deeper significance. "Most earnestly" does Bro. Tuttle inquire, "What I desire to convey by the term Christian Spiritualism?" The question, though rather non-important, is courteously put. This, generally speaking, is characteristic of friend Tuttle's style. I say it to his praise. If it were otherwise I should pay not the least heed to his inquiries or criticisms.

Answer: I mean by "Christian Spiritualism," a Spiritualism truly enlightened, rational and consecrated—a Spiritualism whose phenomena and philosophy are from the heavens rather than from the hells. But is not all Spiritualism—the word including the phenomena and the philosophy—truly enlightened and rational? By no means. Voudon Spiritualism with its weird spells, charms, oracles, distorted visions, demonic trances and pitch-dark practices, is neither enlightened nor rational. Some of the African Voudon or Obi-men, to my knowledge, give good tests, and they all believe as firmly as does Mr. Tuttle in the fact of spirit converse.

Again: Mormon Spiritualism, in my estimation, is neither enlightened nor rational. And yet, none intimately acquainted with the early history of Mormonism, will dispute the clairvoyance, the visions, in a word the mediumship of the founder, Joseph Smith. Touching the class or grade of spirits that influenced him, that is another question!

When in Utah last winter, conversing with a Mormon quite famous for his gift of healing, I was referred by him in language more Western than classic, to the "spiritual gifts" among Mormons as a proof of the truth of Mormonism. He had three only three wives! Does not such a phase of Spiritualism admit of an adjective?

Am I told that the above is "not Spiritualism"? Pardon me—but who made you Judge Tullibier and by what authority do you assume the position of Pope?

If belief in a present converse with spirits and the exercise of the spiritual gifts constitute the sum, the essential factor in Spiritualism, then the polygamic Mormons, the black Voudons of Africa, and still more objectionable specimens of humanity may lay as good claim to being Spiritualists as Mr. Tuttle.

After soundly berating Christian Spiritualism and seeking to belittle such advocates of it as Kiddle, Buchanan and others, Mr. Tuttle says:

"By exalting Christianity and making a 'corner-stone' of Jesus, they set themselves directly across the path of advance marked out by great thinkers and scholars like Max Muller and others, who bring all religions, as evidences of human thought, to one common level."

And who, pray, has made a "corner-stone of Jesus"? I do not know of one in the ranks of Spiritualism. Thank heaven, the great body of Spiritualists are intelligent enough, honest and honorable enough to make the due distinction between the man Jesus and Christ—that is, to say, the Christ-principle, or the Christ-spirit of truth, love and purity. I wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Corner-stone of Spiritualism." Over 17,000 copies have been sold—proof enough that it was a timely production. As to Mr. Tuttle's assertion that Max Muller brings all religions "to one common level"—the exact reverse is true! Before me this moment lies *Fraser's Magazine*, containing one of Max Muller's lectures upon the "Science of Religion," delivered at the Royal Institution, London. And the underlying thought and aim of the lecture is to show the superiority of the benighted over the Turanian, Aryan and other religions of the East. This prince of scholars, after clearly proving that the religion of Judaism and Christianity was eminently monotheistic, proceeds to exalt it above the religions of the other races.

Further on in the article under consideration, Mr. Tuttle makes this admission: "Spiritualism is Christian; it is Mohammedan; it is Buddhist, etc." Exactly so!—and being so, Mr. Tuttle being authority, why is he so troubled?

While in India I met a noted Spiritualist, K. R. Deb Mukher, who said—"I believe in intercourse with the spirits of the dead, yet considering my caste, I prefer to be called what I am, a Brahman, or a Brahmanical Spiritualist—a friend of Brahman and man!" Probably Mr. Tuttle would have lectured him for using the "adjective" and then kindly put him right.

But how about the word "currency"? the genuine, the doubtful, the counterfeit? Is not the adjective both admissible and necessary here? or is a gold currency, a silver currency and a worthless rag-paper

currency, all equally valuable in Mr. Tuttle's estimation? No adjectives!

Thinking of that lamented "Christian Spiritualist," Robert Dale Owen, thinking of the veteran worker, Charles Partridge, who has continued his connection these long years with a liberal Christian church, thinking of Dr. Watson, Buchanan, Brittan, Putnam, Kiddle, Barrett, Fishbough, A. E. Newton, Crowell, Mrs. Brigham, and others—and then reading these sentences from the pen of Mr. Tuttle: "They (Christian Spiritualists) only desire to retain the name as a sham, and it is a sham that deceives nobody.... You have Spiritualism, but blighted, dead with the dry-rot of aping respectability." I have only to ask if the above is just the style and spirit to manifest towards one's peers—men and women, honest, conscientious and cultured!

Is Mr. Kiddle in advocating Christian, *alias* a rational religious Spiritualism, playing the role of the "sham"? And did he in resigning the position of Superintendent of the New York schools, and in writing his book upon Spiritualism, so unassuming and so Christian in spirit, have no higher motive in mind than an "aping respectability"? Finally, as Bro. Tuttle asks me through the *Journal*—as well as Buchanan, Brittan and Kiddle—what I "desire to convey," or mean by "Christian Spiritualism," I now propose to turn inquisitor, asking Mr. Tuttle what he meant—with his Jew-like dislike to the words Christ and Christian—by joining the Independent Christian Church of Alliance, Ohio?

It was not the "Independent Church" of Alliance, as Mr. Tuttle has carelessly or purposely written it several times—but the "Independent Christian Church" that he joined, which Christian Church gave him a certificate conferring upon him the privileges of a Christian minister. What did he mean by taking this step? and what understanding did he entertain of the word "Christian"? Dr. Cooper, and other speakers and writers, if I mistake not, obtained their certificates of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.

The history of the Alliance "Independent Christian Church" is briefly this: the original was Disciple, or what some would denominate a Campbellite church, which church, to use Mr. Tuttle's published words, "was considered the leading Disciple church in this country, and was ministered to by the best talent of that sect." But at length a liberal spirit got into this church. Controversies arose, waxing warm upon the subject of baptism and other dogmas. A schism was the result. And here follows the resolution that took about two-thirds of the congregation away from the old church—Resolved, That we form ourselves into an organization of Independent Christians with the Bible as our foundation, granting to all men their right of choice in baptism and all matters pertaining to Christianity." The wording and tenor of the above resolution was considered at several church meetings, and the following was finally adopted:

"Resolved, That we unite in forming ourselves into an Independent Christian Church with the Bible as our foundation, granting to all their right of choice in baptism and all matters pertaining to Christianity."

Such is the platform of the Independent Christian Church of which Hudson Tuttle voluntarily became a member—and because so by vote, I believe, rather than immersion or any form of baptism.

Now, then, I have one or two important questions to ask:

1. In joining this Independent Christian Church, which has the Bible for its foundation, what significance did Mr. Tuttle attach to the word *Christian*? Will he answer?

2. Saying nothing of the right, would it not be consistent on the part of Mr. Tuttle to disassociate himself with that Christian church in Alliance before "joining another" church, against Christian Spiritualism?

But must close—let us do it in "due form" speaking masonically. Bro. Brittan pass the hymn-book; Bro. Buchanan select the hymn; Bro. Kiddle, be so kind as to read it. Will Dr. Watson give the key and "lead off"? Bro. Tuttle ever faithful as a *Christian* co-worker in the Independent Christian Church, will stand with us. In union there is strength. Will Bro. Crowell, A. E. Newton, Harter, Fishback, Fishbough, Barrett, Sisters Hyzer, Brigham and others, join in the singing. Listen to the dear old words:

"How sweet the life that binds Our hearts to Christian love!"

Behold the tableau! Let us hereafter have peace.

Hammon, N. J. J. M. FEELEY.

The Fargo, Dakota, *Republican* says: "Prof. Denton commences his course of six lectures on geology Thursday evening, June 24th, and we know whereof we write when we say that all who can enjoy listening to one of the best scientific lecturers in America should attend. Tickets for the course, \$1.00 each, with reserved seats, may be secured at the postoffice. Don't fail to hear the opening lecture, and after hearing that you will not want to lose the rest."

If men considered the happiness of others or their own; in fewer words, if they were rational or provident, no State would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a barn would be laid in ashes, not a farm would be deserted.—London.

Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. W. F. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

It never crossed my mind that this was a description of another world and its people, as I am now satisfied that it was. I thought it possible that some dark skinned people might have lived in Northern Ohio, and that their influence had been communicated in some way to the specimen, for I felt confident that what the psychometer saw was related to the specimen, since on trying it subsequently Mrs. Fouts saw the whole vision in exact order again.

About nine months afterwards, Mrs. Denton examined another specimen from the same mass and said:

"This has a good deal of the lunar feeling. I am in a region of rocks, all dry; I do not feel the heat of the moon, but the dryness is similar, as if all water were absent. I see large masses of rock with veins of iron all through them, forming quite a network, with here and there large pure masses of iron."

With another specimen, known by me to be meteoric, but unknown to her, she said:

"I am at the foot of a mountain or high hill, I can easily see into the inside of it, but with difficulty the outside. I see a great deep chasm; what a terrible depth! It must have been dreadfully disturbed. I see a hilly country now. The landscape is beautiful, delightful; all in at perfect rest, like a calm, summer's day. The climate seems to be that of continued spring, without the heat of the tropics, or the cold of this climate."

With another meteoric specimen she said:

"The slope or inclined plain that I saw is covered with short, green vegetation, different from all I have ever seen. It looks more like moss than grass; though I never saw anything covered with moss to such an extent. The soil in which it grows seems very thin."

Other psychometers have recently described to me the thin soil and moss-like vegetation found on many parts of the same world.

With another meteoric specimen Mrs. Denton said: "I have traveled for many miles over the surface of that world, for world it is, with plains and seas." I became satisfied that some of the meteorites were fragments of worlds on which vegetation had existed, but beyond this I could arrive at no definite conclusion. I had the Palos-ville meteorite moved to Wellesley, and thus the matter remained for nearly twenty years.

DEAR HIVEN METEORITE.

A few months ago, Alfred Denton Crilge, the son of my sister, Anne Denton Crilge, who made many of the examinations recorded in the *Soul of Things*, visited us, and finding that he possessed remarkable psychometric power, I gave him for examination a piece of a meteoric iron found near Bear River, Colorado, by miners washing for gold. He had no idea as to the specimen, and as I thought that it was a meteoric specimen. He said:

"I see a very dark, mountainous, toiled-up country. There seems no order about it. It must be a long time ago (I fear I have got too far back). There are no very high mountains, but it is very rough and precipitous. There are no valleys of any size here. There is no life, no verdure. It looks dark and forbidding. By following a chain of mountains more marked than another, I come to the ocean. It is not pure water. It is warm. There is no life on the shore at all. The water is dark, but not as salty as the ocean."

"There are great earthquakes; at times I can see the whole earth quiver and toss; there are also volcanoes. A large promontory runs into the ocean and there is an island and a mile or two off, a continuation of it, torn off by water after an earthquake. The ground is rising all the time."

Can you see any clouds?

"Yes, and they are pretty high. The sun shines once in a while. The clouds are very dense."

"Near the shore there is plain ground, but most of the surface is rough. I can see for hundreds of miles by sailing up."

Come toward the present time.

"I come to where the bay is gone and the land has advanced. I see greenish rocks that have vegetable matter on them and masses of jelly in the shore; sometimes spread out, and sometimes in lumps of a darkish blue color."

Come still nearer the present.

"Now there are trees; they are ferns. The ocean is gone from there. I see a river now. I see no animals on the land; there are some I think in the ocean. I see no reptiles."

"There are large fish in the water; they have a bony covering on the outside. One is rather round and has a bone that projects from its snout like a sword with which it charges other fish."

"Rocks are covered with verdure and trees are hanging over them. I see thick, leathery, blue leaves and plants that are of different colors, red, light green and other shades. As I come forward in time I see mammals and different trees and coarse grass. Now, I see no clouds in the sky; more grass and better soil. There are large dense forests and marshy ground. The mountains have different colored rock in them, not so black and forbidding. There are trees on them like pines. The climate is colder."

So far the description might almost apply to our own planet. If a man could take occasional glances at our globe during the ages of its development, he would probably see a very disturbed world with no very high mountains, desolation of verdure and animal life and curtailed by dense clouds. At a more advanced stage, he might see jelly-like forms in the water and simple forms of vegetation carpeting the rocks. In the Devonian period he would see ferns upon the land and bony-plated fishes in the water. In the carboniferous period trees and verdure everywhere; and, nearer the present, mammals, various species of trees and grass, and a colder climate. But what followed was so foreign to all that I knew to be connected with the specimen and even with our globe, I was utterly unable to account for it. It seemed impossible that he could have been describing another world, and yet totally unaware of it. He continued:

"I get an influence of human beings. I see blue mountains at a distance and a long valley, stony as you approach the hills. The hills have the same metal as this specimen, lower hills the most."

"I get the impression of a town; it is circular, built of stone. It is not an American town. They have tunnels in the mountain and carry rock out in baskets. They are dark people, and make cloth that is darkish brown. Some of the men have beards, their hair and eyes are black, and they look something like Arabs. I think they have very few, if any animals."

"I see furnaces where they melt ore. The furnace is twenty feet high. They go up rock steps and throw the ore in. I see on the opposite side where they put the wood in. I see also places for the metal to run out. There is a large quantity of black, clinker-looking stuff all around."

"These people are not tall but muscular. They understand making arches. They trade with some other people to whom they sell their metal. Their clothing is peculiar—a kind of blanket over the shoulder and around the waist, and breech-cloths. They did not wear hats. Some

had curly hair, but most of them straight. I see no square houses, though they have corners."

"I go into a large circular house with an arched door and several windows. There is a stone bench all round inside. In the center is an iron rod, round which the people creep. It is a kind of ceremony and some do not like to do it. It does not seem to be a religious ceremony."

"Now, I go into a house. It is rather round, but has two corners; it is small and dimly lighted. It has a queer looking fire place without a chimney; the smoke is driven out. I come where I see the town knocked into chaos; time has destroyed it."

I saw at once that this did not agree with any country or people upon our globe. We have no where bodies of native iron on the earth, or near its surface, unless they have dropped from the heavens; and such people as he describes, digging tunnels in the mountains and smelting out metal, and living in towns that time has destroyed, have, it is safe to say, had no existence upon our globe. Could these be the people of another world? Could they so closely resemble human beings on this planet, as hardly to be distinguishable from them? After some time I thought of the examination of the Palosville specimen, made so many years before, and published in the first volume of the *Soul of Things*, page 70. Here are dark people mining, and, therefore, digging; smelting metal from the ore in furnaces, from which smoke must have arisen "one cloud after another;" both see that the diggers are bare-headed, and curly headed people were seen by both. One sees a city with a mound around it; and the other a circular town. Both see a large circular building with people in its vicinity. Though there is considerable difference between the descriptions, I was struck by the agreements, and determined to investigate the matter more thoroughly.

TEXAS METEORITE.

I had in my possession a small piece of native iron, from a large meteor found in Texas, and now in the Peabody Museum in New Haven; this was next examined by Mr. Crilge, who having no knowledge of its character:

"I see high, dark looking mountains; there is a canyon at the foot of the highest. I think there is iron in this mountain. The mountain rises perpendicularly; I see nothing growing upon it. At its foot is a plain, fifty or sixty miles wide; something grows there. The plain looks black with dark rocks that have fallen from the mountain; some near it are very large, even as much, I should think as ten miles off, some are as large as the above."

"There is something terribly strange about this place; it is dark, gloomy and forbidding. It does not seem as if there was any animal life here or could be. I see grass in clumps here and there among the rocks. There are no trees. The plain seems to be rocky all over; the farther from the mountain the smaller the rocks."

"I think it rains at times in perfect torrents; the water does not seem pure, however. The climate is generally warm, but the wind is at times cool and disagreeable. I get no impression of animal life of any kind, no insects, no lizards. I see no trail even of any living thing."

"Now I see a gulch where water runs, and I get the impression of a large body of water at a distance (this is the strangest specimen I ever examined). I am there now. It is a black, dismal looking place; coast is high and rugged; the water is dark; it holds a great deal of mineral matter in solution. It has a very disagreeably bitter and yet acid taste. It is warm."

The bitter taste may have been produced by an excess of sulphate of magnesia and the acid taste by sulphuric acid, a common product of volcanoes on the earth. Sulphur is one of the elements found in meteorites.

"I went through the entire earth very quickly, more quickly than I ever went through one before." (He had before this passed through our globe, and I think some other bodies in space.) "The other side has a great deal of rough, toiled-up land. There is more land than water on this world. There is no snow or ice. I cannot stay under the surface of this world. I find no life on the ocean, except some pulpy forms of life attached to the rock beneath the water. I never disliked any place as much as this. I see now small green bulbs that float through the water, from the size of a pin's head to a thumb. They are changeable in color. I think this water would weigh more than ours." (On account probably of the minerals it held in solution; their specific gravity being greater than that of water.)

"By going far out, I see some plants growing that look like sea-weeds. The rocks are in some places covered with them. The atmosphere is a horrible one, charged with poisonous gas. I cannot find any fluid in the interior of this globe, till I go down a long way, and yet this world seems very primitive. This seems to be the one sea of this world. I can find no other, but it has gulfs of considerable size. It is miles deep in the center."

"Nearly the whole of the world is rocky, there is very little sand and the sand is dark; some of the rocks are red in patches, but there is but little of that kind. In many places there is not a sign of vegetation. The clouds do not seem like our clouds. I think the sun appears larger at one time than another, and the climate is hotter at one time than another; but the climate all over this world is alike at the same time."

"I notice it in the night time now. I go above the clouds; I see no stars that I recognize; one looks four or five times brighter than any that we can see. When I come forward in time I see all black, and there is a feeling of horror, such as I sometimes have in dreams when I feel as if falling. I go back in time and find the ocean larger, and to go back to molten matter is the largest time that I have ever noticed. I think a day is a great deal shorter than our day, yet I do not think it goes a thousand miles an hour. It is much smaller world than ours. I do not think it is over a thousand miles through. I sense now that it is in this system, for I can feel the influence of stars, with which I am familiar."

There was much seen in this examination that resembled what was seen in the previous one. In both the country was dark, broken up, rocky, forbidding and unfavorable to life. The salt water was different from that of our ocean. A stony valley is seen in the one, more stony near the hills, and in the others a stony plain, more stony near the mountains. But there were very strange statements in this last description that seemed inexplicable; a world in which the sun appeared larger at one time than another must be a world with an eccentric orbit; this is also indicated in the statement that the climate was at one time hotter than another, while the climate all over the world was alike at the same time. Were these meteorites fragments of some cometary world, whose axis was nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit? But where could have been the path of such a body? Could human beings have lived upon it, if it went far beyond Jupiter? We can hardly suppose that at such a distance from the sun, the diminished temperature would allow of the existence of human beings upon a world depending on the sun, for its heat. What body could that be in its sky that looked four or five times the size of the brightest star in our firmament?

(To be Continued.)

Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me in order that the world may be delivered.—*Isidore.*

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

DEAR SIR:—The life of a strong man is a great lesson for all. In strength of will, in persistent industry and unflinching courage, in executive capacity and business ability, honor and angelic, in breadth and grasp, and power of intellect, this man stood eminent. In private and in public life he was not, and could not be, petty or mean. He was a firm and true friend and co-worker, or a frank and strong opponent, respected by those he felt obliged to oppose. He had deep and intense convictions, and stood for them unflinchingly. In the darkest hour his courage was highest, and his conquering will most royal in its sway. On the day set apart by the United States Senate for addresses on his life and public services, after his decease, I sat in the gallery and heard Hon. T. F. Bayard, of Delaware, give his testimony. He spoke of his long and decided political differences and antagonisms, and said that the great Michigan Senator was a fair, and open and sincere opponent, whom he ever esteemed as a friend, in whom there was no duplicity or want of personal integrity; and that, outside their political differences, it had been a pleasure and a privilege to have his aid and counsel in practical affairs which he so well understood.

This valuable and highly interesting book is the joint production of the gentlemen in the editorial staff of the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, and their task is well done. Senator Blaine closes his introductory letter as follows: "It is fitting that Mr. Chandler's life be written. It is due, first of all, to his memory. It is due to those who come after him. It is due to the great State whose senator he was, whose interest he served, whose honor he upheld. I am glad the work is committed to competent friends, who can discriminate between honest approval and inconsiderate praise, and who with strict adherence to truth, can find in his career so much that is honorable, so much that is admirable, so little that is censurable, and nothing that is mean."

The life opens with a sketch of his ancestry and his birth-place, at Bedford, among the New Hampshire hills, fifty miles north-west from Boston. His father was of the good Puritan stock, a man of solid standing. His mother, whom he resembled, a superior woman, of Scotch-Irish descent. They lived simply on the farm and Zachariah had his schooling in the old school-house yet standing, with two or three terms at an Academy. He was full of vigor of mind and body, mastered his studies and was the best wrestler in town. His coming to Detroit in 1833, is chronicled, and his early and late daily industry, his vigor and sagacity making the retail store grow to wholesale, how he slept on the counter, and travelled over the State, and won friends by square dealing and was ever lenient to honest men and swift against knaves. Twenty-five years of this steady work found him a man of ample means, not won by tricks or speculations, but earned by sagacity and persistent effort.

He was one of the raw boys whose manhood comes late and whose qualities enlarge and ripen to the last, and so came to be known and sought as fit for public trusts. His lecture in Detroit, for a lyceum, on "The Elements of Success," glimpses of his family life, his election as Mayor, his defeat as candidate for Governor, his election to the United States Senate, his valuable work there, his great services, as one of the committees on the conduct of the war and his career as Secretary of the Interior, his speeches made a few short months ago, no terms, and strong and full of intense feeling, that thrilled over the land like electric shocks, and his last great speech in Chicago, the very night of his sudden departure, are given to us in these instructive pages, illustrated and made vivid by personal incident and anecdote. The fit close of the volume is an appreciative and eloquent memorial address at the Fort Street Presbyterian church, Detroit, Nov. 27th, 1880, by Rev. A. T. Pierson.

Mr. Chandler's business experience gave him broad and practical views in regard to the industrial and financial interests of the country. He believed in the development of our resources and the fair protection of home industry, in such way as to lift up and benefit the workman, to make the employer's business solid, and to benefit the people all over our broad land. His ready services for the material interests of his constituents were of great value. His earnest patriotism, his love of liberty and justice for all, his great strength, and courage and constant labor in the trying years of the civil war and his words of power and heroic faith in the last and greatest of his ripe years, are to live long in history. I was one of thousands that filled the streets around his house and stood through the funeral services amidst the pelting of a snow storm, and the feeling of regret at the loss of a great man swept away, for the hours, all distinctions of party or class.

This book should be in every household, for it is a gospel, telling of the priceless worth of industry, earnestness, fidelity to honest convictions, heroic courage and firm will. The solid volume, with its clear type, fine paper, handsome and substantial binding, and its engraved illustrations, is an excellent sample of the best book-making.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., June 22nd, 1880.

* Zachariah Chandler, an outline sketch of his life and public services, by the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, with an introductory letter from James O. Blaine, of Maine. Detroit, Michigan: The Post and Tribune Company, publishers. Sold by subscription. 430 pages, with illustrations.

An Open Letter to Mr. Chas. R. Miller, President of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society.

DEAR SIR:—Pardon my addressing you in this public manner. But the case is an urgent one and imperatively demands your candid and immediate attention. You have in private conversation and in public conference meetings in this city, expressed your high respect and esteem for Mr. William R. Tice, your brother in a common cause, and have also expressed your most implicit and unbounded confidence in his integrity and honor as a man, and in his loyalty to the great spiritual movement. You do not for one moment believe that he brought with him to the James sances, the trumphy in reality found upon and taken from the perjured, alleged materializing medium, Alfred James. You are well aware that no one in Brooklyn, Spiritualist or non-Spiritualist gives any credence whatever to the grossly false charges of one Jonathan Roberts against your Brother Wm. R. Tice. You are most fully aware of the coarse tone, vindictive spirit and general unfairness so pre-eminently characteristic of the professedly spiritual paper called "Mind and Matter." In its libelous attacks upon some of the best friends of the spiritual cause. You have in a public assembly at Everett Hall, intimated a belief on your part that the spirits may have told Alfred James to provide himself with the scarf, turban, gown, mustaches, slippers, etc., in order that they might have a startling point or nucleus to work from, and thus duplicate or produce, evolve, materialize an indefinite number of suits in which to appear in presence of the circle assembled to witness materialized spirits.

Between yourself and the writer exists the most friendly and cordial feelings. We are old time friends. None rejoiced more than I at your recent re-election as President of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society. The Society and its Conference have both unmistakably manifested their entire disapproval of the course pursued by "Mind and Matter" towards Messrs. Wm. R. and Thos. S. Tice, and have as unmistakably manifested their indignation thereat. The editor of the professedly spiritual journal alluded to, is apparently destitute of the spirit of a gentleman and possessed of the instincts of a ghoul; and evidently alarmed by the fear of legal proceedings against him by the man against whom, he has sought to prejudice the Spiritualists of the country, now makes haste to say that apart from the James affair, the Messrs. Tice may be men of integrity, although he cannot and will not forgive their successful and thorough exposure of one of the most disgraceful frauds to be found in the annals of modern Spiritualism; thus most fully illustrating the idea of but a small class, I hope, of Spiritualists who seemingly believe the exposure of fraud on the part of alleged

mediums, to be the one and only unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost, which hath never forgiveness, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. In view of all known and said by yourself concerning the James exposé, I ask you in the name of Spiritualism and humanity, say, of ordinary fair dealing and common courtesy, to place yourself on record before the Spiritualists of the country, in order that your own position may be as clearly defined as is that of the Brooklyn Society, Conference and Fraternity, in reference to vindicating the fair fame before the Spiritualists of the country, of two of the staunchest and noblest friends of Spiritualism, to be found here or elsewhere, against the vile attacks of an unprincipled sheet as ever disgraced the field of journalism.

W. C. BOWEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10th, 1880.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

Hudson Tuttle to Henry Kiddle.

I asked Mr. Kiddle among others, to plainly state the meaning he attached to the term "Christian Spiritualism," and he replied at length, in the *Journal* of June 16th. It may not appear as "strange" to my brother, that I should ask such a question, when I state my reason therefor. It is inconceivable to me that the current of spiritualistic thought has divided into two streams, one accepts all truth wherever found; the other has a partiality for that contained in the Bible, or as modified in what is known as Christianity. Now shall we be true to the catholicity of our cause, and not narrow its field by an adjective, or shall we confine it to a certain religious field by the descriptive "Christian?" If we are asked, what is our faith? shall we say Spiritualism, meaning thereby the essence of all religions and the science of life; or shall we say, "Christian Spiritualism," meaning Spiritualism which is content to go back and revive "Primitive Christianity?" Primitive Christianity was good enough; so were the teachings of Christ and the Fathers. What of it? What if modern Spiritualism agrees or disagrees with them—is that proof of its truth or falsehood? It is a pleasure to trace the great streams of spiritual thought among the various races and through remoteness, and see how they all converge and are woven into one endless web, by the activity of spiritual intelligences, down to the present time, but the value of all the evidence of universal history combined, is not equal to that of a single identified rap given by a departed friend.

This is why I ask the question. I had no doubt but those who used the term, understood themselves, nor had I any doubt that their readers had the least idea of their meaning. I have no doubt now that Mr. Kiddle and those who use the term, are well aware, without any more idea of what they mean, by "Christian Spiritualism," than their readers. In over a column he ought to have told what he meant. He might have done so in a single sentence.

Mr. Kiddle quotes the *Arcana of Spiritualism* as saying of Spiritualism: "It is the essence of Christianity," and remarks:

"Now, if in a religious aspect Spiritualism is the 'essence of Christianity' (and in this I entirely agree with Mr. Tuttle), in some other aspect it may be, and doubtless is, something very different; and what better term can be used to express this essential characteristic than *Christian Spiritualism*, a term which will be soon, Mr. Tuttle has explained among the *Arcana* of this deep subject. But it is the essence we are speaking of."

True it is the essence of Christianity, but that is not all there is of it, as the *Arcana* would thoroughly show, had the proper quotations been made. It is also the essence of Buddhism, of Confucianism, of Platonism, of every religious form of thought, the essence of all the sciences. Thus it happens that the term Christian is as much out of place as that of Platonic or scientific Spiritualism would be. Again Mr. Kiddle says:

"We do not care for the rubbish of creeds. Nevertheless, in throwing away the rubbish, we should be careful to retain the precious jewel, which lies buried beneath. Let us cleanse it from those accumulations of dirt and dross, and set it where it will shine with all its native splendor."

After the "rubbish" of creeds, dogmas, beliefs, and the trappings which go to make up Christianity, are all cast aside, and the "precious jewel" of truth found, why should we "set it where it will shine," because exhumed from the "accumulations of dirt and dross" of Christianity, any more carefully than if found in the rubbish anywhere else? Is not truth of equal value wherever found?

No doubt, "Primitive Christianity" contains many priceless truths. Its teachings accord with the noblest precepts of modern Spiritualism, but as we are now in the broad sunlight, why should we seek to re-light the dim lamps, even if these were held by apostolic hands?

We read of miners delving in the blackness of subterranean caverns, for the gem, which holds the sunlight imprisoned and glows with pale fire, and we say what a waste of life for a bit of shining glass when all the world is flooded with light. "The precious jewel," after being cleansed from "dirt" of creeds, by the power of spiritual light, what is it then, oh! Brother—what is it then? A phosphorescent bit of glass, or a little lump of crystal earth shining faintly, while above the spiritual sun pours down infinite floods of glory, making the merest cloud radiant with tenfold beauty. And is there not a distinction between Spiritualism and Spiritualist? Mr. Kiddle does not want plain "Spiritualism," because a man may be a blatant Spiritualist and possessed with a demon—"of wrath, blackguardism and scurrility, discord and vituperation, pride, hate, lust, prompting him to do many mean and disgraceful actions," etc.

Such a man may call himself a Spiritualist, but is he really one? Shall Spiritualism be bedeviled by those who pretend to accept it? Then what becomes of Christianity, for are there not a multitude of professing Christians, mean, selfish, false, despicable? With Mr. Kiddle, Spiritualist and Spiritualism are the same.

The root of Mr. Kiddle's partiality is shown by the remark in reference to Mr. Davis's "Harmonical." He does not object to that "except that it imperfectly expresses the idea, and leads to the abandonment of a name, the significance of which is well understood by the most enlightened nations on the globe," etc. That would be exactly what the Buddhist would say; or the Mohammedan, "Let us call it Mohammedan Spiritualism," for that is a term well understood by the most enlightened nations on the globe, as employing the highest order of ethics and spirituality.

I have not the least objection personally to those who wish to be acknowledged by the world as Christian Spiritualists. If that term gives them satisfaction, it is best for them to take it, but at the same time, let us know exactly what it means, and what they mean. They are Christians, but they do not believe in the "dirt" of creeds, the "rubbish," the "dross" of dogmas. They do not believe in the god-head, or the three are God; in the personality of God, in the existence of the devil, in fiery hell, the fall of man, eternal punishment, election, the vicarious atonement, the miraculous conception, the resurrection of the body of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, the dove box of a New Jerusalem heaven, a future judgment day, the sanctity of Sunday, baptism, that the Bible was inspired by God as the only source of truth. What is left? The moral precepts of Christ? They were all in the world before his time, why then especially Christian?

Christian may be a name, "the significance of which is well understood" by the world, but what does the world know about a "Christianity," from which everything that has characterized it is cast aside? And furthermore, is not the foisting of this name on the world with a new meaning, while it is all the time certain the old will be understood, a sham?

Bro. Davis is quoted as saying: "By Christianity we mean the religion of humanity and Spiritualism, which was inculcated by Jesus and all good teachers." If Jesus taught Spiritualism, so much the better for Jesus, and for the other "good teachers," so far as they taught. Spiritualism is neither better nor worse because of their recognition.

The sleep of memory is not death, forgotten studies are certain aptitudes gone to sleep.

Woman and the Household.

BY HENRY M. POOLE.
[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

TRANSFIGURED.

Almost afraid they led her in—
A dwarf more pitiful none could find—
Withered as some weird leaf, and thin—
The woman was, and woe and blind.

Into his mirror with a smile—
Not vain to be so fair, but glad—
The south-born painter looked, the while,
With eyes than Christ's alone, less sad.

"Why bring her here," in pale surprise
He whispered, "What art thou to paint?"
A voice that sounded from the skies
Said to him, "Raphael, a saint!"

She sat before him in the sun,
He scarce could look at her, and she
Was still and silent. "It is done,"
He said: "Oh, call the world to see!"

Ah! that was she in perfect truth—
Transcendent face and lustrous hair,
The beauty of distinct youth,
Divinely beautiful, was there.

Hereafter into her picture passed,
Herself, and not her poor disguise
Made up of time and dust. At last
One saw her with the master's eyes.

[Walt Whitman.]

Ah! who among us has the blessed gift—
That genius of the heart—to see the soul
In all its loveliness or distortion, beneath
The trappings of the flesh! State custom
binds us to her shallow judgments, the gaud
of fashion, the glitter of position; intellect,
with its diamond sheen; the winsome and
magnetic attractiveness of beauty; those
make up the garments wherewithal human-
ity is clothed. Oh! for the eye that sees the
real within the ephemeral, that even within
the real, beholds the germs of the yet to be.
But, so some angel, either here or beyond
the stars, each one is transfigured, at some
moments of life. Toward that likeness let
us aspire even though it be through ages of
toil, till, at last, the ideal shall become the
real.

GENERAL NOTES.

Gen. Garfield is declared to be a friend of
Woman Suffrage. So long ago as 1857, Lu-
cious Stone heard in Washington, his firmly
expressed conviction of the equity of the
representation of all classes, in a republic.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Un-
ions of Essex county, New York, selected
Mary E. Davis to give the address of wel-
come on the part of the society at Orange,
where the meeting occurred. It is needless
to say they selected their best speaker.

Miss Rosina Emmett received the first
prize of \$1,000 for the best design for Chris-
mas cards, by Prang & Co. of New York
City. Miss Nourse received the fourth.

Mrs. Stone has given \$100,000 to Welles-
ley College for a new dormitory, which is
now complete. At last women are thinking
of devoting some of their spare capital to
the education of their daughters, as well as
their sons.

Survivors of the terrible wreck of the
Narragansett declare that women exhibited
the utmost coolness and courage during the
fearful scene. One grey haired old lady,
while floating about and holding a table, was
approached by a resolute party in a boat. "I
can hold on a while longer," said she, "save
the younger people; my life is worth less
than theirs," and they actually obeyed the
word of this heroine. Young women were
generally self-poised and quiet. The higher
qualities seem to depend, not on strength,
but on the power to dominate the simply
primal, by the intellectual and moral man
or woman. Such occasions are stern tests
of selfhood.

At the eleventh annual commencement of
the Woman's Medical College of the New
York Infirmary, nine students were gradu-
ated. Some of these we have occasion to
know, are women of superior cultivation and
of charming presence and character. It is
a matter of congratulation that those who
have every allurement to grace home and
society, should also be dowered with so
much tenderness that the sick and the af-
flicted may yet be blessed with their min-
istrations. Generally these are attracted
to be physiotherapists to women and children.

Alice Bennett, M. D., has been elected by
the trustees as physician to the Woman's
Department of the Insane Asylum in Nor-
ristown, Penn. It is gratifying to see that,
though tardily, the press are generally re-
cognizing the decency and humanity of such
a proceeding. In many cases, the attention
of the public has only to be seriously and
continuously called to a great evil, in order
that it shall be doomed. Those who oppose
a righteous innovation are either incurable
conservatives, who should be compelled to
live in a community where no change is al-
lowed for the space of one century, and look
over their walls at the growing world out-
side, or those whose selfish interest blinds
them to the truth. But they must all stand
aside, for we shall surely "make haste slowly."

There have been 250 students at the Wo-
man's Art School at Cooper Union, N. Y.
City, during the school year. Mrs. Susan
N. Carter, principal, estimates that the
amount earned by the pupils during that
time, has been \$20,000. This has been divid-
ed among classes in drawing, wood engrav-
ing, pottery and china painting, studies from
still life, ornamental and lace designing. All
classes have been full, and recent additions
have been made to the building, so as to ac-
commodate more pupils. The example of
the good and venerable Peter Cooper is a
notable one.

Mrs. A. B. Dunway of the New North-
west, Portland, Oregon, is known as one of
the most energetic and able of our pioneer
women. She has done almost everything,
and does it well; she has begun a series of
press and literary reunions in Portland, in
which representatives from the western
coast are present. At a recent gathering of
that kind at the Dunway residence, J. J.
Owen of the San Jose, Cal. Mercury, gave a
handsome toast to the "organ of impartial
sufrage." Nearly every profession was re-
presented.

Much surprise and chagrin has resulted
from the examination for applicants for ad-
mission into the Normal College of New
York City. The same standard is required,
for the first time, and the girls have done
much better than the boys, the average be-
ing higher. Some blame the teachers of the
boys; others assert that the mental quick-
ness of the girls is effectively shown. At
any rate, the facts are these; but it must be
conceded, that if the girls are remarkable
for celerity, they are likely to be deficient
in endurance. Reserved power is quickly
expended by increased motion. The man
teacher gets \$1,800 yearly, and the woman
teacher of the same grade, only \$1,200 for
what is generally granted to be better work.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A JEWISH ACCOUNT OF JESUS.

HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS SECOND COM-
MONWEALTH, with special reference to its lit-
erature, culture, and the origin of Rabbinism
and Christianity, by Isaac M. Wise, President of
the Hebrew Union College. Cincinnati: Black
& Co., Publishers and Printers. 1880. Price, in
cloth, \$2; Morocco gilt, \$3.50.

This is the history of the Hebrew people
as told by a Hebrew scholar of competent
culture and resources, for the six centuries
beginning at 536 before and ending at 70 af-
ter the Christian era; or from the epoch of
Zerubabel to the final fall of Jerusalem. At
the opening of this period, Judea was a con-
quered province under the sway of the Me-
do-Persian Empire, then for a time called
in this book the Grecian period, it passed
under the sway of Alexander, of the Ptole-
mies of Seleucia, then it had its epoch of
revolutionary home-leaders and temporary
independence, then came under vassalage
to the Romans, where it remained during
the Messianic commotion caused by the ad-
vent of Jesus. Shortly after which followed
the destruction of Jerusalem and disper-
sion of the Jews. The chief interest, to a
person of Christian education, attaching to
this volume, will be found in the chapters
which treat of the origin of Christianity, as
regarded from the Jewish point of view.
Dr. Wise thinks that neither the parentage,
nor place nor time of Jesus' birth are
known, further than that in rabbinical
sources, he is always called *notari*, "one
born at Nazareth." He agrees with Renan
that the story of the birth at Bethlehem is
a fiction, though he does not give Renan's
reason for it, viz., that the taxation and cen-
sus which is alleged to have drawn Joseph
to Bethlehem, did not occur until Jesus was
eight years old. Dr. Wise declares, however,
that "the whole story of John [the Baptist]
rebuking Antipas on account of his mar-
riage with Herodias, is fictitious, because
John was dead before Antipas married Herod-
ias." In this Dr. Wise and Renan are di-
rectly contradictory, as Renan (p. 28) says:
"John was the echo of the general opin-
ion in his energetic blame of Antipater."
Indeed, Dr. Wise's criticisms do not seem
to be founded on modern skeptical authori-
ties. He prefers Jesus's statements of his
parentage in the (apocryphal) Epistle of
Barthabas to the Davidic pedigree framed
for him by Matthew and Mark. While Renan
denies that Jesus was taken into Egypt
to save him in infancy from Herod's decree,
Wise makes no allusion to this story, but
alleges that "according to the Talmud, Je-
sus spent some years in Egypt with a teach-
er called Rabbi Joshua, and learned there
also the art of necromancy," and that "He
came back to Palestine as a physician." These
are features to which Renan, notwith-
standing his profound reputation for
research, makes no allusion.

Mr. Wise thinks Jesus was first a disciple
of John, and then a Hillelite, but that he
was no Essene, and had no intention to es-
tablish a new religion or even to oppose the
Hillelites. He thinks the Sermon on the
Mount was never delivered, though a part
of the reason he gives for the opinion, viz.,
that "no man ever delivered an address on
so many different subjects," is neither crit-
ical or adequate. The remainder of his
criticism, viz., that Matthew only has that
sermon while the other Evangelists have
various portions of it (as delivered) in dif-
ferent times and places is better. Wise,
like Renan, draws Jesus' most essential doc-
trines from Hillel, but falls like him to
award a higher credit to him than popular-
izes, than to him that originates moral
truth. Wise says that "Jesus believed in
common with all Hillelites in one eternal
God and his general and special providence,
in the resurrection of the dead being taught
in the Law, in future reward and punish-
ment, in the revelation and divinity of the
law and the prophets, in the election of
Israel by the Almighty, in the eternity of
God's laws and promises, in the superior
importance of the humanitarian over the
ritual laws and doctrines without wishing
to abolish the latter or even the ritual laws.
Hence he disregarded the laws of Levitical
cleanness, which were so important to
Shammites and Essenes, and so unimport-
ant to Hillelites, and ate with unclean sin-
ners, publicans and lepers, and permitted
harlots to touch him, while his disciples
also did not wash their hands before meals."

Wise thinks Jesus was no ascetic; that he
lived, ate and drank like other men; was
cheerful among the cheerful; sympathetic
among the suffering; loved the company of
women; uttered many wise sayings which
were taken from the so-called floating wis-
dom of the nation, found abundantly in the
ancient rabbinical literature, but they were
new to his disciples and audiences who ad-
mired them exceedingly. He was not dis-
tinguished for either learning or original-
ity, but for ardent sympathy with his peo-
ple and his cause, strong convictions and
moral courage to utter them and that nerv-
ous eloquence which inspires confidence.
"Irrespective of even common politeness or
any social forms, he cared not for his own
mother and brothers, traveled in company
of eccentric women, subsisted with his dis-
ciples on his friends' property, upbraided
men of learning and prominence, and evinced
not the slightest regard for the practical
affairs of man, which under the prevailing
excitement only increased his popularity."
According to Dr. Wise, the beheading of
John contributed by reaction to promote
the popularity of Jesus. Prior to that time,
says Wise, "He met with some success
among the lower classes, also among foreign
harlots, Sodomites, publicans and other
Roman agents; but the intelligent portion
remained cold to his enthusiasm. The cures
which he performed appeared miraculous
to the vulgar, impious to the malicious,
and ridiculous to the intelligent. While they
were aggrandized by the believers, they
proved repulsive to the sober and reflective
mind."

After spending a considerable period of
time as a fugitive, Jesus finally falls in with
the fervor of his disciples, rides into Jeru-
salem on an ass in the mode predicted of the
Messiah, and allows the plaudits of the
"multitude" to proclaim him the restorer
of the kingdom of David. His entrance into
the Temple, quarrel with the priests, and
driving out the money-changers was a riot-
ous assumption and exhibition of this su-
preme authority. Still he was no longer
enthusiastic nor self-confident. No miracles
came to his aid when he thus got into the
presence of the learning, wealth and unbel-
ief of Jerusalem. He felt undecided and
confused, denounced them all, wept over
and cursed them, prophesying in his disap-
pointment, misery and affliction for the city.
At night he fled to the Mount of Olives
among the lepers. Jesus, however, accord-
ing to Wise, saw ahead, only an insurrec-
tion in which all his followers would be
massacred, and, therefore, concluded to
give himself up to save the lives of his fol-
lowers. He gave the hints to Judas, who
would ensure his arrest, and Judas (Wise
here follows the ingenious theory of Mr.

W. W. Story) betrayed his secret retreat to
the priests, without supposing that Jesus
would be put to death.

Wise supposes that Jesus' crucifixion was
fatal, and that the stories of his subsequent
reappearances were fictions, thus disagree-
ing with Renan, who thinks the crucifixion
never resulted in Jesus' death, and that his
subsequent reappearances, preliminary to
his final successful seclusion or flight, were
made to take on the appearance of a resur-
rection, for the enhancement of the general
glory of the cause.

The remainder of the book is occupied
with the history of the Jewish people under
their dispersion, A. C. 70. This preceded by
from 50 to 70 years the writing of the Books
of the New Testament, which were produc-
ed in the years A. C. 120 to 170. It was quite
easy at this period to put into the mouths
of Jesus and his disciples all the prophecies
concerning the destruction of Jerusalem,
which were necessary to correspond to the
event which had already occurred. Any
deficiency in the details of these prophecies
must have arisen from their fulfillment
having transpired so long previously to their
utterance that the details were forgotten.

BLITZSTRAHL WIDER ROM. Die Verfassung
der Christlichen Kirche, und der Geist der
Christenthums. (A Lightning-stroke against
Rome. The Condition of the Christian Church
and the Spirit of Christianity.) From the works
of Francis von Haarer; with an Introduction and
notes by Prof. Dr. Franz Hoffmann. Published in
Wurzburg, Germany.

Dr. Franz Hoffmann, Professor of Philoso-
phy in the University of Wurzburg, has
been prominent among the scientific believ-
ers in Spiritualism in Germany for some
years. Hence needs no introduction to our
readers. This work, as its title indicates,
is a pronounced attack upon and criticism
of the Romish hierarchy, Jesuitism and ul-
tramontanism. It compares the teachings
and practices of Romanism with those of
Primitive Christianity, proving their radical
discrepancy. It exposes fearlessly the
abuses and fell designs of the church, and
the danger to the state threatened by its
policy. This work indicates—much careful
research, and a steadfast devotion to truth
and liberty.

W. E. C.

DAS IDEAL EINER FRAU: oder die Liebe im
Lichte der Harmonischen Philosophie. (The
Ideal of a Wife; or Love in the Light of the
Harmonic Philosophy.) A novel, by V. R. von Psy-
chu. Leipzig: Published by Wilhelm Besser. 1880.
10 pages, 12mo.

Most Spiritualists are familiar with the
philosophy of marriage as outlined by A. J.
Davis. In the fourth volume of his "Great
Harmonies," the Reformer. In this book,
our German friends, into whose language
the Reformer has been published, have, in
the form of a story, sought to portray the
sublime principles underlying true love and
true marriage as pointed out by Mr. Davis;
and well have they succeeded. Much of the
book is devoted to conversation between
two prominent characters, a Baron and a
doctor; and during the course of the narra-
tive the subjects of Materialism, Spiritual-
ism and Magnetism, and the writings of A.
J. Davis, are fully discussed by the two.

W. E. C.

Partial List of Magazines for July.

The Popular Science Monthly. (D. Ap-
piston & Co., New York.) Contents: The In-
terior of the Earth, by H. Ragan; Changes
of the Circulation during Cerebral Activity,
by Chas. Sedgwick Minto, B. S. D.;
Goethe's Farbenlehre, by Prof. John Tynd-
all, F. R. S.; My Fire, by Prof. F. W. Clarke;
A Vindication of Scientific Ethics, by W. D.
Le Saux, B. A.; The Coming of Age of the
Origin of Species, by Prof. T. H. Huxley;
Atmospheric Dust, by Gaston Tissandier;
The Fossil Man, by Henry W. Haines;
A Zoological Enigma, by Felix L. Oswald, M.
D.; On the Modes of Distribution of Plants,
by Joseph F. James; Hyateria and Demon-
ism, a Study in Morbid Psychology, by Dr.
Chas. Rich; Notes on a Few of Our Birds,
by Harry Merrill; The New Chemistry, a
Development of the Old, by M. M. Pattison
Muir, F. R. S. E.; Sketch of Friedrich Mohr,
by Frederick Hoffman; Correspondence;
Editorial Table; Literary Notices; Popular
Miscellany; Notes.

Scribner's Monthly. (Scribner & Co., New
York.) Contents: The Younger Painters of
America; Bjornstjerne Bjornson; In the
Heart of the California Alps; To Coney Is-
land; Peter the Great; Foot and Acre; The
Grandest Game; Does Visitation Pay? The
Lower and the Rose; From Palermo to Syra-
cuse; The Sorcery of Madjoo; In the M. E.
Africa; Le Somnambule; The Dominion of
Canada; De Bosis Hiberia; To Edmund C.
Stedman; Japanese and Chinese Students
in America; The Metropolis of the Rocky
Mountains; Topics of the Time; Communi-
cations; Home and Society; Culture and
Progress; The World's Work; Brics-Brac.
Some of the leading articles are illustrated.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Houghton, Mif-
flin & Co., Boston and New York.) Con-
tents: The Stillwater Tragedy; The Saffron
Bry; Incidents of the Capture of Richmond;
Brown's Retreat; Fasting; Wintering on
Alma; Unfulfilled; A French Comic Dram-
matist; Confederation in Canada; Remin-
iscences of Washington; Records of W. M.
Hunt; The Undiscovered Country; King
Leair; Some Recent Novels; American Col-
onial History; Scherer's Diderot; Litera-
ture for Schools; Mind in the Lower Ani-
mals; The Contributors' Club.

Eclectic Magazine. (E. R. Pelton, New
York.) Contents: The Gospel of Evolution;
Morocco and the Moon; The Pinch of Pov-
erty; Henri Murger; De Profundis; An Es-
cape for Life from a Fijian Cyclone; White
Wings; From the Cradle; The Grievances
of Women; A Plea for Musicians; Recent
Science; Cymbeline in a Hindoo Playhouse;
Daltonism; The Regicides of this Century;
An Anecdote of Insult; Flaubert's Method
of Breathing under Water; Literary No-
tices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and
Art; Varieties.

*Revue Spirite Journal d'Etudes Psycho-
logiques.* (M. Leymarie, Paris, France.) This
magazine is devoted to the spiritual philoso-
phy and has able contributors.

Psychische Studien. (Oswald Mulze, Leip-
zig, Germany.) This number contains inter-
esting articles by able writers and thinkers.

Andrews' Bazar. (W. H. Andrews, New
York.) A magazine devoted to Fashion, Lit-
erature, Art and Society, containing many
fashion illustrations and good reading mat-
ter.

The Nursery. (Nursery Publishing Co.,
Boston, Mass.) A monthly magazine for
youngest readers. It contains interesting
stories and pretty illustrations.

Babylonia. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston,
Mass.) This Monthly is for children just
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CHICAGO, ILL., July 8, 1880.

Faith, Religious and Scientific.

In the pending discussion between Mr. Buchanan and his critics, no process can be so serviceable to sound views and harmonious conclusions, as that of clearly defining the word "Faith." Dr. Buchanan claims that faith has kept alive all scientific and historical knowledge as well as all unscientific superstitions, and that it now keeps alive all well founded affections and trust in the good and true as well as affords a basis for all ill-founded imposition on the unwary and condoning by the dissolute and unprincipled. At least, without quoting his words, to which our readers can refer, we take this to be the substance of his position. Generalizing such a statement so as to apply it to the aggregate of human knowledge, it might result in such a plea for "Faith" as the following:

"What, if for centuries the vagaries of the astrologers rested upon Faith, do not the demonstrations of the astronomers now rest on the same basis? What if Faith once seduced the alchemists to search for the mystic charm that should transmute the baser metal into gold, do not the modern chemists' statements all equally rest upon Faith? What if Faith upholds the Catholic belief in the perpetual virginity of a Jewish matron whom their own Douay Bible shows to have had at least five children, viz., three sons and two daughters, do not the statements of Darwin and Haeckel going to show the atheistic evolution of life from matter, rest equally upon Faith? Does not atheism involve as much faith as theism, science as much as theology and Materialism as much as Spiritualism?"

The difficulty with this argument is, that it proves too much for Dr. Buchanan's purpose. If faith is the necessary attitude of all intellects, then there is no need of holding on to it as something precious, for it is like gravity and other universal forces, which nobody defends because our possession and enjoyment of them is equal, inevitable and irrefragable. If the faith that underlies and preserves science, art, literature and history, is the same in essence as that which underlies superstition, brutality, immorality and crime, then it is not a quality that has any intellectual or moral worth, because it affiliates as readily with the bad and false as with the good and true; and yet it is evident that if Faith is used in a sense as broad as belief, this is just the dilemma to which we are driven, for men are made superstitious, brutal, immoral and criminal by certain modes of belief; and scientific, artistic, pure and truthful by others; for character and conduct in the broadest sense, are but the outward workings of interior conditions, modes of thinking and feeling, which we call beliefs.

In order to attach intellectual or moral qualities to Faith, the word must be used in some restricted sense, which shall not include the faith that one's interests can be promoted by crime, in the same category with the faith that one's interests will be promoted by science; but the moment we restrict the meaning of the word Faith, we are conscious of making the nature of the thing believed in, the criterion of the restriction. Thus scientific and religious faith, are distinctions between faith in scientific and faith in religious facts; and when we proceed to inquire what are scientific and what are religious facts, we find the scientific facts defined as those that can be verified by observation, comparison and experiment, and the religious facts are those that are asserted by authority, purported intuition or inspiration, and which refuse to be subjected to observation, comparison and experiment.

In the progress of discovery, as Auguste Comte was among the first to clearly state, the imagination goes first with its assumption, which, however crude, stimulates the experimenter to follow with his observations. Because Columbus had a theory that he could reach the East Indies by sailing west, he discovered America. He did not

imagine America into existence, yet his imagination bore fruit in discovery. So, because astrologers imagined the perturbations in the motions of the stars were revelations of human destiny, they studied out gradually the science of astronomy. Their imagined or "religious" theory was false, yet it bore good scientific fruit. Because the alchemists imagined a latent power of transmuting the baser metals into gold, they experimented until they found that in the transmutation of water into steam, there lay more wealth than in the philosopher's stone. Imagination is the mother of discovery, but she always dies in child-birth. Religion is the wet-nurse of science, but her services end with the teething. Superstition has enlisted vast mental activities in its support only to find that what it most needs for its support are imbecilities, and that all its skilled troops are traitors. It would be strange if Spiritualism did not illustrate the same conflict.

A medium who consents to submit to every reasonable means of observation, comparison and experiment, for the purpose of enabling honest observers to determine whether the force that operates through him, is that of a disembodied or independent spirit, is a scientific medium. The process of investigation, so conducted is as scientific, as any process conducted in a chemist's laboratory. If it results in proving the soul's immortality, or that death is not an endless sleep, it takes that fact out of the domain of religious truths and places it in the category of scientific truths. Immortality becomes as tangible a fact, as clearly a "known quantity" as oxygen. Superstition folds her wings in flight and science takes her seat within the sepulchre not to prove a miracle, but to give an expository lecture on the nature of the transition and the life beyond. The future life becomes as much a part of the realm of nature as the present.

On the contrary a medium who demands that we shall accept any dictum or alleged spiritual control upon authority or *ipse dixit* of any kind is a religious medium. He appeals to our faith and not our reason. Paul defines Faith as "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Knowledge is the substance of things possessed and enjoyed, the evidence of things seen, heard, tasted felt and touched.

Whatever is open to observation, comparison and experiment, rests on a scientific faith, even though for convenience and to save time, we permit another to observe, compare and experiment in our stead and report to us the fact. But whatever refuses at the outset to submit to observation, comparison and experiment at the hands of anybody, is superstition or religious faith; i. e., it is the evidence of things not seen, but imposed by presumption.

The evidence offered by Jesus to his apostles purports throughout the gospels to have been scientific; the repeated manifestations of a spiritual power which was ever ready to make itself the subject of observation, comparison and experiment. Jesus himself seems to have labored under the delusion that these marvelous spiritual powers would continue to be exhibited by his followers, so that in all ages, no human soul should come in contact with a Christian without having presented to his senses scientific evidence that he, the Christian, was the medium through whom spiritual powers of a supernatural kind manifested themselves.

Modern Spiritualists can not too often call the attention of modern Christians to the fact, utterly ignored in modern Christianity, that Jesus supposed to the last, that he was founding a perpetual and aggregated mediumship for the continued manifestation in all ages, of spiritual power which should at all times submit to the scientific tests of observation, comparison and experiment, on the part of every person they sought to convert. There is no hint of any intention on his part to found a hierarchy of materialistic priests who should regard Spiritualism as an element that had been bottled up, and corked down and laid away 1500 years ago, never to be again reopened. Therefore he said (Luke XVI. 17, 18):

"And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

All these signs were intended as the means whereon to base a perpetual scientific and sensible appeal to the reason and observation of men. Had these spiritual powers been preserved in the church, Christianity would have continued to be what in the beginning it purported to be, a religion based on scientific evidence. The only modern Faith which asserts the same claim, is Spiritualism. But by a usage beginning with Paul, the term "Faith" has been made synonymous in many minds with alleged phenomena, which may be mere presumptuous falsehoods, since they do not subject themselves to scientific tests. It is the evidence, not of things seen, but of "things not seen;" i. e., it is the impudence of imposture coming without evidence. We stoutly deny that this kind of Faith has ever preserved anything of value to anybody. The confiding maiden's faith in her lover is dangerous indeed, if she has seen in him no proofs of integrity, fidelity or honor. The peasant's faith in his priest had better never have been, if he has never seen in the hooded friar whom his toll provides with bread, a man who studies well-doing and holy living in good faith. In short, whenever a sensible Faith exists, it rests on the observation of the believer himself, or its facts are ready to be subjected to his observation whenever he can give them the time. Hence all sensible Faith is scientific.

Bradlaugh and the English Parliament.

The British Parliament went nearly beside itself at the discovery, one evening last week, that it could pass by a vote of 275 to 230, Sir Hardinge Gifford's resolution forbidding Bradlaugh either to take the oath or to make affirmation. As Gladstone had advised Bradlaugh's admission, this amounted to a *quasi* defeat of the administration, and hence includes many other elements besides the naked question of permitting an atheist to sit in Parliament. We suppose the atheism of John Stuart Mill was never questioned, and a century ago that of John Horne Tooke and probably that of Gibbon were nearly as pronounced. The fact did not prevent either of these gentlemen sitting in Parliament, though, of course, they took the oath, which Bradlaugh refuses to do. Underneath the "oath" issue there are in Bradlaugh's case many others. He is almost the only English liberal who is both a republican and a democrat. As his ultimate political faith requires not only that the crown but the aristocracy of England should be overthrown, and that representation in Parliament should be on the basis of numbers only as it is in the United States, it follows that he combines all the elements of unpopularity which would attach to an American who desires to see any of the principles or modes of the English constitution adopted in America. Again, Bradlaugh, though a great orator, is often coarse, and never very polite, and his uncompromising language makes many opponents among people who, with a little more suavity on his part would be at most indifferent, if not his friends.

Of course every one knows that conservative triumphs of this sort are mere preludes to radical victories. Jeremy Bentham a century ago attacked the whole system of promissory oaths, or oaths that amounted to a promise concerning the future, as vicious and pernicious. Our own experience during the rebellion shows their worthlessness. Whosoever the people elect to an office, is placed by the acceptance of the trust under an obligation which no oath can increase. But this obligation is not necessarily to support any particular man or constitution framed by man. For the very experiences of his official life may ripen in his own conscience the conviction that the man or constitution he has sworn to support ought to be reformed or destroyed. In such case his "promissory oath" comes into conflict with his matured convictions.

It is singular, to see the Christians of the British Parliament, especially Bencefield, so zealously engaged in forcing an atheist to take an oath, while the atheist alone plants himself in the attitude and upon the platform prescribed by the founder of Christianity, viz: "Swear not at all."

The Presbyterian's Hell.

The Rev. J. B. Furnis, a Presbyterian, is reported by the Philadelphia *Times* as informing his congregation that hell is in the blazing centre of the earth. "Down in this place," he said, is a horrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons! There you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all you hear the thunders of the angels of God, which shakes hell to its foundations." He described the inmates of this hell suffering without a moment's cessation, the most frightful torture. The following is a passage of the sermon: "The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red hot iron. See, on the middle of the red hot iron floor stands a girl. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. Listen! She speaks. She says: 'I've been standing with my feet on this red hot floor for years. Sleep never came on me for a moment. Look at my burnt feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for a single moment.' The devil answers her question: 'No, not for a single moment shall you ever leave this red hot floor.'"

Dedication of the New Church in Alliance, Ohio.

It is well known to the Spiritualists of Ohio and the West generally, that Caleb Steele, Esq., an estimable citizen of Alliance, bequeathed a few years since, several thousands of dollars to the "Independent Christian Church" organization for the purpose of erecting a church edifice.

This building recently finished according to contract, was duly dedicated on Sunday last, the principal speakers upon the occasion being Dr. Peebles, Hon. Mr. Bradford, Rev. J. H. Harter, Mrs. Morse, Mr. Lon J. Beancham. We are credibly informed that the structure is elegant and imposing, the church harmonious, singing excellent, and what is more, they are nearly out of debt. Having got rid of an unprincipled lump of humanity who figured for a time as priest and doctor, the society may reasonably hope to become a power for good in Alliance and the State of Ohio.

Dr. Slade.

Dr. Slade has done a good work in this city the past week and is reaching an influential class who have heretofore given little or no attention to spirit phenomena. On Friday evening of last week a select company of ladies and gentlemen were afforded an opportunity to witness the manifestations in Dr. Slade's presence at our residence. Among the number were representatives of the different learned professions, including several with a national reputation, and the editor of the leading Westfordaily. The medium was in good condition, having recuperated rapidly during the few days spent in this delightful summer resort. The phenomenon of independent slate-writing was exhibited to the perfect satisfaction, apparently, of the entire company. A great interest is awakened, the Doctors parlors at 481 West Washington street being constantly thronged with visitors, and strong efforts are being made to induce him to return to the city after his visit to relatives in Michigan. His stay at this time will probably terminate with this week. We are having a series of sances with him of a highly interesting and important character, of which we shall speak at length next week.

Dr. Rauch in a New Role.

It certainly is a mystery how the massive, comprehensive, crystal-clear intellect of that masterly professional genius, Dr. Rauch, of the State Board of Health, could be misled, or be so excessively stupid, as to be unable to comprehend the difference between the therapeutic effects of croton oil and the eruptions on a small-pox patient.

As the story goes (and it is a true one), as set forth in a special telegram to the Chicago *Times*, it appears that Robert Todd was confined in the jail at Springfield, Illinois, and his incarceration growing tedious, he resolved to gain his freedom by a bold stroke of tactics, and as an aid to the accomplishment of his ends, he applied croton oil to his person, which produced a pustular eruption like small-pox, and so correctly did he simulate the various symptoms of the disease, that Dr. Rauch decided that he actually was afflicted with the dire malady, and he was in consequence removed to the city pest-house, where he soon managed to escape. A clairvoyant could not have been misled in such a very silly manner in the examination of a patient.

The New Remedy for Dropsy.

The medical journals are loud in the praise of "Anthydropine" as a remedy for dropsy. In ancient times, when medicine was in its junior days, incantations, and the most disgusting compounds imaginable were resorted to by the founders of the respectable "regular" school which is assuming such lordly proportions to-day, and boasting of its science—the gathered and concentrated wisdom of the ages. Just at this point they have discovered the valuable properties of anthydropine. Well! What is anthydropine? Let it be only told in secret, and then spoken low, so that the people who are to swallow the healing potion shall be kept in blissful ignorance with regard to it, for fear they may prepare and take the remedy without paying for the advice of one of these learned savants of this ancient scientific school. Anthydropine is the powder of dried cockroaches. According to the New York Medical Record and the St. Petersburg *Vrachebn* cockroach powder in from one to three grain doses three times a day is the most effectual remedy known to them for dropsy. "Surely the world moves!"

THE HARMONICAL SOCIETY entered upon its vacation last Sunday, June 27th. The same attractive hall, No. 11 East Fourteenth street, near Fifth avenue, New York, has been engaged by the Association for the Sunday meetings of the Society, which will be resumed under most favorable auspices on the second Sunday of next September, the 12th, at 11 o'clock in the morning. The internal workings of this Society have been effective and united from its very inception. In a quiet way it has engaged practically in some works of benevolence, and it has taken a brave public step in the direction of education. There is to be no change in the business or objects of the Association—the same officers having been re-elected, and the same teacher, Mr. A. J. Davis, is to deliver discourses every Sunday morning. One of the notable attractions of these meetings is the spiritual atmosphere which seems to pervade them, which is augmented doubtless by exquisite music both vocal and instrumental.

N. B. Starr has gone to that country which his inspired brush has so often depicted upon canvas, and which to him will indeed be a "land of pure delight." In another column will be found an interesting letter from Mrs. Shepard, giving some account of the event. When we saw this venerable brother at Battle Creek, in March last, it was apparent that he would soon realize the beauties of the spirit-life, freed from the frail body which held his sweet and noble spirit to earth. We have a number of pieces of his work upon our walls, and shall always cherish them as evidences not only of spirit power, but as mementoes of a much loved co-worker.

Prof. Wm. Denton has been entertaining the good people of Fargo, Dakota, with his splendid lectures. His articles, under the head of "Spirits and the People as Independently Described by many Psychometers," are creating a wide-spread interest among the readers of the JOURNAL.

We learn from *The Cape Times*, published at Capetown, Africa, that the medium and lecturer, Thomas Walker, is drawing crowded houses. Canon Baker, the leading Episcopal dignitary in that region, having provoked a controversy by a sermon, was challenged by Mr. Walker to a discussion of the proposition, "That the view that punishment is not eternal in more reasonable and more in harmony with justice, the goodness of God and Scripture, than the view that there is a place called Hell which has no ending." Mr. Walker taking the affirmative. Commenting on the challenge the editor of the *Times* says:

"Now in logic one man plus any number of spirits is not a fair match for one mere man, although possessed of more than ordinary learning. Besides, why fight about the question? We shall know all about it by and by; and why make ourselves warm before the time by quarrelling over the probability, on one side or the other, of the prospect?"

The editor having provoked the ire of his orthodox readers by publishing the report of a lecture of Mr. Walker, as a matter of interesting news, pleads the baby act and intimates that he is sorry to have ruffled the Christian temper envying him. The "Hell question" was some time since settled in the negative in America, and for the comfort of our African contemporary we trust the news will reach his constituency in due time. However disagreeable the news may prove to the clergy of Africa, we presume the inhabitants generally will be grateful and possibly the knowledge may stiffen the vertebrae of the *Times* man and enable him to fearlessly publish the news regardless of Canon Baker's wrath.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference has adjourned until Sept. 1st.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Fraternity meetings have been adjourned until September.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at North Cuba, N. Y., July 23 and 24th; at Horseheads, N. Y., July 11th.

Mrs. E. L. Saxon was the guest of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, during the democratic convention at Cincinnati.

We have received the "Rules and Regulations of the Melbourne Spiritual Society," Spiritualism is prospering there.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Nichols, and daughter, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be at the Lake Pleasant camp meeting from August 14th to the 20th.

A very fair likeness of Rev. John Tyerman appears in the April number of *Free-thought*, a monthly journal published at Sidney, New South Wales.

The 15,000 churches of the Methodist Episcopal church owe in the aggregate \$7,000,000, an average of \$4,000 to each church.

A call comes from one of the Methodist missions in India for "five hundred Methodist preachers filled with the Holy Ghost and fearing nothing but sin."

A fine cabinet photograph of the rising and meritorious lecturer, Mrs. R. Shepard, has been received this week and placed with our collection.

The June number of *Woman's Words* has an excellent likeness of Mrs. Emma Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. A brief biographical sketch of her life is also given.

We are informed that Mrs. Simpson, the slate writing and flower medium, will start for Denver this week. She will be able to do a grand work for Spiritualism in that part of the country.

Mrs. R. Shepard spent the months of April and May in Ohio. She is now speaking in Michigan, and in July she goes to Philadelphia to attend the Neshaminy camp meeting. Her permanent address is 1,601 North 15th street, Philadelphia.

The Pilgrim's radiant smile and hearty greeting formed a part of our experience as we were getting this paper ready for the press. Dr. Peebles spent Monday in the city en route to Bro. Webster's camp-meeting at Bonair, Iowa, where he is engaged as the principal speaker.

Dr. E. W. Stevens called in on Monday, saying he was going home to rest a few days with his family at Rock Prairie, Wis. He deserves a rest if any worker does. Hundreds of patients have within the past year experienced rest from pain by his magic touch.

Dr. Kittredge, the eminent divine, says that "The grand object of the pulpit was to feed the soul, and not the intellect, and lectures on current events were almost always out of place in the pulpit. What the people needed was not information on politics and science, but spirituality, to fortify them against the temptations of the world."

Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, informs us that the Spiritual Evidence Society at New Castle-on-Tyne, is to commence at once the publication of a paper (16 pages) devoted to the promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism. Mr. Morse has lately been elected president of the Dalton Spiritual Association, London.

Mr. Frank T. Ripley has been lecturing in Indiana the past few weeks. He called at our office on Monday last, on his way to Patch Grove, Wisconsin, to fill an engagement and returns to Dayton, Ohio, in the fall. Mr. Ripley informs us that at a sitting with Mrs. Simpson in this city last winter, "Ski" advised him to sit for the development of the psychographic phase of spirit manifestations, and in pursuance of that advice is now rapidly developing in this direction.

Thomas Epton, Capt of the 1st Regt, E. V. Art., 1. 4th
- Mark Lane Lodge E. C. Grand, 11100

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
And for those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And a smile on my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their piety,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to halt that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold—
When man to man united
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be blessed,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Reap truth from contradiction,
And find each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And a smile on my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Will any reader inform us who is the author of the above poem? A correspondent says he first heard it recited thirty years ago as the climax of an eloquent sermon by Dr. E. H. Chapin of New York, but not in a manner to indicate its authorship.

Remarkable Cures.

A writer in the *Catholic Mirror* says:
"That the mysterious and supernatural are linked up with the cruciform little church at Knock, Ireland, admits of no doubt whatever, if one is to be guided by what he actually sees here almost every day, viz. the blind restored to sight, the lame enabled to walk, and a multitude of like miracles. But any attempt at description, from a religious point of view, cannot adequately convey a just idea of what manner of place this is, unless you witness for yourself the miraculous intervention of Providence."

"One case lately cured there is particularly worthy of note. Miss Sheehan, a young lady religiously inclined, visited the church to find relief from a serious affliction. For the past thirteen years she had been deprived of the use of one of her legs, which was so contracted that she could scarcely touch the ground with her foot, and was obliged, in consequence, to carry a crutch; but for an odd day she so recovered that she seated the whole sole of her foot on the ground, and with such perfect ease that she was able to walk with the aid of a stick, leaving her crutch behind her on the gates of the church as a symbol of her cure."

Another cure, that of a young man, a cripple who was compelled to use two crutches demonstrates that their really exists a wonderful healing potency within this little church. In reference to his case a writer in the *Irish Times* says:
"About midday I was called into the church to witness another cure (the cry of 'another cure' being almost as common an expression there, as we would say among ourselves 'another day') and on whom should the livable hand of God be laid there, but on this same cripple alluded to. Yes, poor fellow, there he was in one of those cases where the cure is effected whenever the cure sets in, but in no case did I see it set with such writhings of emollient, or violent contortions of limb and body, as in the present. Two priests came up to his rescue at the time, lest he may injure himself in his efforts at emancipation, but no, the ways of heaven are so far removed beyond our comprehension that we dare not look on and wait the result. At length, after much exertion on the part of these two young Levites, the scene was changed, and he who in the morning had come to lay his sick before Mary, our Mediatrix, may now be seen walking out of the church with only his stick in his hand, a living example of the divine favors which are bestowed on Christians at Knock."

A cure worthy of mention is related by the *Catholic Sentinel*. It appears that in one of the numerous Catholic churches in Montreal, Canada, there is a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Compassion, hundreds of years old, and the oil of the lamp ever kept burning before it, has wrought many wonderful cures. There was a farmer residing in St. Charles parish, in the diocese of Montreal, who had been afflicted with a horrible disease, and was unable to get up, given up by all as a hopeless case, and apparently dying. Some of the neighbors happened to have a little of that oil mentioned above, and a half teaspoonful was administered to the patient with the injunction of putting his trust in the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The oil was no sooner swallowed than the sick man exclaimed: "The pain is all gone, the pain is all gone!" In conclusion the one in attendance writes:
"And immediately I handed him a tumbler of water and he drank, and afterwards asked something to eat. There was a plate of peas soup left from the dinner-table, and he ate it heartily, having never eaten so much for several weeks. Then he sank into a deep sleep. The mother came and children retired to bed, and I, like another Thomas remaining incredulous, laid down on a lounge to watch; but when I heard the patient snoring, and enjoying a healthy, deep sleep, I slept the balance of the night. In the meantime the small children could not get to sleep—they kept awake and wept, their mother was likewise restless, and by their mother, 'Mamma, the repeated, 'How can we sleep? There is a beautiful Lady promising through every room of the house; we want to look at her nice veil, her splendid crown and her white garments. She looks like an angel.' The farmer was up in good season in the morning, and dressed himself as if in perfect health, and felt so well that he ate at dinner a piece of pork and other heavy food. In 1878 the same man was still alive and a good Christian, as he has uniformly been during his whole life."

At Lourdes, France, extraordinary cures have also been performed. The following is a certificate of the Doctor illustrating the wonderful efficacy of the influence at Lourdes:
"I, the undersigned, Doctor of medicine of the faculty of Paris, Doctor of the Monastery of Notre-Dame de Chartre, rue St. Jacques, 103, declare that Miss Agnes Mary Boreet, in religion Sister Mary St. Agnes, aged 33 years, born at Dinan (cotes du Nord) was afflicted with a ganglionous tumor, of a size of a small apple, which was unsupportable at all times, and which was cured in three days, after having commenced her novena."

These cures demonstrate that spirits are seeking every avenue possible in order to make their presence known, and showing too, that they work unsparingly—at all times with a view and anxious to cure the Jew, Christian or Catholic, as well as the Spiritualist.

Letter from Dumont C. Baker, M. D.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
We have "glad tidings of great joy" for your many loyal readers and the medium here in the land—glorious and heart cheering news! Just think of it, beyond all peradventure, there is to be a Chair of Therapeutic Magnetism and Psychology established in the United States Medical College of New York City; and the right man (in the right place) has been appointed by the faculty and trustees of this college, to fill this highly important and very responsible position, and no less a distinguished personage than the eminent writer and scholarly gentleman, Prof. Alexander Wilder, who is every way competent to fill this Chair. Let us, dear readers, congratulate each other, and turn this into a realization of the fact that the college is now in the hands of a man who, in the world, has been faring and coming, and is now to open this long neglected and doubly locked door to the thousands of magnetic physicians, mediums and natural healers, many of whom having their credentials from High Heaven and Mother Nature, work wonders, starting and sending forth the laying on of hands, by the noble and noble workers who have protection, also an education and emancipation, without being totally demoralized, disgusted and stunted in their advancement and searching after the truth, by having to cram their minds with false and pernicious doctrines, Lull and Greek technicalities and stupid nonsense—wrapping the last mentioned articles in a garb of pomp and darkness until it seems profound.

Then let us thank heaven for this new departure, for now all those who believe, as did Dr. Channing, that Culture is a guardian angel, can, if they so choose, have a favorable opportunity to embellish their natural and divine gifts by proper discipline and study, which is so highly essential for healthy normal growth and development with perpetual spiritual unfoldment.

The scholarly teacher starting from the solid terra firma, anatomy and physiology, carries his knowledge outward into biology, psychology and psychometry. Here he enters into the sphere of causation; physical science resurges becomes a religion. The process of induction, this higher method of reasoning, the science of cause and effect, with an authoritative (because demonstrable) voice the laws which govern the distribution and redistribution of the nervous forces of our organic being. Understanding these important data, the operator can direct his power as scientifically as the navigator sails the sea. This, then, is the secret unity; enlightens the scientific data as a map to guide the potential curative waves of magnetic life.

May we not with pride consistently and conscientiously congratulate ourselves as reformers, Spiritualists and mediums, on the rapid strides that science is making in all departments of life—a harbinger of peace on earth and good will to men? This grand lesson or drama is being written everywhere, from the sands washed by the sea to the mountain top kissed by the fogbank of heaven. By this we are incited and encouraged to make new efforts—we can well afford to labor and to wait.

Before closing this letter I wish to call the particular attention of all liberal minds, and especially Spiritualists and mediums, to the fact that the Harmonical Society of New York took up this matter of the urgent necessity of having a Chair of Therapeutic Magnetism and Psychology, and had a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait upon the faculty and trustees of the United States Medical College, and place this important subject before the board; therefore, we are under every obligation to this society, and under every obligation to express my heart-felt thanks as a humble worker and medium to each member of this society, and especially to its worthy and honored president, Andrew Jackson Davis, who was the master spirit and mover in this great and good work. God and good angels ever bless this good work.

Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

Schoolcraft Meeting.

The second annual meeting of the Michigan Mutual Benefit Association of Spiritualists and Liberals convened in the beautiful island grove at Schoolcraft, Mich., June 13th, at 11 A. M. A heavy shower in the morning prevented many from attending. However some eight hundred people from the surrounding country came with loads of baskets and other food, and the general sentiment that at this time is permeating the grand field of spiritual and liberal thought, and bringing with them the assurance, that though "Nature's artillery" had somewhat interfered with the arrangements nothing could deter those noble men and women from listening to the words of spiritual and intellectual leaders who had been prepared for them. The meeting was called to order by that noble champion of free thought, Mr. L. B. Burdick. Mrs. Olie G. Denlow gave a cordial greeting to all by singing a few inspirations along entitled "Good Morning, Friends," after which Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, was introduced, who gave a brief but interesting address. He began by stating the object of the meeting and further said that as Spiritualists and Liberals, we ask and demand the inalienable right to think for ourselves, without the consent of the priesthood, showing in a clear and forcible manner, that though Christians may endeavor to blockade the wheels of progress as much as they please, the light of science has illumined the minds of men and women and will not be deterred by the threats of the ecclesiastics. The moral cowardice of to-day are the only blocks in the way of the advancement of the best growth and highest possibilities to be obtained by us as men and women. The morning session closed with a song by Mrs. Denlow. Tables were then spread, and judging from the smiling faces and happy "Aha's" and "Gee's" on every side, we think we were saying that all felt that it "was good to be there."

Mrs. R. Shepard, the founder of the M. M. B. A., was the first speaker of the afternoon, who entertained and interested the largest audience for over an hour with one of her richest inspirational discourses. The subject was given by the audience: "What is Hell?" and "Man-made Religion?" Mrs. Shepard's discourse was replete with golden thoughts from the upper spheres, elucidating in a clear and masterly manner the truth of our spiritual philosophy based upon scientific facts. Mrs. B. was followed by Mr. Burnham, who gave one of his most eloquent and inspiring discourses on the subject, "The Influence of Spirit and Climate on the Religions of the Day." Mrs. Shepard closed the exercises of the day with a beautiful impromptu poem, improvised from the following subject given by the audience, "Tell us the Truth."

The speeches of the afternoon were interspersed and followed with choice songs by Mrs. Denlow. The evening adjourned at five P. M., having proved a success in every way, despite the clouds of the morning.

Mrs. Ida A. McKim,
Secretary of M. M. B. A. of B. and L.
Paw Paw, Mich.

Letter from Dr. G. Bleede.

To the Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal:
I cannot help congratulating you upon your two happy editorial No. 14 of the Journal, on Dr. Buchanan's "Faith" and Mrs. Richmond's "Thomas Paine." They are in your best vein, conveying persuasion, and provoking mirth at the same time. I hope and wish sincerely you will go on in the same way to confound that confounded humbug and highfalootin on the pulpit and "rostrum" and in the "cabinets." Faith not founded on fact is a place held on for of day; and such Thomas Paine as Dr. R.'s is the product of an "inspiration," the promptings of Diakia spirits.

The letter of Mr. H. Tuttle, too, is excellent. I would say, beware of Christian Spiritualists as of Brahmins, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Catholics, Protestants or Mormons. Their tenancies, even if correct, are in the same old groove, and of fettering the liberty of individual reason with the manacles of dogma. Let our "organization" be the bond of internal truth based on external test-proof fact!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Spiritual Fraternity.

The announcement that W. E. S. Fales, Esq., would speak upon "Spiritism," attracted a large audience. Mr. Fales is one of the rising young lawyers in the city, is a man of ability and considerable social and political influence, and that such men are giving thought to the general subject, is encouraging. Mr. Fales is a pleasant, easy speaker, and his address was read in a forcible manner. He gave a fair statement of the numbers claimed to be believers in the modern phenomena, and gave illustrations to show that our senses were not reliable, and the argument was that we could not always trust to them. He also stated in places of the power of professional mediums and tricksters, and claimed that the scientific of such exhibitions were frauds. He also claimed that much of the phenomena could be explained by natural causes; but admitted that there were many well attested facts that could not be explained away and that his conclusions were that Spiritualism was a blessing, and recommended a careful study of the phenomena.

As a lecture coming from one who is not a Spiritualist, while we could not agree with him fully, some of his criticisms were timely and useful. He was listened to with good attention to the close, and a vote of thanks was passed, and a collection for the benefit of the Spiritualists was taken.

Prof. Henry Kiddle was the next speaker, who said:
"I would prefer not to have said anything. When the lecturer states that the tenets of the professional mediums are frauds and impostures, I do not think the facts will warrant his conclusions, and certainly the thousands of private mediums who are not mediums of the home circle, are not frauds or self-deceived, and his conclusions are one-sided and he has no facts to warrant his statements. Johnson's Cyclopaedia gives the number of Spiritualists in this country alone as 7,500,000; this may be greater than the truth will warrant, but all these are a large number, and it is impossible to estimate the number of private mediums who are not mediums of the home circle, are not frauds or self-deceived, and his conclusions are one-sided and he has no facts to warrant his statements. 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THE BIRTHDAY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

An Item for the Bible of the Future.

BY EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

If history repeats itself, and we are to judge of our future "Scriptures" by the methods of collection observed in the past, then all that concerns the welfare and progress of the "New Dispensation" will inevitably become incorporated into the Bible, Testaments, and religious archives of the future. Whilst these possibilities should make us most guarded in our written talk, and chary of sending down to posterity what as spirits we shall mourn over, and would fain blot out, if tears of penitence could avail to efface the imperishable—the other side of the picture promises us that nothing good, however seemingly trifling, and disregarded in the present, can ever be lost. Posterity pronounces disinterested verdicts on all that is presented at its judgment seat.

The unpunished libeller of to-day, will be branded with the infamy he merits to-morrow, and the humble toilers whom an ungrateful world now disregards, will stand in the saint's niche of future history. Warned on the one hand, and cheered on the other, by the inevitable certainty that both here and hereafter justice will surely be done at last, we may well afford to drop the pen which we dip in the ink of gall and bitterness, and speed it on cheerily under the propulsion of good intention and kind endeavor.

In such a spirit am I moved to send down to the judgment seats of the future a certain memento concerning—

Mrs. JAMES LAWRENCE, of Cleveland, Ohio, a noble octogenarian, on whose venerable head the snows of 89 winters have left their silvery impress.

In the sweetest place of writing I have ever read from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, namely his preface to a book entitled "Angel Voices," a series of communications purporting to emanate from spirits through Mr. Lawrence's mediumship, a most touching and interesting description in given of the esteemed scribe, and few who read Mr. Tuttle's initiatory words would fail to carry with them through the ensuing pages, a profound sense of respect for the integrity of purpose and exaltation of sentiment, which stamps the entire volume. The special point, however, to which I desire to call attention, is the claim made by Mr. Tuttle, both in the preface above alluded to, and another publication of his, "The Book of Spiritualism for 1870," to the effect, that Mr. James Lawrence was the first to suggest the idea of instituting an annual and world-wide celebration of the 31st day of March, as the birthday of modern Spiritualism.

The circumstances under which the evening of this day in the year 1848 became so truly memorable, are too familiar to every student of Spiritual literature, to need reiteration here. In the year 1838, after only a few months residence in America, I enjoyed the privilege of being an invited guest at the house of Mrs. Calvin Brown (nee Leah Fox), of Rochester, celebrated, now Mrs. Underhill of New York City. The occasion I refer to, was the 10th anniversary of the famous 31st of March, 10th day and year after the first genuine and orderly spirit rapping circle had been held on earth. I am quite aware that this assertion will call a perfect array of word splitters to the front, all bent upon proving that the 31st of March, 1848, was not the night of the first earthly spirit-rapping circle; that this, that, or ten thousand other occasions ought to be thus regarded, and that the present writer makes the above allegation either in ignorance or prejudice. No matter: I repeat the assertion, and the more closely the objectors will study all preceding attempts on record to telegraph intelligently and consecutively, from the spiritual to the natural world by audible sounds applied alphabetically to letters, words, and sentences, the more clear will become the evidence that David Fox did on the night of the 31st of March, 1848, prove for the first time on earth, that spirits could see, hear, answer intelligently, and through spiritual rappings, telegraph any amount of information alphabetically, to the inhabitants of earth.

The method of alphabetical communication being nightly used by the company assembled at Hydesville on the occasion referred to, was strangely enough disused in subsequent communications for several weeks. It was again suggested by Mr. Isaac Post of Rochester, and being found more available for direct and independent spirit communication than the unsatisfactory processes of human questioning, it has since become one of the most approved means of receiving ungarbled messages from the Spirit-world, through the rappings. And it was this great and notable discovery of direct spiritual telegraphy, occurring some ten years previous, which formed the subject of an anniversary celebration, March 31st, 1858, at the house of Mrs. Leah Fox Brown, of New York, in presence of herself and her sisters Kate and Margaretta, through whose mediumship the wonderful telegraphic signals were first sounded. Amongst many other distinguished guests with whose claims to celebrity I was not then familiar, I recall with deep interest and pleasure the names of Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmadge, Horace H. Day, Prof. Mapes, Horace Greeley and Mr. Raymond of the New York Times; all good soldiers of the then unpopular faith, now transfigured warriors in the shining armies of the glorious land, where "their works do follow them." Among the now arisen ones of that weird and wonderful gathering, was Dr. R. H. Hall, who, as the orator of the evening, thrilled every heart by his glowing narrative of the opening scenes of the Grand Experiment, the private woes, and public persecutions of the poor mediums; the blanching of the venerable mother's head in a single week under the fearful pressure of tribulation from the invisible world within her possessed dwelling, and the cruel wrongs heaped upon her family by the world of ignorance and bigotry without.

The white haired mother sat and smiled at the record whilst my own silver haired mother clasped her hand, and dropped tears of sympathy at the stirring tale. It was good to be there; good to hear, weep, smile, sympathize, and rejoice in a narrative, the like of which had never been dreamed of, much less acted out in our generation, when one after another of the distinguished guests present had contributed their words of greeting and comment, and the invisible hosts around us had resounded their choirs of intelligent rappings, in every conceivable tone, from tremendous poundings, to the tiniest tapping, at times shaking the long old Rochester table around which we were gathered, till its heavy timbers threatened to yield beneath the blows, and anon, creaking, sawing and imitating all sorts of mechanical performances, with startling fidelity, when these strange and striking ac-

companiments to the various utterances had been carried far into the night, Judge Edmonds arose, and in his calm, deliberative style, and deep commanding intonation of voice, declared his opinion that the gathering assembled there that night, was only the nucleus of one which should ultimately include all nations of mankind, the forerunner of those universal rejoicings in which every people of the earth should yet turn to Rochester, New York, as the Mecca of their faith, and celebrate the 31st day of March as the birthday of the religion of humanity.

I am not aware that there was any extended public record made of this famous gathering. I believe a proposition to that effect was made by Oliver Johnson, and I am under the impression that Horace Greeley through the columns of the New York Tribune, made some mention of the facts in question, but I am quite confident that no public celebration of this famous epoch in human history succeeded the scene above alluded to, for several years. I think then we are entirely justified in attributing the originality of the suggestion, from which our now world-wide custom of honoring the 31st of March arose, to Mr. James Lawrence, a name which in this connection alone, independent of his public service to the cause in this city, and his private worth, deserves honorable recognition from every friend of Spiritualism. Availing myself of my present privilege of frequent friendly intercourse with Mr. Lawrence, in whose house I used to be a guest, also drawing an authentic record of the matter from the Year Book of Spiritualism, 1870, I am enabled to show how the suggestion for a national as well as universal celebration connects itself with Mr. Lawrence as its author. In response to a letter from the publishers of the above named work, addressed to Mr. Lawrence, that gentleman writes:—

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 24, 1870.
Mr. FURNACE, Tribune and Leader.—Yours of the 20th of April was duly received. The suggestion for a public celebration, commemorative of the advent of modern Spiritualism through the rappings at Hydesville, emanated from myself. The particulars in brief are these. On the 12th of November, 1865, I was using the spirit dial known as Prof. Hall's dial. I received a communication of which I had no previous thought, consequently it could not be deemed a dream of my own, and hence must be recognized as an emanation from those who are free from earthly encumbrances. At the National Convention (of Spiritualists) the following year (1867) by the advice of my spirit friends and my own convictions, I brought it before the delegates as a resolution, which was copied, not as mine, but under great reluctance as coming from the higher realm, to keep alive the gratitude of those who can accept and comprehend the glorious boon—the assurance of immortality—furnished by Spiritualism. To that God whose ways are inscrutable and beyond the ken of mortal minds, would I express my gratitude for being made the humble instrument through which promises, to impart the thought that millions now existing, and millions yet unborn, may hail, with gratitude unbounded, the opportunity to celebrate an event more glorious in its character than mortal eyes have ever witnessed.

Your friend and brother,
JAMES LAWRENCE.

The resolution to which Mr. Lawrence refers in his letter was as follows:—
"Whereas Spiritualism has become a power in the land, and may be deemed the great growing religious idea of the country, and, whereas, it is well to revert to the time of small beginnings, and hold in remembrance the first pioneers in this Spiritual movement; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention recommend to all State Conventions and local societies, to make the time of the appearance of the Rochester rappings an anniversary day, the services of that day to be conducted in each locality as may be deemed most practical."

It would seem that Mr. Lawrence responded to this resolution by reading the communication he had received through his dial. Knowing how thoroughly the public are surfeited with communications from personal friends addressed to individuals only, therefore not adapted to the wants or tastes of communities, we should not presume to offer this special piece of spirit writing, did it not contain sweet and true words which all readers can profitably appropriate to themselves. Mr. Lawrence's spirit friend says: "Some acknowledgment should be made for this most glorious change, the advent of which has never yet been celebrated as a matter of public rejoicing by the assembled multitudes of Spiritualists throughout the land. Shall all the minor circumstances of earth-life have their day of commemoration, and this glorious, new and holy dispensation be neglected? It is time some such tribute should be paid to those who have thus presented to the world a means of emancipation from error such as will meet the requirements of all—a day of universal jubilee to be observed through all coming time."

I need hardly remind my readers that to this well timed suggestion of Mr. Lawrence and his spirit friends, the world has acted out, as well as said "Amen!" during the twelve years which succeeded the announcement of the idea. Reader/honor where honor is due. Under whatever name or style the great new dispensation of Spiritualism may hereafter be perpetuated, the memory of its origin, even for the simplicity of its methods, and the wholly supermundane power of its growth, and propagandism, can never be disavowed from its first telegraphic display in the little spirit-house at Hydesville, on the 31st of March, 1848. Associated with all that is memorable in its world wide diffusion, let us enshrine the name of good Mr. Lawrence. Let us show that we can take as much pride and interest in the good work our veteran Spiritualists have done as we can rush like hungry vultures to the task of wounding, tearing, and destroying each other's characters. Frauds, cheats, and swindlers in spiritual coin, ARE NOT SPIRITUALISTS AT ALL, and we shall never know what Spiritualism is, until we drum all base pretenders out of our ranks; but for those who truly serve and honor the cause according to their best light, I am more than indignant, I am shocked and disgusted to see how Spiritualists employ their pens and tongues in plucking Spiritualists' eyes out, and persecuting and reviling each other for trifling differences of opinion. Good morals constitute the very essence of religion. Spiritualism is no religion without good morals as the corner stone of its theory and practice. Good manners, however, being only to the order of society, and may not necessarily be deemed an obligatory part of religion.

To my mind it is otherwise. The rude tongue and virulent pen, which, under the guise of sturdy truth, delights in galling, wounding, and slandering others, commits a wrong as cruel, deep, and malignant, as the murderer who slays the body, or the thief who steals the purse. If Spiritualists would be as earnest to find out all the good their fellow workers have done, as they are to persecute and revile each other for differences of opinion, we might indeed be preparing a noble record for the future, planting a garden from which all unspiritual weeds are uprooted, and in which every

blossom, however many-hued and variously shaped, combined to illustrate the glory of creation, and the many sided characteristics of human brotherhood. When we understand the true genius of the event we celebrate on the 31st of every returning March, and put our knowledge into practical bearing by tongue, pen, and life, we shall find Spiritualism leading us forward into a Paradise regained, the guardian angels of which are Love, Wisdom and Power. Cleveland, Ohio, June 1880.

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE.

Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, No 2838 Michigan Avenue.

How strange that when spirits return to earth, the conditions surrounding them at the time they passed away, should again annoy them. I cough so I can hardly speak (the cough was plainly heard). I died of consumption in Geneva Lake, Wis.; but the disease was left with the old body and has not troubled me till to-day when I return. I have no wish to remain here. My guides tell me the next time I return I shall not suffer so. My name is Albert Gudney.

"If a man die shall he live again." I answer, Yes! I passed away from your rival city, St. Louis. My name is Hiram Kesch. A daughter of mine married Joseph Brown, who was once Mayor of St. Louis. The change of worlds for me is a happy one. The world I am in is quite as natural a one as the one you are in, but in every respect a better one. I wish not to return.

I died in Kenosha more than three years ago. My disease was consumption. My four sisters were ready to welcome me when I entered the other life. I have more friends in that life than in the one you are in. I wish I had known before I left the earth, that this was true about the return of spirits. I used to think it was all humbug. I am the only one of the family who can use this medium's organism. My name is Sarah Calvy. My father's name is Peter.

Tell my dear son, Dumont, that his mother, Harriet Cody Duke, still lives, and loves him; that his father and myself do all we can for him and Della.

Will those say that Dr. Hill, of Minneapolis, comes to report, and send greeting to the old friends he left behind him. I exchanged words almost five years ago, and verily it was a good exchange for me. There is no paralysis here.

My name is W. G. Brownlow. They used to call me Parson. I was a great friend to the colored people. I passed away several years since in Knoxville. I send my love to my family, also to my friends Temple, Hull, Ross and many others. I cannot find voice to name more. Tell them I have seen Nelson, Johnson, and hosts of others whom you call dead—all alive, every one—there is no death.

Death of N. B. Starr, the Spirit Artist.

It becomes my duty to announce to you and the many readers of the JOURNAL, the death of Bro. N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Mich., who passed to spirit-life on the morning of June 18th. You, having met him quite recently, will not be surprised to hear of this. For a long time he has appeared nearer the spirit-world than the earthly kingdom, and those looking upon him have felt that he was very near akin to the angels. His earthly work is done. His spirit, refined and purified, seemed to be only waiting, and at last it has felt the subtle touch of the Life Angel, unhooking for him his hidden mysteries, and leading his soul by the gateway of the new birth into the life immortal.

Entering his studio, all silent; brushes, paints, bits of glass, pallet boards (paints still upon them), and unfinished pictures lying all about the room, seem waiting for the touch of the master hand, who tired of his task, had left it but to rest awhile. This was his sanctum; here the angels met him, the medium and artist, sending forth many beautiful, soul-cheering sermons on canvas, symbolic paintings, scenes in the spirit-land, familiar faces all beaming upon the canvas, are left as bright mementoes, and wherever they are, will do silent work for good.

Upon the easel still stands a small picture painted for J. V. Mansfield, of New York, and must, I think, be greatly prized by him in the future as that upon which he spent his last hours of earthly toil.

Five of Mr. Starr's children had already entered the Gates of Life, and only one, a son, remains. His devoted wife, with whom he had walked for more than fifty years, is waiting until she, too, shall hear the welcome words, "Come home!"

Seventy-six years and the shuttle ceases to fly and the golden threads of the web of life are gathered up to be carried out into the loom of the life eternal! We were called upon to attend the funeral services, and the spirits through our instrumentality gave an address, closing with a poem which several of the friends recognized as coming from him who was as an invisible spiritual presence still with us.

Port Huron, Mich.

MRS. R. SHEPARD.

Honorable's Acid Phosphate counteracts the immediate ill consequences of the use of tobacco.

Money Spent in Painters' Ink.—The "Union" Upper Sandusky, Ohio, tells its readers: "While on the subject of large payments, we here add that H. H. Warner & Co. of Rochester, N. Y., have appropriated for expenditure for the present year, \$500,000 in advertising their Warner Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and other of Warner's Safe Remedies." 17-18

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300 Copies, Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists: Illustrated and containing carefully prepared sketches of Samuel Watson, D. D., Prof. Robert Hare, Hudson Tuttle, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. Francis Green McDougall, James G. Clark, Rev. John Pierpont, Dr. J. M. Peabody, W. E. Coleman and Prof. J. H. Buchanan. The pamphlet is a large double column octavo; list price 25 cents. The lot now offered are perfectly fresh and as good as when first published and are offered to close out the first large edition, at the nominal price of 15 cents each. They ought to go off in a week.

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5 Copies, Biography of A. B. Whiting, compiled by his sister, R. Augusta Whiting, with an introduction by Dr. Peabody; 18 mo. cloth, 303 pages and steel engraving of Mr. Whiting published at \$1.50. The life and labors of this medium, make an interesting book, worthy a place in every Spiritualist's library. The copies we offer are perfect as when first put in stock with the exception of slight change of color in backs of covers and will be sold at \$1.00 each to close them out.

150 Copies, Childhood of the World: by Edward Clodd. F. R. A. S. Pamphlet 12 mo., 91 pages, heavy paper, published at 50 cents. This book is a Jewish man's story of the progress of man from the unknown past to his early appearance on earth, with those of Moses and the Hebrew writers; and blending with a serious vigor which drives the truth home to the reader's mind. The book is especially valuable to children and adults and if any girl or boy says it isn't worth more than that after getting a copy will refund the money and donate the book.

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Biographical Sketch of M. C. Vandercook.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mr. Vandercook had endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, who were drawn to him by sympathy for his great affliction, or won by the sweetness and unselfish spirituality of his nature. The communion of spirits was beautifully reflected by him in the grace of a well ordered life, and his mediumship became a means of growth. He was born at Nicholsville, Cass Co., Michigan, Christmas Day, 1863, the paternal residence standing on the banks of the lovely Hunker Lake. His parents were from New York State; his father was of Holland descent, his mother French and Scotch. They were members of the Methodist church; his father still remaining, but his mother was among the first to enlist under the banner of free thought, and for years has been an ardent Spiritualist.

While he was still an infant, his parents removed to Ann Arbor, Mich., where he received a primary education, and when he was twelve years of age they removed to a farm in Cass County, near his birth place, where he continued his education in the district school. At fifteen years of age he again removed to Kalamazoo, and entered into the service of a large peddling establishment. At first he was set to sorting beans; then to drive a tin-wagon, next became assistant foreman, and in less than a year was installed bookkeeper and foreman. At sixteen years of age he first became conscious of his mediumistic faculty. He knew nothing about Spiritualism, but was controlled to play the concertina, and by decided Indian influences. Against his own will he rapidly developed in his sensitiveness and in the face of the scorn and contempt cast upon him and the cause he advocated, the boy of seventeen years, so bashful he would never speak his place at school, was placed upon the rostrum as a lecturer. It is said that during this development a wonderful change took place in his physical being. His long straight hair became beautifully curled and dark, and his features changed to a finer mould.

After a few months he became weary of the conflict. He was young, and it did not seem to him that he was making his way in the world as he ought. He determined to take his old place in the business he had left. This his spirit friends opposed, and told him, if he did, in one day he would have an entirely different appearance. He, however, was determined, and accepted the place offered, to find the prophecy most cruelly true. After a day's work in the establishment his admired black ringlets were no more; his hair was straight and lifeless; his bright eyes were pale, and his countenance drearily sad.

After a few days he was seized while at work by an Indian spirit, rushed home through the city, giving a war-whoop at every step. He was told that he must lecture, and relinquishing his hopes of worldly preferment and gain, for three years he obeyed, until his health failing he returned to his parents at Allegan, Mich.

For four years he suffered from a white swelling which at last necessitated amputation of his left limb. During these years he suffered excruciating pain, which he bore with the patience of a martyr. During that time he wrote nearly all his songs and musical compositions. The influence never left him, but after sleepless nights of agony, when too weak to raise his head from the pillow, he would be inspired and sing his morning song.

Three days after the amputation of his limb, the suffering boy, whose ambitious mind saw in the event the overthrow of all the castles built by his fervent imagination, wrote the following lines, which seem pressed from his aching heart:

Only a cripple! a poor, helpless cripple,
Only a burden for others to bear,
Only a sorrow, that brightens forever,
That one day gave a promise of blossoming fair.

Gay in life's morning with hopeful ambition,
Smiled the fair future so golden and bright,
Till the cold clouds of sorrow deepened and darkened,
And changed the glad day to the sadness of night.

Only a cripple! a sad, hopeless cripple,
Only a human wreck shattered and torn,
Only a faded bark dashed on the breakers
In the weird commotion of life's fearful storm.
Dreams, golden dreams, forever have vanished,
Bright joys have faded forever away,
The dark, bodiless future holds out no enchantment,
To cheer or to brighten the cripple's sad way.

Only a cripple! unfortunate cripple,
Only a human soul doomed to despair,
Only a hopeful life blighted forever,
Bereft of its future so promising fair.
Long years may pass away slowly and sadly,
Bright days of youth will no longer come again,
Only a cripple! Alas! crippled forever,
Lost in life's usefulness, all in vain.

Only a cripple! a heart-broken cripple,
Only a cripple; ah! where rests the blame?
Where is the hand that promised assurance?
It now bears the brand of dishonor and shame.
Courage was fed on vain words of deception,
Hopes were kept alive on promises bright,
Till the storm of affliction burst forth in its fury,
And changed the glad day to the sadness of night.

Only a cripple! unfortunate cripple,
Hope like an angel bright cometh at last,
Ah! we shall reap our own just recompense
When the dark shadows of Earth's life are past.
Rise, oh! freed soul, from thy sorrows victorious,
Onward forever, unflinching and true,
Never again will the hand of affliction
Weave round thy heart the dark web of despair.

Contrary to expectations he partially recovered, and in a few months began traveling with H. H. Brown, and also with Mrs. H. S. Morse, as a vocalist, singing his own compositions, before large and appreciative audiences.

In December, 1877, in company with H. H. Brown, he began a Southern tour, visiting all the large cities of the South to New Orleans and thence by way of Chicago to his home. After a short stay they went East under engagement of the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting. Here his success was flattering, and they visited the New England towns as far north as St. Johnsbury, Vt. During the winter months they were engaged by the Brooklyn Society and in Massachusetts.

Mr. Vandercook returned home in April, and filled engagements in Michigan, and during the summer joined Mr. Flahback in Indiana, his songs pleasing every one. During this time he was prolific in composition, writing some of his best songs. These were of a melancholy cast, but about August the influence changed and for some time he wrote nothing but Irish, Dutch and negro melodies. As a specimen of the former style of composition we give his sad poem on

DECEMBER.

I was born in December,
Bad cheerless December,
When the birds of Summer had fled,
And the flowers that once were in bloom
Were dead. Alas! frozen and dead.
And, ah! thou December!
Thou cheerless December,
With thy cold icy fingers I throw,
Of hopes but to fade,
A farewell ye made,
And decked with its sorrowing brow.

It was stormy December,
Cold, dreary December,
And winter with frost laden breath,
Enshrouded the Earth with glistening snow,
Like death, a white mantle of death.
And, oh! thou December!
Thou dreary December,
With thy silken hand of despair,
When life grows dark,
My path did ye mark,
Through years of misfortune and care.

Our lives are December,
A weary December,
The longing that cheer us to-day,
Nath the merciless blasts of years that be,
They fade, alas! wither away.
And thou, oh, December!
Thou gloomy December,
Has frozen the woodland and main;
The springtime will come,
The flowers will bloom,
And our longings will blossom again.

Sometime, oh, December!
Thou sorrowful December,
Sometime thy cold fetters will break,
And tell'd from her slumbers, the frozen world
Will wake; to summer-time awake.
And thou, oh, December!
Thou dreary December,
Though we sleep 'neath the cumbersome sod,
In a world yet to be,
Our bright spirits free,
Will bloom in the gardens of God.

Of the many popular songs he wrote, the following is a pleasing selection:

IRENE AROON.—(A Song.)

Irene Aroon, the ocean's blue water
Murmurs a song as it kisses the sea;
Zephyrs of summer in low gentle whispers,
Seem to bring tidings, my dear one, of thee.
How much I cherish thy sweet little promise,
You may not know, oh! my own precious bloom,
But only be faithful, my love, while I'm absent,
And I'll be true to thee, Irene Aroon.

Chorus.

Irene Aroon, now the ocean's blue water
Murmurs a song as it kisses the shore;
Zephyrs of summer, my love, seem to whisper,
"Irene Aroon, I am thine evermore."

Irene Aroon, away through the distance
I catch thy blue eyes beaming love on me now,
And, oh! in my dreaming I'm longing to bloom
Then;
To lighten the gloom that overshadows thy brow,
Don't be downhearted, my own little colleen,
For I'll surely come back to thee soon,
When fortune smiles with its light on my path way,
I will return to thee, Irene Aroon.

Irene Aroon, I will always remember
The sweet words I spoke when I bade you good-
by.

"With no one to witness our sad tearful parting,
Only the bright stars that lit up the sky—
Ah! by their light that is fadeless forever,
Gave I my heart to thee then, little one,
And I'll forget thee never, no never,
But greet thee ere long again, Irene Aroon."

He again made an effort to leave public work and learned telegraphy, and was prepared to take the position at a railway station he had secured. Two weeks before his death he sang at the Quarterly Meeting at Trent and returned home exhausted by the severe weather. He became worse on the 9th of February, and on the 10th died of congestion of the lungs, in the 27th year of his age.

After all his sufferings he had just become master of his position, and through the dark clouds of disappointment and sorrow there was promise of a bright future. It would be strange if he should, under these circumstances, feel resigned to die and not want to live and enjoy the fruits of his patient work which triumphed over worldly ills. Often when a young man he would come to his mother and with tears ask: "Why am I so doomed to misfortune?" Yet his ardent spirit would soon react and he would become gay and happy.

His mediumistic experiences were very strange and voluminous. When on the rostrum his subject was given him before he became entranced. He would tremble with fear, and be in an agony of suspense until the influence came and carried him at once beyond a doubt or fear. Immediately after the amputation of his limb, he was controlled and the spirits said they would keep away the fever, and when the physician failed they would prescribe. In this they admirably succeeded.

After yielding his life to the spiritual control, and then being so overwhelmed by misfortune, it is not strange he had moments of doubt. Even these were always followed by tests which seemed inspiring. Only two days before his death, although very weak, he walked into an adjoining room and back to his bed, and in a coarse voice ordered the doctor to leave, claiming to be a spirit. The doctor had failed to stop the terrible hemorrhage, and the spirit said he would stop them. The doctor would believe he was a spirit. The doctor said he would, and in a moment, without any visible aid, they ceased. Another symptom was checked in the same manner. The controlling spirits were able to soothe the path of the sufferer, and they could not avert the end. And thus went from earth life one of its gentlest, purest spirits, too sensitive for cold breath, so sensitive that when his poems or music came like waves of inspiration from the other life, he wept or laughed in harmony therewith.

We are too apt to regard a life like his broken in its early promise, as a waste, a disappointment, for we consider not the meaning of life nor of death. If his were a light extinguished, we will might mourn, but it is not. It is a light burning dimly, obscured by its screen of clay, placed on a golden shrine on the summit of immortality. Our glad voices should blend with the songs of the angel hosts which welcome each new-born soul to its angel home.

The Spiritualists of Michigan will long remember with affection the youthful singer and speaker, who endeared himself to their hearts by his unassuming, gentle manners, his integrity and purity of character, and remarkable mediumship. Their feelings were expressed at the late meeting at Battle Creek, by Mrs. L. E. Bailey, in a

MEMORIAL POEM.

We had hoped with joy and gladness,
To have met our brother dear,
When assembled this convention—
For he promised to be here;
And our hearts grew warm with pleasure,
As we thought to clasp his hand,
Thought to welcome, and to greet him
A loved member of our band.

Now we listen for his voice,
List in vain for that sweet voice,
That was wont to charm our senses,
Make our hearts and souls rejoice.
Not alone we miss the singing—
But the inspiration's flow,
That would lift our beings higher,
Came our adored hearts to glow.

He is here; we know his promise
Is fulfilled this very hour,
For we feel the magic influence
Of his spirit's gentle power.
Yet we mourn, and miss his presence,
And our souls can only greet,
Reaching out in tender longing—
Blending in communion sweet.

He who braved the din and carnage
Of the cannon's deadly roar,
When our nation gave the summons—
Called, "three hundred thousand more!"
Quick he buckled on the armor,
Flinching not to meet the foe,
With a mother's caring blessing,
Duty bade his calmly go.

He who suffered in life's battle,
So much sorrow, grief and pain,
Sickness and affliction heavy,
Never shall fear the weight again.
Gladly welcomed he death's angel,
Long before the hours drew near,
Anxiously he watched the coming
Of the postman void of fear.

Who go strong, that they can measure,
Hail the joy that filled his soul,
As he saw his glorious future,
First before his vision rolled.
Who can comprehend the grandeur,
Joy, sublimity, and peace,
When he passed the sweet transition,
And his spirit found release.

He who young, became a teacher—
Went forth boldly, while a youth,
Bowing heads of thought and wisdom,
Words of comfort, love and truth.
Now he knows, has proved this lesson,
If the facts he taught were true
And he comes again to teach
"Immortality for you!"

He returns, dear friends, to tell us,
Of the music of the spheres,
Where a soul attuned to music,
No discordant echo hears.
And he brings a loving message,
Each, and every heart to bless;
Come to say, "There is a heaven,
I have found its happiness!"

Mr. Vandercook was not alarmed at the approach of death. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and to him death was "only a change; the sunset of this life," as he beautifully said. He was buried near the banks of the Kalamazoo River, to which he gave local fame by a ballad, "Roll on, Kalamazoo."

His character was spotless. Not a bad habit stained its purity. In the backwoods or among the elite of the cities, his gentlemanly character won him true friends and general admiration. Sickly from infancy, and unfortunate as few are, yet his countenance expressed a happy spirit.

Recognized Spirit-Voices in London.

BY MRS. E. H. JACKSON, OF CHICAGO.

(Medium and Daybreak.)
"Here is joy, then for the mourner,
Here is solace for your grief;
Make of mine, your faith, then, stronger,
In this beautiful belief."

On my way to Italy, for musical purposes, I passed in London to go to the opera and to take a look at the various objects of public interest to be found in the greatest metropolis of the world; among which is one of superior interest to dear friends at home in America, and for whose sake I visited more than for my own; for I have always been a "stubborn doubter." This place is Mr. J. B. Burd's Spiritual Institution, 16, Southampton Row, W. C.

Opportunity was here afforded me a sitting with the quiet, gentlemanly medium, Mr. J. C. Husk. My little son and myself were alone with him. We joined hands over the end of a large extension table, which was soon raised, and rapped several times. The medium saw the initials "A. J. H." near by me, and a tall figure that seemed to be nearly related to me. A little boy was seen standing by my side; and a lady, who very much resembled me, held a card with the name "Andrew Jackson Davis" only I remarked—"It is, perhaps, desired that I tell the medium of my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Davis?" to which the affirmative was given. A tall spirit, a gentleman, moved the medium's hand to write: "Give Charles a spirit-father's blessing. Say to him, I shall be with you all along, through all misfortunes." After some more conversation, a spirit spoke in a queer throaty tone close by me, saying rapidly, "How do you do, Mrs. Jackson? how do you do, Ernest?" and gave his name as "Irresistible." Then a full, manly voice said, "Glad to see you, Mrs. Jackson; God bless you. Ernest, God bless you. Shall I materialize?" We replied, "Oh, yes." He said: "The power is very weak, but I will do the best I can," and then gave his name as "John King." Soon we saw a large, dark figure moving about. I say "we saw," the sitting was in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun shone in around the window shutters, so that we could see the outline of the form, though very dimly. Soon little bright lights floated around the room. Then, close by, this voice, which had spoken in such manly tones and gave the name "John King" said, "You won't be nervous, Ernest, will you?" He replied, "Oh, no." "Very well," he said. "Now I show you a form, but, remember, it does not look as I do in the spheres; it is one I materialize for you to see." Then he held both hands illuminated near to his face, and said: "Can you see me, Mrs. Jackson? Can you see me, Ernest?" "Yes," I replied. "I can see you plainly; will you place your hand on my head and down on our hands, so that we can feel the hand?" Said the spirit, "I will try." Soon the form stood beside me, and as the hand was placed upon my head, the drapery of the sleeve touched my face, and a strong and peculiar perfume, as of spices, was distinctly perceived. The form then vanished. The signal was given, Ernest opened the folding-door to admit the daylight, and the medium was found asleep.

Mr. Husk promised us another sitting, which, as our stay in London was drawing to a close, took place at the usual Thursday evening meeting, at Mr. William's rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street. Fortunately the attendance was rather limited and select, so the conditions were very favorable for manifestations, which commenced almost immediately. The voice called "Irresistible," addressing me said: "Mrs. Jackson, your sister Hattie is here, and several others; your brothers and little Charlie. Soon a voice said to me: "Libbie, Libbie, I am here; God bless you." It sounded like the voice of my brother, when in earth-life. A. J. Higgins; so I said "Judson, is that you?" It replied: "Yes, yes; God bless you," and talked a good deal more; but there were several other spirits, voices talking to others in the circle at the same time, besides the noise of the musical instruments, so that I lost it all except the first portion. Besides, this being the first communication my brother and sister had made from spirit-life in

that tangible form, it was difficult for them to control the power and manifest themselves freely. The leading spirit said: "Your sister is quite weak, Mrs. Jackson. She has come from a high sphere, and this is her first effort, but you will hear from her again." "John King" also said: "We shall not materialize to-night; we have given way to your friends, Mrs. Jackson, because unless we give them the power which we use to materialize, they could not speak, for they are not practiced in the art."

"Irresistible" said: "A great musician is here, Mrs. Jackson; and he says his name is Mason." I asked: "Is it Dr. Mason of Boston?" "Irresistible" replied: "That's the one; he is going to speak to you." So I heard a voice close by my left ear in front say: "That's right, my child, practice your chromatics." This seemed to me very much; for I never am alone a moment but I am running chromatic scales, giving flexibility to my throat, and practicing my mind to think quickly of the small intervals. Not a person there knew this, so it interested me greatly. Then I asked: "Are you ever near me?" and the voice replied "Oh, often." I explained to Mr. Wootton that this was, when on earth, one of my favorite music teachers. He also taught me how to teach. The voice chimed in: "Exactly, that's it; God bless you." This is the second time this name "Dr. Mason," has been given me at spirit-circles. Once in Chicago his head and shoulders were materialized and a voice like his of old said: "God bless you, my child; I am with you in your work as a teacher."

Then a voice, very soft and sweet, said to me: "Sister dear, dear sister, I am here." "Hattie is that you?" I asked. "Yes." "Will you come by my side and speak?" I requested. "Yes." And immediately I heard in my ear: "Dear sister!" The same voice went across the table to Ernest and said very distinctly: "Ernest, be a good boy; be good to your mother." All at once a new voice, very jolly, said: "Hallo! hallo, here! I guess I must have something to say." The voice seemed to move around. "This is my first time on earth," it continued; "can't stay long. Hallo, is this the boy?" Is that Edson?" The voice replied: "Yes; good-by, I'm off." This voice I recognized as that of a brother who passed away seventeen years ago; consequently before my boy was born. The conversation was continued with my sister, and very much more was said. Addressing her, I made this request: "If this be your voice, and it certainly does sound like you, what particular messages have you for our father and mother in America?" She replied in tones so sweet and tender: "Give them my fondest love; tell them we are glad to see you here." My little one, my darling Charlie, whom I lost in California when fifteen months old, put his arm under mine, and locked it quite around my arm, and leant against me, but said nothing. The voices of my brothers, A. J., and W. E. Higgins differed from each other as in earth-life, in characteristic and quality of tone. The voice of my sister, Mrs. Burton, also bore a striking similarity to her voice when in earth-life.

I was told by spirit friends to go ahead, to have confidence, all was going to work out well. I must not let this interfere with my business. They would watch over me and sustain me.

The Indian spirit "Lightfoot" and his beautiful daughter manifested, and spoke to us. "Lightfoot" is Mr. Wootton's spirit-guide. He materialized a hand, which he placed heavily on my head; then upon each one in the circle. That I might gain a better idea of this spirit-hand, I requested him to place it under my chin. Mr. Wootton also asked the spirit to do so. I held up my head on purpose, and the hand was placed under my chin as requested. It felt warm, like natural flesh, but downy and soft. "Lightfoot" promised to Mr. Wootton that he would be near us in our journey, and assist me in my work. Mr. Wootton's spirit-mother addressed him, and held quite a conversation with her son, who thus frequently converses with her; and her voice again was different from any of the others; it was particularly touched with its maternal sweetness and tenderness. A gentleman stranger was in the circle, whom "John King" recognized and addressed by name, and mentioned the times when he had met him before, and the name of the medium through whom he manifested on those occasions. The spirit was very joyful at meeting this gentleman again, and as he was a perfect stranger, no one present knowing his name even, this fact afforded a very striking proof of the identity of the spirit, and their power to manifest to mortals. I asked "John King" if life in the Spirit-world was at all analogous to this. He replied, "Somewhat," and added, "we live more in the ideal. I cannot explain now, because I have not the time."

The circle was directed by Mr. J. Wootton, a gentleman of great experience in these matters, and who has no interest in the medium in a professional sense, as he always pays his fee like any other visitor. During the whole time of the manifestations we sat around the table, and Mr. Wootton directed us all to join hands, the medium included, and on no account to release our grasp. The parties were separated, so that no accomplishment could aid in the manifestations, and one set of visitors was a check on the others. I sat on one side of the medium, and another stranger, equally interested in the truth on the other. The medium never for a moment made an effort to move.

Continued on Eighth Page.

Sideros and Its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WIL. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

PAINESVILLE METEORITE.

I now resolved to have a portion of the Painesville meteorite examined, which was accordingly done, and I feel quite sure that he had no idea of its meteoric character; the specimen was but a small fragment. Between the times that these examinations were taking place the psychometer was examining for me various geological and archeological specimens.

"I am in a rough, mountainous country—low mountains, I do not see any vegetation. There are hills all around, and small valleys. It is very gloomy here; I do not like it. I see no signs of life; it must have been when the earth first cooled, though I do not get that impression. It makes me think of that country that I saw with the meteoric iron. It must be two or three hundred miles to water. It seems different from every place I have been in before."

"I think this is a meteoric specimen. I can go to an ocean. I get the impression of a globe about two thousand miles in diameter. I see a large island, it is a dead volcano; the water has a yellowish look, as it dashes upon the shore."

"I come forward in time and see a desolate five or six miles wide, several miles deep, and three or four hundred miles long. It has drained off a large part of the ocean. I see no motion matter in the centre of this world. I sense iron here, but no copper. I do not think there is as much salt in the water as in our sea. It looks like a world I have been on before, but I see no vegetation in the water. It has not rained for a long time. The rock looks something and becomes crumbly. This world moves very slowly on its axis."

Mayer and Enlis think the motion of the moon upon its axis became slower and eventually coincided with its motion around the earth in consequence of the retarding influence of its tides, but psychometrical observations indicate that as worlds approach their end, they move more and more slowly upon their axes until they break up, and their motion diminishes after all water has disappeared from their surfaces. The rocks many have become crumbly in consequence of losing all their water, the hardest of rocks containing a considerable quantity.

"I go back a long way and find vegetation and much more water. It is farther back than I ever went with any specimen before. The atmosphere seems better and the world seems altogether more natural. The vegetation seems small. The sun is right overhead at noonday and about the same size as here. It seems very like this world away back. I had a glimpse of a running stream. I see a hill covered with thorny bushes about three feet high; great patches of grass have turned red from drought. Now I see a great pile of stones that look as if they had been placed artificially. It is one hundred and fifty feet high."

"I got a glimpse of some one then; a person four and one-half feet high, rather stooping; the arms are rather short in proportion; the head is very long. It is a man; he is in a valley. He has a peculiar gray-looking blanket around his shoulders and a cloth cap."

"Now I see an instrument made mostly of iron with a wheel attached to it of five or six spokes, and without a hand. It is to measure with. The man is connected with it."

"I see terraces or ruins of them, on the side of a hill. I got an impression of a community of such people as he, but it is very indefinite. Now I see a crevice in the earth, and these people have fastened an iron bar across it to see how fast it increases in size."

"I see that community now; there are seventy or eighty houses, some round and some of many sides. The people have wells going to a great depth into the earth for water. The water is hot. There are plants—shrubs—that grow on that terrace, which produce long black fruit, which they dry. The wells supply water for the plants; they require but little water. They have no large animals. I see one that looks something like the lama; they eat it; it has a mouse-colored skin. It goes over the rocks like a goat. There are periods of intense cold here, but they are a long, long way apart. These people know of them, but have not experienced one."

"I see an old bridge across a deep valley; it is made of rock. These people must be near the last of their race. Heavy carriages have run across it for I can see the ruts. This I think was the same world previously described, but seen at a more advanced stage, and after it had long been retrograding; when deep crevices had opened into its interior and drained off most of the surface water; when it rained but seldom and plants for food required constant irrigation, which was accomplished by deep wells; when the people lived in small communities; when wild animals had generally perished and domestic animals were rare and the few people living were calculating the time when their race would become extinct. But what a history there must have been for this little world and its inhabitants before they arrived at this advanced stage; could any particulars of this be obtained?"

The mouse-colored lama-like animal seen on this occasion, was probably the same kind of animal as those seen by Mrs. Foote (as previously stated) and described as looking like sheep, but being larger and of a darker color and holding up their heads like deer.

BEAR RIVER METEORITE AGAIN.

The next day I separated a small black scale from the Bear River meteorite I had previously examined, and with this he sees the same world as before:

"I go back to a place that looks a good deal like where I was last night. I think it must be the same place; it must be. I see a very white looking town about five miles off. In it is a very wide avenue, wider than any I ever saw before; it is three hundred feet wide and beautifully paved with rocks like marble. I can see ruts made by wheeled vehicles. Buildings run up to a tapering point; one is two hundred feet wide, round and tapering from the ground. Every building seems to be round or octagonal. Some are built of beautiful stone like agate. I see nothing square; some of the buildings are made of rough rock and plastered."

"The people use a great deal of iron; I think they could get it in square blocks without smelting. I know this is a meteoric specimen, for I see those lama-like animals. They are large and beautiful, about the size of a Mexican donkey, with large eyes. They have ornaments on their horns, which are trimmed off. There is a whitish metal here that looks like silver. I sense no brass or copper."

"The people study astronomy. They are short; tall ones are five feet in height. They have a yellow skin; they are quick-motioned. They are very perceptive and discover readily anything of use. They use a great deal of dark-colored glass. The sand here is dark."

"There are trees in the streets whose leaves are dark green, and the veins red, as if shot with blood. These trees grow forty feet, like a poplar; there are yellow waxy berries on them. There are little brown birds with white spots; their wings are of enormous size, out of all proportion. When they walk, their wings drag on the ground. There are but few birds. The chests of the

men are large; the atmosphere is rare, and I think that affects them. The body of the bird is about as large as that of a quail."

The atmosphere of Sideros at that time must have been considerably lighter than ours, and, indeed, I think during the whole period of its human occupancy, and this may have been the cause of the broad shoulders which characterized the people, and which were noticed by several observers.

"It very seldom rains here; the people get most of their water out of the exceedingly deep wells. These people can jump a good distance."

Many of the statements made by the psychometers indicate that gravity operated with less force on the surface of Sideros than it does on the surface of our planet, yet the atmosphere must have been proportionally lighter, or the wings of the birds would not have seemed unusually long.

"They eat very little flesh; they live almost entirely on fruit and vegetables. They are more civilized than we in some respects. I see two kinds of cloth, one made of what looks like hair and the other fibre; it looks like linen. There are several kinds of costumes. There are several classes of people; one class wears a kind of blanket over the shoulders and almost a blower costume. The colors are quiet, nothing gaudy. Some men wear gowns that descend below the knees, and a green mantle. These people do not fight; I see no weapons. It is about fifty miles to the next town; that is where the road went."

I suppose he refers to the broad avenue, which probably connected with a road passing to the city.

"I see a bridge also. They sink wells quickly by some kind of a machine. Electricity is used in some way for that purpose. I see an iron statue in the street. A man is represented as standing near a pillar on which his hand rests; his cloak is off and over his arm. This was moulded in sand. The men do not wear beads; most of them at least are destitute."

"They distill their drinking water; before they distill it, it has a yellowish look. The people ride on the lama-like animals, but not very frequently. I see a pretty carriage now, of two wheels drawn by three of these animals. They have a curious harness that is very easy for the animals; the wagon pulls easily in various directions. The tongue is a light iron spring. The road is very smooth. They make articles of iron, but try to get them light. They have four wheeled vehicles, but on tongue to them. The carriages are very narrow, the wheels are small and very near the body of the vehicle. They tie loops to the horns of these animals to guide them; when they have three attached to a vehicle they drive one only. They go very rapidly."

"The houses have only one story, but that is high. They make great use of arches. I went into one house; the door was fixed with a spring, so that it opened when you stepped in front of it; it is fixed with weights underneath. There is a large, high, circular hall at the entrance, where the people sit and talk. It is ornamented with colored stone. The windows are almost as large as cathedral windows. The people touch a spring, the window opens at the side and they can go out. There are gardens attached to the houses; there are no carpets, but the floors are ornamented with colored stones; I see brown and blue. In some windows are colored glass. I see no kitchen at the back part of the house, but I see what looks like a safe on wheels in which they cook fruit, a root as white as chalk, sometimes the flesh of lamas and a grail like rice, about half as large as Indian corn. They shut the cooking safe up when not in use and place it in one corner of the room. They have a very cold time about once in thirty or forty years."

He had previously said with a Painesville specimen, that the periods of intense cold, were so far apart that the people then living had never experienced one. I am inclined to think that his first statement was a careless one; he found many persons more than twenty years of age, who had never experienced a winter, and he supposed that this was the case with all. But a planet whose year was between thirty and forty of ours, must be at an immense distance from the sun, beyond even the orbit of Saturn, which revolves around the sun in twenty-nine years and one hundred and sixty-seven days; and how could any man ever fall from a body so distant on the surface of our planet? But the orbit of this body we have seen, must have been an elliptical one, since the sun was seen larger at one period than another and although the temperature was nearly alike the world over at the same time, yet there were periods of great cold. This was then what we should call an immense comet, with a period of between thirty and forty years, and judging from other comets, whose orbits have been calculated, it must have gone out into space beyond the orbit of Uranus, and this was the time of its winter.

"These people live to be very old. They place the food on a table and roll it into another room. They have dishes that look yellow. The poorer people use dishes of iron glazed with pottery. They have a spoon with holes so that they can strain the food. I see no forks. They have no large joints of meat; they use knives but seldom. They use no salt, but a bitterish liquid like oil of almonds. I do not like it."

"The women are not handsome; their faces, seem too small for their heads. They dress a good deal like men. It is the fashion with both sexes to allow the hair to grow long. It curls very much. The men allow it to hang down over their shoulders sometimes. The hair is yellow to dark brown; the eyes are brown and gray; most are brown-eyed." [In reply to a question.] "The thumb seems longer than ours. They sit to the table in chairs, without backs generally; but sometimes on lounges. They move round very noiselessly. They drink water and milk. They talk but little while they eat. Animals are very scarce. There is a green bird about the size of a chicken, but resembling a crow in shape. It is kept for its beauty."

(To be Continued.)

Bradlaugh.

Mr. Bradlaugh's personal unpopularity in England puts the principle which he represents at a disadvantage; but it is certain sooner or later to be accepted and adopted by the English people. He objects to taking the customary oath of his office as member of Parliament, "So help me God," because he is an atheist; and the question of modifying the oath has been referred to a special committee. Meanwhile a motion in opposition to administering the oath to Mr. Bradlaugh has been rejected by a vote of 280 to 274. Parliament long since abolished the oath framed to exclude Roman Catholics; it has struck out from the oath the words "upon the faith of a true Christian," so as to admit Jews; it has permitted a simple affirmation to take the place of the oath, so as to admit Quakers, and sooner or later it will allow whatever modification may be necessary to open its door even to an atheist. We do not admire the political wisdom of Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents; but if any English constituency chooses to be represented by such a man, the rest of England will not permanently deny them the right. The successive changes in the form of oath made to admit to Parliament Jews and Quakers are prophetic of the final admission of any representative who is loyal to his country, whatever may be his religion or his irreligion. Disfranchising atheism will not convert atheists.—*Christian Union*.

Evil Spirits, Obsession, Materialization, and Wm. E. Coleman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Bro. Coleman, to substantiate his claims against the truth or reality of spiritual phenomena, in a recent number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, sets out in a new channel of negation, long established facts, such as, even, as have been demonstrated to the best minds on earth almost ever since the earliest dawn of human history. When will this brother learn that a single fact well demonstrated to sensible minded people, is far more potent in way of establishing science, than a thousand denials by as many negationists who never witnessed or learned anything of said fact which they deny? To illustrate the gentleman's position touching some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, I will quote from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of the 12th ult., the following:

"The whole theory of Jesuit spirits, evil spirits, obsession, and all the other phases of this diabolism sought to be fastened on Spiritualism, is a huge fallacy, a delusion, devoid of the least foundation in reality. In so asserting let me say, I am backed by some of the wisest and best teachings ever given from the Spirit-world. Wise and gifted spirits in the higher circles of the Spirit-world communicating with men totally deny and repudiate the current conceptions of demonic infestations," etc.

Now, that Mr. C. is honest in this, his pet hobby, I have no reason to doubt, but that he is wise or correct in his assertion, every fact revealed through phenomena of Spiritualism, whether in the 19th century, or in ages long since past, contradicts in the most positive terms any and all such statements. There is not a religious system known to man that is not the result or outgrowth of spirit communication; and equally true, is it, that every one of these religions embodies the tenets of the two conditions of good and bad both in mundane and in spirit life. Of this fact, Mr. C. is well aware; and as well might he undertake to demonstrate that there is no evil existing among men and women on earth, as to convince by declaration that there are no such disposition among men and women in spirit life as would induce them to work evil to their fellow-being yet in the flesh. Are not those who do evil in the body, just as much spirits then, as they are when out of the form? and as it is not in flesh and bone to think and reason, but the spirit, therefore all evil, wrong, etc., whether in this, or in subsequent spheres of life, results from the action of spirit or spirits, and he who honestly advocates the immediate cessation of the practice of evil through the shuffling off the physical form, knows nothing of the teachings of Spiritualism. Where would be eternal progression, if man makes such a leap toward perfection through the mere change called death? Nature furnishes us with no evidence of such jumps in the evolution of our being. It is contrary, not only to all experience, but to our highest possible conception of the law of eternal growth and development. Its quotes, in this defense, from the learned Mrs. King, the following words, viz.:

"Order is so much the law with communities in spirit-life that they control the criminals that come to them in a way to effectually prevent their preying upon the morals of society at home and in earth-life as well," etc.

This may be true in the higher order of spirit communities where there are no criminals, but to apply it to the spirits on the lower spheres is all bosh! If such were the fact, then, 'twere far better to abrogate all reformatory laws of nations here, execute at once every deed of crime and evil and send them forthwith to those "communities" where such perfect order of government reigns as to effectually prevent any and all subsequent criminal action. Certainly, this would be far preferable to imprisonment under civil authority for life, leaving them no better prepared for such communities at the end. Undoubtedly, sister King is a fine dreamer; but the spirits returning in all ages of the world's history, report differently from that of the sister, and as she has never been personally among those orderly communities, to test the reality of her dreams, I prefer the reports of those wise spirits returning, together with the broad experience and observation of critical investigators of the phenomena of Spiritualism touching these matters. Compare and think for one moment, the two ideas: the one "a life of ceaseless progression," as taught by every spirit-er communicating upon the subject; the other, a life attained at a jump so perfect as to "effectually prevent criminals preying upon the morals of society at home" or abroad, as taught by Mrs. King and endorsed by Mr. Coleman. Why, under a government so perfect as that, there could be no crime, and hence no criminals there, and then it is nonsense to talk of criminals forming a part of such communities of perfection. Indeed, such a government far outstrips that of God or nature as manifested through the general movements in the realm of mind and matter around us. Besides all this, the history of all our great mediums and wise sages, both of modern and ancient times, teach us of the existence of both good and evil, undeveloped spirits who officiate in the affairs of men. The learned philosopher, Plato, taught that man is continually under the influence of either a good or a bad angel. Euclid, Aristotle, Apollonius, and all those scholastic minds of ancient Greece, Egypt, Persia, Syria, Arabia and China, taught the identical doctrine that Mr. C. now denies. The great Shakespeare, Byron, and the long list of gifted bards, I could mention, whose clear-seeing vision gave them a fine sense of after-life, all taught the high and the low, the pure and the impure conditions of our spiritual state. Every spiritual journal, magazine and book of our own ages is teeming with the same ideas. No journalist ever lived possessing a clear and more comprehensive view of the "Philosophy of Life," than our late brother, S. S. Jones, and none more firm in teaching the doctrine that spirits possess greater powers to harm their fellow beings in earth than they did while in the form. And what did this great and wise man say on his very first return from spirit-life, when being interrogated with regard to the correctness of his views of the future life? Why, that they (his views) are "true to the dot." In short, I repeat, all spirits that ever communicated with men upon the subject, so far as my knowledge extends, teach the same eternal fact; and how could they teach otherwise seeing that life is governed by a law of ceaseless progression? But again, touching another phase (obsession) of undeveloped spirit-life, Mr. C. remarks:

"I repeat it, no spirit ever controls mediums to practice fraud or knavery, and I challenge the production of any substantial evidence aside from idle speculations and vague surmises, that any one ever did."

Well, what would be "substantial evidence," to Mr. C., no living man, I opine, can ever tell, for facts witnessed by thousands of intelligent, honest men and women, and most positively testified by them, all fall, it seems, to be proof, to him. Scarcely a spiritual paper appears now-a-days but what gives an account of some *mediums*, as well as good deeds, being practiced upon mediumistic persons by those in spirit-life. I know a man who, in the year 1851, passed to spirit-life entertaining the bitterest feelings against some of his neighbors, for supposing them to have been instrumental in burning him out, a year or two previous. On a certain night, in the presence of a large audience, a public circle, and a number one medium for physical manifestations, one of those accused gentlemen being present, and having taken off his coat and hung it up on the back of a chair some distance from the blazing fire, the chair of his own accord, &c., without visible contact of human agency moved up near to the fire, and instantly turned forward committing the coat to the consuming flames. The spirit present, officiating, reported to be the injured man, who, I may say here, was a man of strong retelling nature.

Upon another occasion, another one of the accused, suffered the loss of his barn, farming implements, grain, etc., by fire, and that in broad daylight, with out any visible signs of human agency connected with the deed. The dwelling of the same gentleman was fired numerous times in daylight, and that in the presence of more than fifty guards, in the most unprovoked manner. I myself conceived the idea that certain members of the family were meddlesome, and that the whole process of this incendiary movement,

was the result of the retelling spirit; and so stated my opinion to the owner of the house, where upon, said member was put under a vigilant committee, and to the great surprise of the father, his own little boy was caught as being the instrument used in the most ingenious manner for the firing of the dwelling. The boy was immediately removed, and there was no more incendiary work there. The boy was a good boy, and loved his parents, and never could have been persuaded to do such a deed of his own accord. To this day he declares his innocence. Will Mr. C. account for the act? Will he dare to say there was no obsession there?

Besides this, I have had brought under my own care for treatment, numerous ones, who were the most deplorable victims of obsession, all of whom I relieved of their troubles—though some requiring much labor—reformed the obsessing spirits, some of whom, after being set at liberty, put on the materialized form in the presence of mediums, approached their former victims to ask pardon, and to thank me for services rendered them in way of their own redemption. Not two weeks since, I dismissed a talented lady (highly mediumistic, and has devoted much of her public life to the relief of the suffering) from my room of treatment, she being made whole, and set at liberty from the long continued abuses of knavish spirits. Do you ask me how I know that spirits had a hand in causing her trouble? I answer, there were present two excellent clairvoyants, each of whom could bear the menacing conversation of the band of spirit obsessing her, when I made my first attempt at their removal. Those two mediums were also clairvoyant, saw, and reported to me the maneuverings of the obsessors during the hours of my treatment. Besides this, we had a sitting with Mrs. Mendenhall (medium) in cabinet, when spirits of her band reported independently and audibly, corroborating what was heard clairvoyantly and seen clairvoyantly, as above named. Is this "substantial evidence," I ask you, my brother, who denies the fact of obsession? If not, then you are past convincing, and I must turn you over to the near future when and where you will learn many truths that you ought to have learned here. I had thought of alluding to your criticism in a former number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of my paper critical of Mr. Wm. Harrison's article on "Materialization of Spirits," but I find my paper already lengthy, considering my allotted space, so I must close with the briefest notice thereof.

Passing over, then, all your false charges upon me, which I conceived to have originated out of your prejudices to me on account of difference of opinion on the genuineness of certain mediums, I will notice, first, your request to have the truths of which I stated, tested by a certain committee of your own selection. I have not an ill feeling toward any member of said committee, and as honest investigators, they with yourself would be welcome guests at any of my wife's sances, when her health will admit; but as a special committee to please you, my brother, who neither believes the fact, nor understands the philosophy of materialization—I could not consent for a committee, every member of which (if I mistake not) have already prejudged the case of all materializations, and decided against them; and especially so in the case of certain mediums, with yourself, whom neither they nor you know anything about, have never so much as even met with them, any nothing of witnessing the manifestations given through their medial powers. Besides this, one of the selected committee, Mr. A. J. Davis—a man whom I love—has spoken of materialization, etc., in the disgraceful language of "cabinet buffoonery." Such minds, my brother, however soaring in their philosophy and beautifully articulate in their paintings of the key-boards of the Summer-land, are incompetent to sit as judges upon matters of solid fact. I hope this answer will give you and them full satisfaction, and still leave us all good friends and workers in the cause we love so dear.

Now, in regard to materialization of forms, fabrics, locks of hair, etc., I must barely hint, at this writing. While you deny the genuineness of materialized fabrics, locks of hair, etc., you do admit of the genuineness of materialized forms. Then, man of folly, what kind of a looking form or body would it be for an angel to wear, minus the hair, the crowning glory of a real personage? Besides this, the hair being an essential part of the genuine form, which you admit, think you, that the same law and condition that will admit of the genuine materialized form, would not admit of the genuine materialization of the locks of hair; and with a little prolonged effort on the part of the invisible materializers, what, pray tell me, is to hinder a full drapery materialization? Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel! but alas! how few possess thee.

Again, you admit that fabrics may have been worn by those genuine materialized forms, but were brought to the cabinet, and "enveloped with an aura produced by the will-power of the spirit, so as to render said fabrics, locks of hair, etc., invisible to the material eye." O, thou thoughtless man! Is it any the less materialization for a spirit to so condense or invest with the property of solid matter an aura, that will shut out from material sight another object equally or more solidly materialized? What kind of logic dost thou call such reasoning? Every honest, sensible minded Spiritualist will see thy folly, knowing as they do that materialization, whether it be of a magnetic aura, the crude elements embraced in the atmosphere in connection with those requisite properties extracted from the person of the medium, or whether it be fabrics, once the production of earthly human hands, or the growth of nature, but afterwards dematerialized, so as to pass them through solid walls into the cabinet, and then to be re-born or materialized by the spirit for use on the occasion, is all the same; yes, materialization skill; the law admitting of materialization will admit of dematerialization and vice versa. And all these things have been witnessed by thousands, and that under what was considered scientific, or fraud-proof tests. Now, my brother, I am through with thee for this time and place, but may call thee again into notice elsewhere.

J. H. MENDENHALL.

Making Scapegoats.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In view of the many evils which are still impeding the prosperity and advancement of modern Spiritualism, bringing it too often into disrepute, and casting a shadow over the hopes of its friends, I desire Mr. Editor, briefly to call your attention and the attention of Spiritualists generally, to what I conceive to be a dangerous and increasing evil among us, namely, making a scapegoat of our invisible friends on the other side of life, on whose devoted heads we lay all our ills, and with the assumed air of dignified composure and wisdom, rest in carnal security as though we had no responsibility in the matter, declaring that we are "mere human machines acted upon and run by some invisible power over which human volition has no control." This doctrine offers a convenient way of shifting responsibilities which belong to us, and which we alone are the authors, upon others who are innocent of our sins. It encourages and invites a free indulgence in sensual gratifications, and in every vice which has cursed humanity from the days of Adam until now. Let this doctrine prevail generally among men, that we are not "responsible" for our acts—then every safeguard of society falls and the gates of hell will open wide to receive a people no longer fit to live.

S. D. WILSON.

In private we must watch our thoughts; in the family our tempers; in company, our tongues.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to leave reason on things above reason.

A woman is a good deal like a piece of ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you.

Genius lights its own fire, but it is constantly collecting materials to keep alive the flames.

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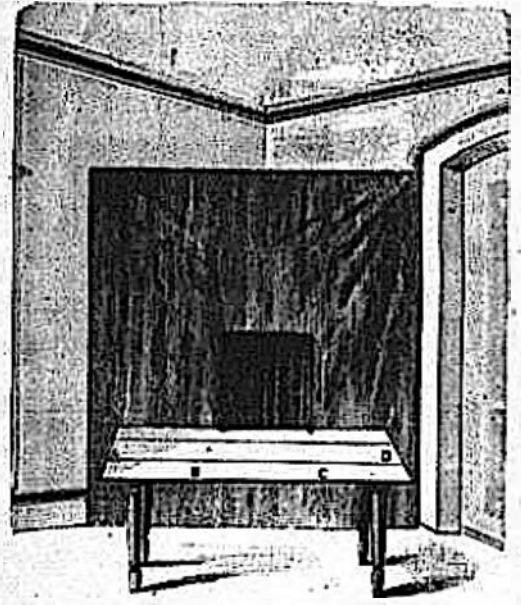
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CHICAGO, ILL., July 10, 1880.

Materialization—Dr. Slade's Method.

The materializations in Dr. Slade's presence are simple in the means used, and poetically spiritual in the effect produced. Instead of shocking the mind by their prosaic results, they restore and intensify the most vivid conception the imagination could possibly have formed of the unapproachability and ethereality of spirit-life. First, let us describe the means used. Two upright wires are fastened with clamps to the edge of a plain square table, and across their upper extremities a third wire is adjusted, horizontally from which hangs a piece of black cambric two feet square, into which three sides of an opening are cut, viz. the right, left and lower side, so that the cambric within this space may hang as a curtain within a curtain, to be raised when it is desired to look at the materialized figure. Two feet behind the cambric curtain is a black lap robe, perhaps five feet square, hung across the corner of the room from the "jam" of the folding-doors to the plastered wall. Chairs are placed around this table and in these the observers, including the medium, sit facing the cambric curtain with hands joined on top of the table.

The cut given below will enable the reader to more completely understand this description:



Before sitting down, the observers and Dr. Slade jointly hang up the two curtains, giving whatever examination to the floor-walls, table, etc., they please. This is all the machinery that enters into the arrangement. The lights are then turned down one-half or three-fourths, but light enough is retained to tell the time on a watch held equidistant between the observer and the cambric curtain. Frequently after sitting some time the cambric curtain is raised, and all is dark behind it. When the vision is about to appear, wavy or fleecy spaces of light dart or temporarily appear at the side of the curtain, and both curtains are shaken or jarred or waved frequently as if by physical contact. At length, on raising the cambric curtain, the space behind it, instead of being black, is wholly or partly filled with a white figure, having no clearly discernible outline or differentiation of parts, so indefinite that it calls up in one's mind, at once, several divers and unlike ideas, as that of a pillar of cloud, a monument of marble, and a baby dressed in white. Its atoms are as obviously movable and moving among each other as if it were a wreath of white smoke or cloud. In this respect, of rapid, molecular agitation among its particles, we can not conceive that it is either human or imitable by any human or chemical process. Cloud-like motions presenting somewhat the same appearance may be thrown by a stereopticon upon a screen, but we have never seen them presented at an office or in the open space behind the office.

Suddenly in the movements of this vapory white cloud, shadows appear which in one instance, deepen into folds of chestnut or dark hair, the features of a lady are shown, with open eyes and smiling lips, not fixed as in a portrait but struggling for stability against the dissolving tendencies of this unstable cloud, as if an effort were required to maintain visibility to mortals not unlike, except in its emotions, the efforts of a feeble swimmer to maintain himself above the water. Fold after fold of the dissolving cloud comes and goes, and the likeness vibrates between distinctness and obscurity in its outlines, but the expression and cast of the countenance of the vision remain the same, so long as it remains visible at all. At length it disappears, and the square space left by the uplifted cambric is simply black. Seldom, if ever, are more than three such visions given at a sitting, and no guarantee is given that anything whatever will be seen.

During Dr. Slade's stay in the city we have had five sittings with him for materialization; at the second, Mr. S. B. Jones appeared, showing his head, face and upper part of the body, and was clearly and distinctly recognized by his daughter, granddaughter and himself. At another time two children came together, one of them being recognized by the sitters.

The advantages of observing this phenomenon under the conditions herein set forth are too obvious to need extended comment. All possibility of trickery is removed, the medium sitting beside and in constant contact with the observers. Sufficient light to recognize the spirit presentment is had, and the observers are left free to exercise all their faculties. Owing to the condition of the weather the last two sittings were not productive of as great results as were anticipated, yet were satisfactory. Dr. Slade promises to return to Chicago, after a visit to his friends in Michigan, and afford us every opportunity for further investigation in this direction. When he does, we have good reason to believe we shall see manifestations far exceeding, in many respects, those above recorded.

Woman Suffrage.

"Whatever may be the advantage of the ballot, it has the disadvantage of placing the disreputable, ignorant and depraved on a level with the honest, intelligent and respectable. Among the advantages of the ballot is a disinclination to the direct, and a triumph only to those who could not triumph in any other department of life. Among women in office it would compel those who can command the respect of their own sex, as completely as if they did not exist, to enter the lists against them and measure swords with them on terms of equality, or to be beaten by them. This, to womanly pride, would be a very trying ordeal. Victory in such a contest would be a disgraceful defeat. In the rural districts woman suffrage would strengthen the private vote in behalf of narrow and despotic standards of government, and would cause a conservative temperance and reform by violence."—*B. F. Journal*, June 10th, 1880.

As woman's elective equality with man is a cardinal doctrine of Spiritualists, and by us argued and urged for years, demanding its incorporation in the national Constitution, protective of inalienable rights, the above editorial extract with its context was criticised at the last session of the Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists, held at Omro. Had it appeared in an orthodox paper or an aristocratic partisan paper, it would not have been noticed, but coming from one of our professedly liberal journals, and spiritualistic at that, it was considered as deserving of special attention. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in accordance with its late crystallizing policies in other respects, plants itself squarely against woman's franchise, "by drawing a line of distinction between 'the disreputable, ignorant and depraved' on the one hand and 'the honest, intelligent and respectable' on the other. Here we have a political distinction never before vindicated. Were it inaugurated, ours would be the most tyrannical government on earth. Fortunately for human liberty, our Constitution gives the elective franchise to citizens of every nationality and color without defining a standard of moral qualification. Obviously the JOURNAL would legalize such a standard as a woman can vote. This is God in the Constitution with a vengeance upon women who are not sufficiently 'respectable' to be entitled to citizenship.

If it would be 'disgraceful' for the 'respectable' women to compete for victory against the 'disreputable' at the polls, then, alas for womanly virtue or the divinity of principle. Men of all moral shades work side by side at the ballot box, one man's vote as good as another, and it is not considered 'disgraceful.' The contest for mastery sharpens American character; it is an evolutionary process to a higher type of citizenship. Give woman franchise and she would make our politics less a disgrace. We men must learn to trust her integrity in all relations of life, and then we shall better fortify her against the temptations which some of our statesmen are not womanly enough to resist. Woman's franchise is one of the inevitables; who fight it on the grounds of 'respectability,' will find themselves classified with the enemies of human justice, disrobed even of their guise of respectability, when the Lord of Revolutions makes up his jewels.

Afraid of a 'priest-led vote,' when not ten per cent of the women of the country is church-going, and that growing less church-going every year? If there be such a peril, is it any reason why we should withhold justice, as if we could not trust the issue amid so great intelligence all round? The same argument was used to keep the black slaves in bonds—that they could not be trusted. The God of battles thought differently. The test given, they are educating to self-government.

It ill becomes us who profess to have a better religion than the rest, because of its angel ministry, to execute the sin of our salvation because there are spots on it. If we would ever cleanse the Augean stables of vice, engendered by oppressive rule, we need to let reputation take care of itself—let the reformer—first reforming ourselves—with less pretense about our goodness, with cessation of hostilities against them who are of us, no more human than ourselves, and instead of hunting for evils in our fellows, expend our talents in discovering virtue even in the crimps of woe, and replanting that latent germ in better soil, grow the new angel that is to be, as our ministrants from heaven demand of us. If we have these motives, inspired with moral courage, we can go through the hells unscathed, and, like the Nazarene feel it no disgrace to talk of spiritual things to the woman of Samaria, 'disreputable' though she be, and say to the woman whom 'respectable' men had ruined—'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'

J. O. BARRETT.
Glen Beach, Wis., June 24, 1880.

Some few of our readers may be familiar with the name of the Universalist preacher, who has succeeded in relieving himself of the above load of disingenuous criticism and priestly cant. They will recollect him as a sort of weak, lackadaisical individual, with proclivities which have steadily attracted him toward obscurity and a plebeian party whose definition of liberty is liberalism. As a soft and sentimental nonentity he has sometimes been tolerated; he possesses just enough of the divine spark to pass for a human being, but lacks the element of 'otherness,' which certain philosophers claim is essential to immortality. Some years since he attempted to carve his name on the scroll of honor by materializing a biography of a prominent spiritualistic author, lecturer and traveler. The Pilgrim, happily, survived the initiation of 'the Cadizene,' and the author long since died out of public notice. Hence we feel constrained to beg pardon for obtruding his corpse to public gaze, and only do it because he, by implication, assumes to speak for others.

Mr. Barrett furnishes us a series of inferences drawn by him from our recent comment on woman suffrage, and proceeds to show how objectionable these inferences would be. He infers from our statement: "Whatever may be the advantage of the ballot, it has the disadvantage of placing the disreputable, ignorant and depraved on a level with the honest, intelligent and respectable," that we would draw a line of distinction between the two parties by conferring the ballot on one and denying it to the other. This in his inference merely. It forms no part of our position. As we take no stock in any of his inferences we are not called upon to defend them from his own attacks.

The JOURNAL has ever been an advocate of equal rights for all, regardless of sex or condition; it holds that if unrestricted suffrage for men prevails, women have the same right to the ballot, and should have it on equal terms with the other sex. The JOURNAL yields to no paper or party in its devotion to the welfare and progress of the race as a whole. Because we have the temerity to point out some of the difficulties which every well balanced mind must see in the suffrage question, and seek to familiarize women with the momentous problems which go with the ballot, this prating reminiscence echoing the whine of the Woodhullists, has the effrontery to declare that the JOURNAL 'plants itself squarely against woman's franchise.' The greatest drag upon the Woman's Suffrage Movement has been the conglomeration of wild vagaries, sexual license theories and nitroglycerine, pyrotechnic pabulum foisted upon it by this ex-reverend and his clan. Tens of thousands of noble, earnest women have been restrained from active work in the suffrage movement, fearing to engulf themselves in the moral pestilence which our critic and his confederates evolve from the remains of their rapidly decaying moral sensibilities. When a howl against the JOURNAL comes up from Hull, Beverance & Co., or their advertisers and abettors, we know the paper is doing effective service for woman's equality.

Government implies and rests upon force. The true objects of government should be the happiness of the people. All governments have been experimental and imperfect in their workings and results. This nation may be the noblest and best government that ever existed, but it falls immeasurably short of perfection as of necessity it must. The JOURNAL will not blindly partisan the schemes of any set of empirics who claim to have the cure for all the ills of life in their 'plan' of government. Every step forward should be a step upward in the scale of happiness, and all sides of every scheme looking to the advancement of the race, will be clearly set forth in this paper whenever the occasion requires. The JOURNAL asks that the discussion of woman suffrage shall be broad and comprehensive; that instead of seeking unholy alliances with every mob of office seekers styling themselves a political convention, its advocates shall turn their energies to the upbuilding of an educational movement which will properly prepare both sexes for the object sought. We believe such a course will result in greater happiness, and more perfect success than can ever be hoped for by the barter or 'boom' systems.

Suffrage for woman may be inevitable. It will come whenever the women of the nation with any considerable unanimity desire it. But it will fall immeasurably short of proving the magical panacea for woman's woes which its especial champions seem so confidently to expect. We do not wish to retard the movement, nor dampen the ardor of its advocates. We ask only that they shall thoroughly realize the stupendous consequences which logically follow woman suffrage, and shall honestly and frankly explain to those who gather in their conventions, these concomitant revolutions.

The Woman's Christian Association of Chicago recommend the women of the country to unite in praying against the army worm of Long Island. This would be a good field in which to test the power of prayer. Let from ten thousand to thirty thousand Christian women assemble at some convenient point on Long Island, say at Convent Island or at Rockaway, where they can have good surf bathing, music, roast clams and fireworks when not engaged in prayer, so as to keep up their praying power to the maximum. Let them select one solitary army worm, provide him with plenty of food and a marital partner; then let them undertake

to pray him out of existence while he goes on eating and breeding. It seems to us the result ought to afford a satisfactory test of the power of prayer. Is it possible that there is a human being in the United States who does not know that that pair of army worms would outnumber the women who were praying against them, if the test were kept up long enough?

Unscientific Investigators of Spirit Inter-course.

A recent letter from Leipzig to the *Nation*, called the scientific world's attention to the absolute necessity, in investigating Spiritualism, not only to strip the medium, and examine his boots and pockets, but to look carefully for magnets concealed under his skin. This illustration sufficiently shows that investigators may sometimes allow their spirit of skepticism to so destroy their judgment that they bring the spirit and method of a lunatic to the work of an investigation which requires as much, that a man shall believe what he sees as that he shall not believe what he does not see. Now an M. D. who would strip a medium, to examine him for magnets concealed under his skin, is as stark a lunatic as any in Bodiam. Considered as an investigator he is a fraud, for, not being able to believe what he sees he ranks on a level with those who believe they see what they do not, or believe what they do not see. During the past week two gentlemen whose desire to guard against man-made manifestations was, of itself, most commendable, called on Dr. Slade, to whom he refused to give a séance. His refusal was based on the fact that they brought with them slates mounted with pad-locks, together with coils of wire. They had never seen his methods of inducing spirit phenomena, and only guessed what they were from hearsay; but they informed him in advance that unless he would produce them according to their method, they would not be satisfied. One of the gentlemen intended to tie a coil of the wire around his waist and run the end of his wire through the slate so as to prevent the slate being changed. Had either of them had the tact, first, to witness Dr. Slade's mode of obtaining the slate writing they would have seen that such precautions were frivolous. Slade would have placed in the visitor's own hands the two slates between which the writing was to be done. The visitor would have examined them on every side, would have held them while Slade dropped between them the bit of pencil, would have closed them in his sole grasp and would have then held the two slates closed with his own left hand to his own left ear, while Slade would have touched his left hand to the visitor's right hand lying on the table and might or might not have also held one end of the two closed slates in his (Slade's) right hand.

Under these conditions the visitor would have heard the bit of pencil write within the two closed slates, the writing being broken only when Slade broke the circle by removing his left hand from the visitor's right, on the table. The visitor would have heard the three little raps made by the bit of pencil within the two slates, indicating that the writing had ceased, and he would then have opened the closed slates with his own hand and read the writing. Any man who can eat oysters from the shell, and is competent to tell that the oyster he puts in his mouth is the same he took from the plate, without attaching a wire to the oyster to ensure its identity on the way from his plate to his mouth, would be competent, to identify slates which were in his own grasp, while the writing is done, as being the same slates when he opens them with writing on the inside as they were when he closed them with no writing inside. Dr. Slade claims that slate writing has often been obtained in his presence while the slates were locked. Perhaps if the gentlemen who consulted him last week had first observed his own mode of doing business, they would have agreed that the locking or wiring the slates was frivolous.

In examining a theological class for a definition of the Trinity, it does not help the test to require them to sit with their feet in ice-water. In determining whether a mathematician can accurately calculate an eclipse or whether a professor of languages speaks good German, it would not improve the test to blindfold either. All frivolous conditions are rude, and only betray ignorance and want of discrimination in those who impose them. If after witnessing Dr. Slade's phenomena they had not seen their supposed tests to be frivolous, Dr. Slade would probably have permitted them to look or wire the slate as he has others. But they refused to learn first whether they were frivolous. It must be remembered Slade does not claim omnipotence, or that he at all times and under all conditions can control spirit agency. On the contrary he only claims that at some times, and under some conditions, spirit agency controls him and also produces the phenomena, independent of his own act. This being so, he could not tell, in advance of a particular experiment, whether the wires or locks would interfere with the result, and had a failure resulted in the case under discussion he was justified in presuming that he would receive no more consideration at their hands than if he refused outright to accept their conditions. Investigators as well as mediums are to be held subordinate to the principles of common sense. Franklin in experimenting with his kite to draw down the lightning from the clouds, was at first disappointed that it did not come while his kite string was dry, though he knew the kite itself was far up in a cloud reeking with

electric power. When the rain had fallen on the string and made it a good conductor, he was suddenly surprised and delighted by the presence of the electric influence and drew off with his key the electric spark. The conditions by which electric phenomena could then be produced were as much in the dark as those by which spirit phenomena can be produced now are.

Religionists and Materialists have combined to frown down the exercise of spiritual gifts and the exhibition of spirit phenomena, but have failed. The time for their scientific investigation has come. But the investigator who, knowing nothing of either facts or principles, should demand that spirit influence should manifest itself according to conditions prescribed by him, would be as silly as Franklin would have been, if he had demanded that the lightning should come down a dry string, instead of waiting patiently to discover that it would only descend through a wet one, and then groping by experiment, to a scientific knowledge of the distinction between conductors and non-conductors. Only by like patience can we distinguish between mediums and non-mediums, spirit intercourse and electric attraction, spirit revelation and human assumption.

An Eminent Jurist's Views.

The following letters are from a gentleman occupying one of the highest judicial positions within the gift of the people of his State. Learning that he was in the city, we invited him to be present with some members of the Illinois Judiciary and other prominent citizens, to witness the phenomena occurring in Dr. Slade's presence. His letter acknowledging the invitation was so suggestive and valuable that we wrote him, begging permission to publish. His reply to this request contained additional matter worthy the consideration of the Spiritualist public and we venture to publish it, giving it first in order as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I have just received yours asking permission to publish my letter of 27th inst. When I commenced writing the letter I only intended to thank you for the invitation, and my subscription and say a single word of approval of the JOURNAL. With a lawyer's propensity to talk, I went beyond the intended limit, so it was written off hand with no view to publication, and without an effort to hedge against criticism by being careful as to precision, etc. I cannot consent to have it published with my name.

It is the tom-foolery of Spiritualists, in carrying it into the realms of superstition, by consulting mediums as to things in which their own reason should be their guide, that has given rise to false ideas in the minds of the uninformed, who know nothing of the elevating and inspiring effect of an intelligent belief in the true spiritualistic doctrine. The great aim of all true believers should be to rid the cause of both its frauds and its nonsense. The crisis had come when that result was imperatively demanded, or the cause degenerated into a pitiful and mischievous superstition. I suspect, however, that the invisible agencies at work in the high purpose, which I can clearly discern in progress of accomplishment, would not permit such a result, and I regard your paper as one of the instruments of salvation to the cause, teaching its readers that evidences of the great fundamental facts may be produced, but all must be subjected to the control of imperial reason, the same as the scientists conduct their investigations. The danger to the cause was inherent. It was, and ever will be, naturally beset with the follies of marvelousness, of credulity and superstition, and nothing but the persistent and fearless efforts of clear, strong minds can rescue it from that danger. It now seems to me the crisis is past.... The minds of Spiritualists are being opened for the reception of those intellectual evidences which are the strongest of all. We need have no fears as to the success of the cause you are pursuing in advocating the claims of reason as against the easy vagaries of blind superstition.

My DEAR SIR:—I was greatly disappointed at not being able to be at your home on the 27th inst., to see Slade, in response to your kind invitation. But my old enemy, rheumatism, has been pestering me for the last three weeks, so that I could not go with safety or comfort. Enclosed is \$5, for which please give me credit on my subscription to the JOURNAL, of which I am an attentive and believe an appreciative reader. It is now a little over twenty years since I first began to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, to which I was at first impelled by what seemed an ineradicable, but unsatisfactory skepticism in respect to the immortality of the soul, a question which ought to engage the thoughts of every reflective mind; for, if it be immortal, its destiny is the most serious matter connected with human life.

My first attempts at investigation ended in a consciousness of having been imposed upon by fraud, and the dangerous and immoral principles avowed by those seeming to be leaders in the cause, prevented me for years from having anything more to do with it. But within the last six years the cause having been purified of some of its excrencences, the light has come to me unsought. Having been accustomed for thirty years to deal with, and the last twelve years, to weigh evidence, I have given to the subject my best faculties, always under the dominion of an inborn skeptical nature, and have become thoroughly satisfied as to the two great elementary facts, viz.: a continued existence after death; and that those who have gone before may communicate with persons in the flesh. In being brought to that conclusion I have yielded only to that which, being scanned as evidence, would bear the most rigid and skeptical scrutiny from the solitary standpoint of reason, unswayed by credulity or superstition. All evidence admits of degrees; but it is manifest that none in this line is of any value that is not the result of a direct and cross-examination, and will not stand the dissecting processes of opposing advocates. This I understand to be your view as the editor of the JOURNAL. It is clearly right; because no subject-matter ever engaged human interest, which, from its very nature, was more likely to open the secret ways of fraud and imposture than that of Spiritual-

17. W. A. WEAVER, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 18. Send the paper in which you saw this advertisement.
 19. 1911.

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CREDULITY—CHRISTIAN AND SPIRITUAL.

"Ourselves as Others See Us."

Religion, or no religion, is the question of the hour in all serious minds. All theology is now on trial at the bar of a bold and merciless criticism, and the world with mingled hope and fear is awaiting the momentous verdict. People of the present age have discovered so much error in the religions which have come down from the past, that they have almost universally become dissatisfied and ashamed of their humiliating religious history, and at last demand of their teachers demonstrated, unvarnished truth. "Give us the truth if the heavens fall," is the motto of modern inquiry. Mankind has justly become skeptical in religion, and in view of past deceptions and mistakes it is not strange that faith in mere assertion and authority is weak. New York and Chicago do not now like "all Judea and Jerusalem" of old, flock to Jordan "confessing their sins" at the cry of some eccentric prophet from the wilderness, but think it wiser to examine his credentials and invite him to a discussion. Buddhism holds up her head and challenges the arrogant European missionary to compare religions before a jury of the people—Japanese scholars write elaborate books against Christianity and are preparing to assail it in its strongholds in Europe and America.

"Prove all things" is written on the banner that leads the march of religious thought to-day. In God's modern Eden there stands no tempting forbidden tree of knowledge; the Bible, the Veda and Koran lie side by side in our libraries with the latest thought of the boldest atheism and the most unflinching orthodoxy and radical spiritualism, and the thinkers of our times are carefully winnowing from these mountains of chaff the grains of truth for a basis of an abiding faith. The religion that puts its claims into the world's reading room to-day, subjects them to the keen review of the most competent critical age ever known, and if it ever wins its way to general respect or acceptance it must prove itself by its scholarship, its reasonableness, and moral the ories the peer or superior of all other systems. A very grave question for Spiritualism to consider naturally rises here—the vital and timely question, how its new and peculiar literature is affecting its position and progress in intelligent influential quarters. To those who take note of current religious movements it is an apparent fact, that the advance of Spiritualism is retarded more by the character of much of the literature it has placed before the world through the injudicious leniency of portions of the press, than by all other causes. While it is true that many scholars in the spiritual ranks have enriched modern literature and science with works of rare merit, yet must it not in candor be confessed, that in spiritual libraries are to be found the most astonishing volumes ever written in the name of science, morality or religion, and the result is that the busy world not being able to find any common, acknowledged standard of belief in the vast unorganized body called Spiritualists, come naturally to the conclusion that the average taste, intelligence, and morality, is represented by this department of their insane and visionary literature.

Can we wonder at the pity, if not contempt, with which really scientific, intelligent people regard those who in this living age are looking for science in the "Divine Revelations" of Andrew Jackson Davis, instead of the magazines and encyclopedias; who study the geology of prehistoric ages; as demonstrated by impressions made on the mind of a sensitive woman by holding a fossil or pebble in the hands, who read the history of exploded planets, as written on the "scars" of stars

dust and meteors, and transcribed on the brain of a medium by psychometry; and go into ecstasy over "negro," "Indian," animal, and "higher heavens," as revealed to E. Crowell, M. D., through "two Indian spirits," and the spirit of a New Orleans "cotton merchant" who died "about forty years ago." Can we wonder that so many cool men who can cordially accept the essential truths of Spiritualism, refuse to be identified with it in name or organization so long as the stigma of such mad credulity and immaturity is fairly chargeable to so many publicly passing for Spiritualists. This state of things which prevents efficient organization in many communities will continue, and people who wish to retain their reputation for good sense and sanity among their neighbors will stand aloof from the fraternity until some definite line shall be drawn by which the public can distinguish the rational Spiritualist from the fanatic.

Sober, conservative people who think it hazardous to experiment with the old foundations of well established society, without almost positive knowledge that the change would be for the better, are very carefully scrutinizing the practical working of the new and old ideas of our day, and will not favor a change without the best reasons. If their faith in the books of the old Bible is weak because their authorship is unknown, will the authenticity of the new spiritual gospels dictated by invisible scribes, seem so much better established as to warrant a change of Bibles? Will they be likely to set aside Matthew, Mark, Benan and the patient, profound infidel German critics as unreliable biographers of the historical Jesus, and substitute the "True History of Jesus Christ" given by spirits who were contemporary with him on earth, through the mediumship of Alexander Smyth? Candid public sentiment is getting somewhat impatient and awake at the state charges of superstition and credulity which a class of egotistical speakers and writers, regarded as Spiritualists, are forever throwing at what they sneeringly call "Christianism." A leading New York paper recently under the head of "Faith Themes and Thoughts," thus tersely expressed this growing sentiment:

"A man who cannot believe the Gospels, which he can analyze in the daylight, but can believe all the revelations of spooks given in a dark room, is hardly a competent teacher for Christian or heathen in this age of the world."

Those who are willing to make oath that fine fish get into sealed bottles under a table spread in the hand of an honest fish medium, should stop laughing at the credulity of those "weak Christians" who accept the fish story of Jonah. These inspirational scientists who have been privileged to sit in spiritual Edens, amid the perfume of dewy roses and lilies, freshly blown from the ethereal emanations of a beautiful "flower medium," should cease harping upon the ignorance of those "poor bigots" who still have faith in the six days' creation of Moses. After having seen a score of spirits of ordinary human weight and size evolved in an hour or two from the invisible elements of a small woman—heard them make orations, seen them eat spiritually grown oranges with their friends, it would seem they should be more charitable to the "simple minded" believers in "Christianism," who credit the Bible narratives of the widow's cruse and the miraculous loaves and fishes. The skeptical impartial public is not ambitious to decide whether fanatical orthodoxy or the eccentric Spiritualist is most open to the charge of credulity, but it feels bound in justice to rebuke the flippant arrogance of those who are continually ridiculing the credulity of the churches, while they accept statements which throw the most marvelous supernaturalism of the Bible entirely into the shade. Although truth and honest conviction should never be concealed because unpopular, yet man's natural self love and egotism so blinds him to his own errors, that it is always wise to heed cool outside criticism. "To see ourselves as others see us," is a gift rarely given to mortals. Habit and familiarity have the power to deprave the taste and make even deformity attractive. National costumes however grotesque to foreigners, are always in good taste at home; even audacity is comely when in the fashion, and so also association and contact with the most untenable dogmas and grotesque ideas strange to the sense of their absurdity; and Christianity thus appears a wild mythology to the Buddhist, and Buddhism a myth to the Christian.

To unprejudiced eyes, free from "notes and beams," this bitter conflict between the aggressive, fanatical wings of orthodoxy and Spiritualism, is a most puzzling mental phenomenon. Why that class of Spiritualists that are endowed with such a marvelous faith faculty, should have become inclined to the supernatural faith of the Bible, and why the easy unquestioning faith of orthodoxy does not accept the alleged modern spiritual wonders, is truly a mystery. While general society looks upon this stirring conflict between the Bible and anti-Bible fanatics with little interest, giving it only sufficient attention to draw out sarcastic comparisons, more thoughtful people see in the earnest, living contest a fact of very deep significance, throwing even a cheering light on the dark problem of what is to be the final outcome of this great modern "Zollpene of Faith." The moral philosopher, looking below the surface, sees in this obscure evidence that cold materialistic science, has not yet fully paralyzed the faith

faculty of the world; he sees in this type of mind which is so constituted as to easily believe the miraculous and marvelous, the qualities which when directed and guarded by a cautious scientific spirit, will finally supplant the cold, negative creeds of liberalism with a grand, positive and satisfying faith. The shrewd pioneer sees faith in the wild soil that grows the rankest weeds; he knows it has the elements for better harvests; so these poetic souls capable of bartering the rigid, iron bands of strict logic and mathematical demonstration, and of receiving inspiration from the ideal realms of spirit and imagination, possess the living forces needed to infuse practical working energy into the dead, cold religious philosophies of our age. The signs in the religious heavens of our age, look hopeful. The keen, constant mutual criticisms of belittling sects, must unavoidably enlighten all parties, and if the liberal Christian press and the conservative spiritual journals continue their noble work of reproving blind credulity, exposing error and delusion, whether ancient or modern, a few central truths will be reached on which all can agree, and we may soon see the dawn of the true Christian era when there shall be religious "Peace on Earth."

Fox Lake, Wis.

B. L. TYRRELL.

Interesting Experiences in the Lives of Different Persons.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

How nice a thing it would be if we could all have some good accompanying mentor or genius to guide us in all our actions! When about to do something, go on some journey or enter into some business affair that would prove detrimental to us, what a favor it would be if some kind warning voice could guard us against, or some invisible force draw us away from it. I would not ask to be told into a fortune, and I would spurn to be told a lucky number that should draw me a prize, but I truly would appreciate the presence of a guiding intelligence that should warn me against disaster and misfortune. After having deliberately thought over a course of action, and which, according to the best of my judgment, it seems the proper thing for me to do, but which if pursued would lead me to ruin or misfortune, how kind it would be if something should warn me in time or hold me back before it is too late. That some people are thus warned and directed seems quite evident, if human testimony be of any account whatever, and I sometimes think that God or Nature, or something, has been a little too partial in this particular. Why should a few be thus favored and not all? Two men set out upon a journey. Something tells one of them not to go and he turns back. No word of warning is given to the other and he goes down to death in a wrecked train or a foundering steamer. Again, two persons of equal judgment contemplate engaging in a certain line of business, but after awhile one of them is strongly impressed that he ought not to do it, and is drawn away from his first intention; the second is allowed to go on, with no gentle voice to restrain him, and plunges headlong into financial ruin and distress which the other has escaped by no foresight of his own.

These reflections are called up by stories I often hear of what seems to be a personal or special guidance that some individuals are blessed with. There is in this State a gentleman whose name I might give, (and I have not been prohibited from doing so) but as I have had no special permission so to do, I think it best to withhold it. He is a man of strong individual opinions and the most remote from entertaining superstitious ideas. He holds a position of great responsibility for a great company, and as superintendent, his business takes him wherever railroads run within a certain jurisdiction. It is not long since that I fell in with him at a place quite remote from headquarters, and in the course of conversation, he related the following incident in his experience:

It is not a very long time since that business of a most urgent character called me to Colorado Springs, and I took the morning train for that place, expecting to be absent for two or three days. As the train was nearing Axtell, one of the stations on the Rio Grande Railroad, and not many miles out of Denver, I distinctly heard a voice saying to me "You must return to Denver to-night." I was somewhat startled at this and began to revolve in my mind the impossibility of doing so, as the business at the Springs I was sure would cause me a delay of at least a day or two. I was about concluding that what I had supposed to be a voice was a creature of my imagination, and was settling back with the idea that it would be absolutely impossible for me to return the same evening, when more urgently than ever came the voice, "You must go back to Denver to-night; you can do so." I was again aroused, as a matter of course, and while pondering over the matter I suddenly seemed to see the interior of my office—saw the desk I am accustomed to occupy, and upon it a note addressed to me, held in place by a paper weight. I read the note and saw who it was from. The train rattled on and I kept up a wonderful thinking—in fact, I became so worried that on reaching a telegraph station I stepped into the office and telegraphed to my clerk as follows: "If Mr. _____ of West Den-

ver, calls to see me to-day, tell him I shall be at home this evening." Proceeding on toward Colorado Springs, I inquired of the conductor if there were any other than the regular evening train by which I could return to Denver, and he replied that there was not. I learned, furthermore, that I would have from three to four hours at the Springs before the arrival of the train for Denver.

"On reaching my destination I attended right to business. The affair was not as complicated as I had expected and I got through with it long before the arrival of the north-bound train, and I was ready and anxious to go. To cut the story short, I arrived in Denver the same evening, got out at the first station and made all possible haste to reach my office. The first thing I saw was the same note lying upon my desk that I had seen in my vision, occupying the same position, held in place by the same paper weight, and on opening it, it read word for word as I had read it in the morning, and was signed by the party whose name I had also previously seen."

And here his story ended. It was a business matter of great importance to him, and the friendly voice had admonished him to be at home promptly to attend to it. The same gentleman assures me that he is often restrained, in a similar manner, from doing what he otherwise would do and against his own interests. His business necessitates a great deal of correspondence, and many a letter after he has written it, goes into a pigeon-hole because his watchful mentor forbids it, and it always proves for the best that he obeys the admonition.

WHAT WAS IT?

I will introduce a change in my subject. Mrs. L.—is an estimable lady of my acquaintance who seems to be highly mediumistic, but who has never given much attention to Spiritualism. At times during her life, phenomena of various kinds have come under her observation entirely unsought and unexpectedly, and, in truth, were she not very timid, it is quite probable they would be of frequent occurrence. She has often seen what she regards as spirits, and not unfrequently she is startled by innumerable rappings, at times when she is the least expecting them. Among some of her experiences, she related to me the following the other day which she has always regarded as singular: "Near Salem, Ohio," she says, "there is an old stone house that was built many years ago by a family named Sharpe. This was afterwards purchased by a gentleman of French descent called Sulist, who was for a long time principal of Hiram Institute, of which Gen. Garfield, now candidate for President, was the Superintendent. At the time of which I speak I was stopping with an aunt of mine, and being on intimate terms with the Sulist family, I purposed going to make them a visit. Learning of my intentions my aunt remarked, 'Mrs. Walton was there last week and something very strange happened to her, she says, but I will not tell you what it was until after your return.' I was curious to know but she would not tell me. I went to the Sulists as I had planned. I found that an addition had been put on to the old house, and a room was given me in the new part where I was to pass the night. On retiring I secured the door and noticed that the windows were all fast. In the room was a grate in which no fire had ever been kindled. Some time during the night I was awakened by a noise as if some one was stirring up the fire in the grate with a poker. There was no mistaking the sound, and it continued as I listened. I did not think that there could be any one in the room, and I at once attributed it to the supernatural. Presently the poker or tongs were set down, and I heard foot-steps approaching my bed and soon felt as if some one was standing by my side, but I had only time to realize this before some one sat down upon me with heavy weight, and on attempting to put my hand out to push off the man or beast, or whatever it was, I found I could not move a muscle. In a moment it rolled over me to the back side of the bed, straightened out at full length for an instant, and was gone. 'Way, Mrs. L.—' said I, laughing, 'that was nothing in the world but the night mare, and I have experienced something of the sort, I think, and it was only due to indigestion.'

"No," she replied, "I was wide awake, and the next morning I told Miss Sulist what had happened, and she remarked, 'Why that is very strange. The very same thing happened to Mrs. Walton who was visiting us, just one week ago, in that same room.' On returning to my aunt's I related my experience which she said corresponded almost exactly with what Mrs. Walton had told her, but which she did not wish to repeat to me for fear of making me timid about visiting the Sulists. I afterwards corresponded with Mrs. Walton, and I have her letter in reply now. Her experience was the same as mine, with the exception that she heard voices."

One other experience that Mrs. L.—related to me will bear repeating. "At the age of about 15," she says, "my father was living in Massillon, Ohio. Opposite to us on the same street, there resided some neighbors with whom we were quite intimate, and on a certain occasion we were invited there to spend the evening, together with several other friends of the family. A lady relative from New York, and her little daughter about 10

years of age, had been visiting with them for some time and were also present on the occasion. The night was very dark, and sometime during the latter part of the evening the little girl came running into the room, exclaiming, 'O mamma, do come out of doors and see what a beautiful sight is there,' but her mother not paying any attention to the child, I took her by the hand and accompanied her to the back door, where looking out, I beheld, to my utter amazement, a number of beautiful beings standing in a circle, with faces uplifted, and above them a globe of light that brilliantly illuminated the scene. I rushed back to the parlor as the child had done before, to get the rest to come and see this exhibition, but when we reached the door nothing but the darkness was visible—the lovely vision vanished, for it was only then that I comprehended that it was a vision, and I was as much astonished at its sudden disappearance as I was when I first gazed upon it. I do not know whether it had any significance, but the little girl died within the year that followed."

HOW IS IT DONE?

I have lately become acquainted with a very pleasant family, who have as guests some Welsh relatives from the Eastern States. There is nothing very remarkable in this, you will think, and you are right, but when I tell you of a remarkable faculty or secret which they possess, you will not so much wonder that I make mention of them. Give them the names and ages of any married couple in your recollection that have passed away, and they will tell you which of the pair died first, and they will never fall in any instance. They must know the given names and which of the two was older. But worse than that, given the same conditions, they will tell you which one of any living married couple will first pass over, and never fail! How is it done? It is "past finding out," and they will never tell the secret to any one but their children, should they have any, but I have learned how they came in possession of this gift.

Many years ago a vessel from one of the Scandinavian countries was wrecked off the coast of Wales and every soul on board save one perished in the waves. This one, more dead than alive, was picked up by a gentleman who took him home and kindly nursed and cared for him in his own family, but it was all in vain. So great was the shock the stranger had received that he gradually sank under it and knew he must die. Calling his benefactor to his bedside he thanked him for his kindness, and told him that he possessed a secret which he would communicate, but which he must reveal to no one during his life-time, though he would be at liberty to impart it to his children at his death. The gentleman obtained the secret and the stranger died. In after years the gentleman immigrated to the United States and raised a family of children. A few years ago he met with a serious accident by falling from his horse which came very near proving fatal. Believing that his end was near at hand, he called his children around him and put them in possession of the secret which he had learned from the dying stranger on the coast of Wales many years before. Contrary to all expectations the father recovered and is still living, but his children possess the wonderful secret all the same, and demonstrate their powers whenever occasion requires. A son, daughter and granddaughter of the Welsh gentleman above named are here on a visit to their friends, and having met them there and tested their powers, I have thought it a matter worthy of mention.

—R. A. REYNOLDS.

Silver Cliff, Cal.

The latest exponent of spiritual philosophy is the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago. It is the avowed enemy of frauds and jugglers, and for its stern warfare against humbug mediums and long-haired libertines it has drawn upon itself all the enmity and vituperation they could command. We read it with much interest, finding some things to condemn and much to praise.—Journal, Lyons, Ill.

San exchange says:

"In Brooklyn, a child five years old, who has been suffering three years with a horribly diseased ankle, has recently been cured by the application of mortar from the chapel of Knock, county Mayo, Ireland, where have appeared the apparitions of the Virgin Mary and St. James and John. The mortar was dissolved in water before applying. The pope is to investigate the matter to see whether or not it is a miracle."

The Pacific Sentinel, of June 22nd, says: "A very interesting sermon on 'Spiritualism' was preached by Rev. G. W. Gos on Sunday evening. He admits that there are many of the claimed facts of Spiritualism true, but deems it best that the people of this world hold no communication with those of the other."

"Useful and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie to the memory of age like the coral islands green and sunny, amid the melancholy waste of ocean."—Dr. Thomas.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Baneful plots gain their reputation from storm and tempest.

Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

"I see likenesses of people on the wall that have been made by sunlight. They use an iron box for that purpose. They seem to photograph in colors. They condense the sun's rays with glasses. The people have no hats, but wear white cloth when they are out, and a band round the head in the house to keep the hair from getting in their eyes. The sleeping apartments are entered from the main room. I see exceedingly beautiful pictures in them; they are photographed on a yellow material like paper.

"Now I see a book; it is round or nearly so; the leaves are only printed on one side; they are a beautiful blue. They are attached to a pivot and as they are read, they are slid off, leaf after leaf. There is a great deal of matter to the inch. The lines are rather close and irregular, some words are above and some below; all the marks are curved. It is a good deal like shorthand. Their language has fewer sounds than ours and only one word is used for the same thing.

"I see a geometrical figure on one of the leaves of the book. It is a right-angled triangle, with a line through it and with writing all around it. The book seems to be a manuscript. The beds are not on legs; but suspended from the walls on iron bands. The beds are about twenty-five feet from the ground; and are quite springy.

"When the cold seasons come the houses are heated throughout with hot water from the deep wells. The men and women bathe together. They sprinkle hot and cold water on their bodies. They are fond of bathing. The bath is outside arched over; there are steps for descending and male all round to lie on.

"Their physique is very similar to ours. Their feet are perfect; they take more care of them than we do. They perform a great deal of work with but little manual labor. Men and women take turns in doing the work.

"Now I see children. They are kept apart most of the day. They go to one of those tall tapering buildings. They are dressed like the old persons. How quick motioned they are! They can leap higher than their own height. I saw one leap over another. They learn gymnastics in that large room. The apparatus is let down on which they perform and then drawn up again.

"There are many people. I do not think they have any religion."

This we shall find was a mistake.

"They study a great deal. They are very careful of their health; they understand how to be healthy. They bathe, keep clean and use steam. One of the children fell and hurt his shoulder; they rub his arm. They understand making passes. I do not think they have many children. There seem to be four families in this house, brothers and sisters I think. This seems common. They eat fish, but they are scarce. They are kept in artificial ponds. They are about three feet long and very beautiful. The pond where they are kept, is owned by the town and the people are allowed to take out so many so often.

"There are three girls here unmarried; one man and ten or twelve children. I see persons make sun-pictures and books in the hand writing of the author.

"It is a long way to the earth. They could see the earth and moon with instruments they had. The earth was a star of the first magnitude. Their night was very long. I go to the earth and that is out of sight; at least I lose it. I go to that and the earth is a star. I cannot come back to the earth and see it as it used to be; but as it is. I think our planet was very primitive at that time."

If Sideros passed beyond the orbit of Uranus, the earth in its winter must have been invisible to the unaided eye. For Uranus, eighty-two times its size, can only be seen by an occasional and in the absence of the moon. The earth could only be seen as a star of the first magnitude when Sideros was in that part of its orbit which brought it much nearer.

I have always kept in view the necessity for independent psychometric testimony to establish the correctness of the statements made by any one person, and have had excellent opportunities of testing many of the statements made regarding Sideros.

MRS. HUBBARD'S TESTIMONY.

When lecturing in New Haven last February I found a very excellent sensitive, Mrs. Hubbard, the mother of the Messrs. Hubbards, the well-known advertising firm. She had never examined specimens psychometrically, by placing them to the forehead, but had been able by holding letters in her hands to describe with great accuracy the surroundings of the writers. From a small fragment of the Painesville meteorite, she obtained the following, not having the slightest knowledge of the nature of the specimen, or for what purpose I desired the information. She described herself as standing on a high rock and looking down to a great depth where men were doing something. She said:

"I see a flannel shirt on one of the men; they are digging."

Describe the men.

"They are too far off, and are stooping as they dig. It seems as if they were finding things of value."

Will yourself down to where they are.

"I see a person where there is a rough dwelling place; it is low. It seems to be a colored woman that came out of there."

"I can see an immense distance from that ledge over a valley, and on the other side is ground, perhaps as high as this. It seems as if this came from near the bottom of that ledge. The men are digging out something different from this."

What do they do with the material they dig out?

"They have a basket or something of that kind to put it in."

"I see water in the valley, not very much. It seems as if this range ran northeast."

Describe the people, their dwellings and the animals and plants.

"What trees I see on the other side of the valley look small and straight. I never saw any before that looked just like them. There do not seem to be many inhabitants here."

"I can see a river at a distance; altogether this is a curious-looking place and the people look strange. Their dress is very peculiar. The woman had something tied round her waist, the dress was very short and she had a kind of turban on her head."

"The country does not seem to be much inhabited. I see nothing on one side of the valley, where I am; looking on the other side are small and inferior buildings, and in the distance the river."

What kind of a climate has the country?

"It seems warm to me, soft."

"I should feel as if I were isolated from everybody and everything, if I lived in such a place as that."

"I see a goat, larger than any I see here, and with different horns; it is of a dark color, with some white on the head and body. It belongs to the woman I described. We should laugh ourselves away to see a woman dressed

like that. [Laughs.] I don't know how they live there. They have to go a good way to get their provisions. Some they pick up by hunting and fishing around there. "I see a queer looking man now. The man and woman are going off together in a cart; it has two wheels and is a rough-looking thing. [Laughs again.] Such a couple and such a cart! He has a round face. Everything seems so queer and strange. It is a cart with a board across it. It moves slowly, but it is all the same to them."

What is the animal like that draws them?

"It has long ears. I should think it was a mule, but I do not know. It is not as large as a horse and is a queer looking thing, poor and spotted. I do not know but it is a goat, but it looks so comical—such a couple, and such a cart! I never saw any people that looked like them. They are dark and do not seem half civilized. There is no progression among them and but few ideas. There seems to be a town or city near the river; it is the place to which the happy couple are going. It is on rising ground back from the river. It is very mountainous all around there."

"The people seem very singular, not at all like our people; dress and everything entirely different. The earth there seems like clay. The streets do not seem neat or tidy. I see houses built very small; the streets are dusty where I am now. There is very little order about the disposition of the buildings; every one seems to have suited his fancy. The people are uncultivated; I think they lack brain."

"I see one old man almost doubled over. He wears a kind of loose blouse; it is warm weather. They dress oddly. Their dress has a grayish appearance throughout and as if colors were unknown. I have seen no colors. Some of the roofs extend away over from the centre. I saw one man with dark, curly hair."

(To be Continued.)

"THE UNIVERSALITY OF GOD'S KINGDOM."

Sermon at Detroit Opera House, Sunday, May 30th, by Rev. E. L. Rexford. Bishop Simpson Reviewed.

Mr. Rexford is an eminent Universalist, President of Buchtel College at Akron, Ohio, and the extracts from his sermon we take from a full report in the *Detroit Free Press*. In opening he said:

A very considerable interest has been awakened among sermon-reading people, by the discourse of Bishop Simpson, delivered three weeks ago in Music Hall, Cincinnati. The sermon was remarkable, not only for the subject, but for the man and the occasion. The subject was: "The Universality of God's Kingdom and the Triumph of Christianity."

The audience that listened to and applauded the sermon is said to have numbered eight thousand persons—the largest assemblage, probably, ever assembled in any American city to listen to the preaching of the gospel. The General Conference of the Methodist Church in session in Cincinnati doubtless contributed a large and sympathetic part of the throng, and the eloquent Bishop, stimulated by this vast and co-operative thought and feeling, doubtless gave to his usually brilliant speech an unusual brilliancy and power.

I need not remind you that Bishop Simpson is the most widely known man in the Methodist church. As a preacher he stands at the head of that numerous body, while he holds a very honorable place among the best preachers of the times.

The sermon was remarkable for its general excellence; it was more remarkable for what it did not contain, while some of its statements I regard as misleading and but poorly adjusted to the subject under discussion.

"The Universality of the Kingdom of God." This was the theme, and I wish to ask here as to the scope of thought we are allowed under this grandiose title. How much does this language mean to the Methodist church? How much does it mean as indicating the thought of the evangelical parties?

He then shows the Christian countries alone are held as in God's kingdom by the "evangelical" sects, and that they hold that God saves none who know not the historic Christ.

So far as this earth is concerned, the universality of God's kingdom dwindles down to less than a third part of the inhabitants thereof, while the remaining two-thirds are left exposed to the will of the devil and are the certain victims of his Satanic majesty forever. And we who would cherish the hope of a better fortune for them are graciously held "accursed" for entertaining such a hope in this same "Universal Kingdom of God."

He speaks as follows of the Plan of Salvation, etc.:

We are bound by all the facts of progress to break up this traditional and mimic scheme, called the "plan of salvation," and say with all good and full honesty, that the Great Spirit is in all the universe, carrying on the vast work of uplifting, educating and saving the souls he has made; employing the aid of this religion and that religion, setting his thought here and there, in all the world, to be interpreted by his children the best they can, by the light that shines for them. And our little brethren of all the churches, the Universalists included, sitting by their narrow portals of the kingdom of heaven, must rise up, to see that there are ten thousand and more broad entrances to the kingdom of God, and we must all go forth to greet our brethren there, who have entered by whatever gate, bringing the one law in their souls of love to God, and love to man.

This, I believe is the true verdict of a true Christianity touching this great question.... Do we want a scriptural warrant for this judgment? We find, in St. Paul, who writes: "For there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond or free, male or female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Let men be nameless if that circumstance shall forward them; let them have no place in the world's formal religion, yet if in their souls shall burn the sacred fire, around them waits the kingdom of God. Nay, they are already within its doors. In proportion as this spirit prevails upon the earth, under whatever name, do I see the triumph of the real Christ.

He says that after all the missionary efforts "less than one per cent of the unchristian world has made formal or outward acceptance of Christianity," and that Christianity itself changes and varies.

If the people of China had received the Christianity of even three centuries ago, and had continued to teach it in their characteristic changeless way to this time, and were some missionary to go to them with the Christianity of to-day; they would not recognize it.

John Calvin's total depravity, for instance, was not Joseph Cook's total depravity; neither was the hell of Jonathan Edwards the hell of David Livingstone, or Canon Farrer or Dean Stanley. Christianity does not remain the same, I repeat, and the different interpretations make it in many respects a radically different religion. Calvinistic Christianity is not Arminian Christianity. No radically different are they that the Arminian Wesley said to the Calvinistic Whitefield: "Your God is my devil."

The diversity is radical in many respects, and on account of these differences I do not look for the triumph of our religion as a system. It is not possible under existing circumstances, nor, indeed, is it desirable; for why should God, who is the universal and eternal Father, be compelled to bring all his children to our half-closed gate in order to get them into the kingdom of heaven? This partitioning is the base and weakness of other religions, and I urge that Christianity ought to be nobler and grander than all this, instead of sinking to their depressed level.

And, besides all this, in any one so vain or so ignorant as to think that we have all the good things, all the

clear thoughts and judgments, while the other great classes of religionists have none of these things? Shall we call ourselves Christians and so commend ourselves to the exclusive attention of the heavenly host—it is numerous, according to the prevailing thought—and call others pagans, meaning by that word the accursed of God? Let us make a brief inquiry, with this thought in our mind, of the distribution of the good and the bad things of this great human family. I present herewith certain parts of two catechisms, both of which, instead of being antiquated and abandoned, are modern and current now:

What kind of heart have you by nature?

A heart filled with all unrighteousness.

Does your wicked heart make all your thoughts and actions wicked?

Yes; I do nothing but sin.

What will become of you if you die in your sins? I shall go to hell with the wicked.

What kind of a place is hell?

It is a place of endless torment, a lake that burns, with fire and brimstone.

Who are wicked men's companions in hell?

Their father, the devil, and all other evil angels.

How long will the wicked continue in hell?

Forever and ever.

What are you by nature?

I am an enemy to God, a child of Satan and an heir of hell.

It would seem from this catechism that all the good things, at least, have not entered the entire earth; for, assuredly, these are bad enough. I will turn to another catechism which, though the questions do not cover the same ground as that already disclosed, will give us the opportunity to study the moral enlightenment and the appreciative quality in the life of those whose thought it represents:

What is heaven?

It is the exalted state of the soul in which it is near to God in purity and joy.

What is hell?

Hell is darkness and sin in the soul.

What is meant by seeing God?

It is a vivid realization of the divine spirit within and without.

What is meant by hearing God?

It is a realization of the divine authority in the dictates of conscience and the holy impulse of the soul.

What is prayer?

It is the beseeching attitude of the soul and strong hungering of the soul after spiritual blessings.

What is inspiration?

It is the outpouring of the spirit of God in the human soul.

What is regeneration?

It is the beginning of the higher spiritual life as distinguished from the lower carnal life.

What is religious ecstasy?

It is joy in the Lord.

Here are two different orders of religious inquiry, formulated in widely different places and by people whose religious instruction has been widely dissimilar. But I do not hesitate to say that the degree of spiritual enlightenment contained in the latter is superior to that revealed in the former. And yet the former you may purchase at the rooms of the Sunday School Union in Philadelphia, while the latter can be had at the headquarters of the Brahmo Samaj in Calcutta. The former passes as acceptable Christian instruction for our children, whose hearts, according to its decisions, are the seed-beds for the fruits of perdition, while the latter we must call the demoralizing paganism, in the poisonous influence of which, the poor children of the Brahmo Samaj parents must be reared for destruction. I do not know what greater evil those Oriental children could suffer than to be taught—that their fathers are wicked; that by nature they are the children of the devil and heirs of hell. And so far as hell is concerned, I am persuaded that those same Oriental children will have a better conception of it as "sin and darkness in the soul," than our Christian children will have when told that hell is a "lake of fire and brimstone."

No good friends, we haven't all the good things in our religion, and the pagans haven't all the bad things. We could divide some of our religious fortune with other people and be the gainers in some respect. I do not mean by this that those foreign theologians are better than the real Christianity. I mean simply to remind you that Christianity is overburdened by an enormous weight of foreign or fictitious judgments that do not belong to it.

It will be found upon even the least appreciative examination of the opinions of these great religious people, whom our habit permits us to call heathens, that they share in this great religious commonwealth of the Almighty, and are not strangers to certain religious opinions that are uplifting in their influence. The same inspection of their fortunes will likewise assure us that not only in their opinions concerning this and that great question are they well established, but in their actual character and life there are fortunes which compare favorably with our own. The real truth is this, that even as Christians we are vulnerable at so many points that we are hardly warranted in being too severe in our condemnation of the faults of others.

The importance of general education was so long since felt in China that a work written before the Christian era speaks of "the ancient system of education which required that every town and village down to only a few families should have a common school." In Catholic Italy or Spain we cannot affirm so much as this, where seventy-five per cent of the people can neither read or write. In China the graduation of official position is determined by the intelligence that can pass the requisite examination, and the highest offices are thus made to represent the highest intelligence. In this country and in Europe as well, we see this order frequently reversed, and the highest position sometimes filled by the least intelligence, if the incumbent chance to have money enough to purchase the place. Any man may hold a seat in the American Congress or the British Parliament if he have a silver mine or a railroad in his pocket, even though his brain may be conspicuously vacant.

In this connection I wish to make reference to one phase of Bishop Simpson's sermon, which seems to be hardly in keeping with the candor we are entitled to expect from such a source. In speaking of the comparative influence of Christianity and the teachings of Confucius, the good Bishop is reported as saying of the product of the Chinese teaching that we have lived to see the day when men in California, and men in the prisons in California feel that the Chinese civilization is so uniformly beneath them that it contaminates them, and they have been "The Chinese must go." And, says the Bishop, "if that be the case, what is the result of the teachings of Confucius?" I am not a little surprised at such a statement from such a man. I would ask the distinguished preacher and all who sympathize with this statement, how would they like to have one hundred and fifty thousand people gathered from the lowest and most disreputable haunts of our great cities and sent abroad, to China, for instance, as samples of what Christianity has accomplished for its disciples? Take four thousand of them from Water street and the Five Points of New York, and another installment from Philadelphia, and Boston, Cincinnati, Baltimore and Chicago, and having gathered the worst characters possible to be found here, let us go to London, Paris, Berlin, gathering the people from the slums of vice, and when the compliment of wretchedness, and disease, and sin and degradation is full, send them to China and India as a representation of what Christianity does for its subjects! What would we say of this? And yet what different method does our Bishop adopt and what other method does the great audience applaud than this, to cast reproach upon the teachings of the great Chinese sage?

I do not say that the Chinese of this country are exclusively of this low class, but the great mass of them are from the very lowest ranks of the Chinese people. But, bad as they are, I submit that we have a class equally corrupt and debased, if, indeed, they are not more so.

If Chinatown, in San Francisco, represents a de-

graded type of life, notwithstanding Confucius, Dupont street and Waverly Place represents a still more degraded type, notwithstanding our Christianity. Pass along Dupont street in San Francisco, from North Beach through its Chinese section, under the remote influence of Confucius, and when you reach California street and there touch the American and Europe sections, tell me if you see any lifting of the degradation because of the influence of Christianity. The degradation is lower and more brutal when you come to those who have been reared under the name of Christian. Your wives and daughters and your sons, too, are safer from insult in Chinatown at midday and midnight than they are in Waverly Place, where our Christianity degradation has entire control.

I do not say that this debasement of the American and European occupants of these dens of infamy in all that part of the city is the product of Christianity. And I insist that no man is justified in saying that the degradation of the Chinese section is attributable to the teachings of Confucius. To say this is to be unjust, and a man of intelligence and even ordinary catholicity of spirit, simply forgets what is due to all parties, when this injustice can be inflicted, and the people forget the justice of the case when they applaud. Such injustice as this by professed Christians, can but prejudice Christianity in the minds of all people who are interested in having the right prevail, even in religion. This degradation is there among all classes because of the reputation on their part of both Confucius and Jesus. They have their forms of dissipation, some of which are common to all those wretched creatures, while some forms are peculiar to each. The Chinaman will drink his whiskey and sleep quietly; the Irishman will drink his whiskey and then generally want to whip somebody, and I do not suppose that the religious question enters very largely into the calculation of either.

We talk of the paganism of the foreigners, and their cruel and senseless customs, but we shall be obliged to divide with them again in some respects. We severely censure the practice of the Chinese upper classes of so compressing the feet of their female children that they are virtually mutilated and certainly malformed. Nearly all classes, however, seek distinction by some species of deformity. "While one class of people crush the feet of their children, another will flatten their heads between two boards. Europeans and the people of this country admire white teeth, but the Malays file off the enamel and stain the teeth black, because dogs' teeth are white. A New Zealand chief emblazons his glory on his face and limbs by tattooing; while an Esquimaux does not think he is at all presentable unless he is adorned by thrusting of a bit of stone through a hole in either cheek." We think, as Christians, that we are free from these barbarous customs, but we shall not do well to boast. Full many a Christian lady will comment severely on the paganism of the Chinese in cramping the feet of their children in order to have them beautifully small, while she can hardly vent her disgusting words for the reason that her Christian lungs are so cramped with tight corsets that she cannot fill them a quarter full of air. She condemns the Chinese paganism with panting breath, whereas if she would only dispense with the Christian paganism she might give the Chinese a full-breathed and sustained condemnation. She is so much interested in securing the Christian type of beauty, seen in a wasp-like waist, that she is debased from cowardly berating the Chinese for their effort to secure a lady-like foot. And we may leave it to the physicians to say whether the greater evil is in the undue pressure on the lungs or the feet. If the paganism depends upon the extent of the derangement of the vital functions of the body we tolerate and practice the worst feature of it at home.

Bishop Simpson defends Christianity on the plea of "the survival of the fittest." But what supremacy does he gain in this over Buddhism? Christianity is sixteen hundred years old; Buddhism is six hundred years older and has a discipline as large, if not larger. The Bishop says Buddhism has 200,000,000. The best authorities double that number. Max Muller, than whom none is better prepared to speak, says 455,000,000. But neither age nor the extent of discipline is an infallible proof of the absolute truth of one religion or another.

The Bishop deplores infidelity, as well as he may, but his illustration is unfortunately chosen. He refers to France, and says that when the French people had declared that there is no God and that death is an eternal sleep the streets of Paris were red with blood. And this was the result of infidelity! But pray what had France suffered previous to this when she was under the absolute control of Christianity as administered by the infallible church? France had been groaning for three centuries under the tyranny of ecclesiasticism, and if the streets of Paris flowed with blood under the reign of infidelity, pray what did they run with under the reign of the Catholic Church? It was the blood of the Huguenots that was shed by Catholic hands in the sixteenth century, and not only were the streets of Paris red with blood, but the streets of Meaux and La Charité, and Orleans and Semur, and Angiers, and Lyons, and Bourges, Rouen, Toulouse and Bordeaux, were red with blood. One vast system of slaughter was devised and with infinite havoc was executed. And if we estimate the horrors of infidelity by the amount of blood spilled, there is a terrific balance against our religion as interpreted by the great historic Christian Church. Infidelity in France? France was driven to infidelity by the tyranny of French religion—driven to anything as a relief from its religious tyranny.

The Bishop speaks of England a century ago as being given over to skepticism, and intimates that the influence of Butler, Paley and Wesley, counteracted this tendency. We have only to look into the work of Professor Theodore Christlieb, of Bonn—himself an Evangelical believer—to find that this is pre-eminently the age of skepticism.

In revealing the history of any religion we find that the divinest truths when committed to human direction are liable to be debased, and so made offensive. Christianity has not been free from this misfortune. No religion has been free from it, and if I were asked if I looked for the triumph of Christianity finally, I should say, "Not the triumph of that religion as a distinct system." I look for victory in this sense, that the world by its great struggle everywhere, under all forms of religious administrations, is slowly evolving the truth of life and the law of happiness.

Every great religion is a great province in the greater kingdom of God. The truth that is in every religion will gradually rise to its rightful supremacy, and the truth of all religions combined will be the basis, and the delightful air and the gracious arches, the beauty and the symmetry, all in one, of the eternal city of the living God.

Our Christian world has certainly rejected much that was once held as essential to Christianity. Other religions have done the same thing, and in every rejection of the old there has been a more sympathetic embrace of the new and better, and when all souls shall rise to welcome the one great law of love to God and love to man, then will the only true law of religion triumph.

This is the real Christianity, and this is the only religious spirit we desire to see triumph, while we hope and pray that in our hearts it may win speedy victory.

Want of space forbids further extracts from this discourse. That a popular clergyman should utter such sentiments, and be applauded by his appreciative audience, is significant of his manly courage and broad views, and of the tendency of modern thought. It shows, too, that the great spiritual movement has had its large share, hardly understood yet in this tendency, for this gifted preacher has been a thoughtful reader of that useful book compiled by G. B. Stebbins, "Chapters from the Bible of Ages," and shares in its broad views.

The usefulness of the plainest; and, while we keep to them, our differences cannot rise high.—*William Penn.*

Obviously this is a question which cannot as yet be scientifically answered either

Dr. Hritonen says: "While it is possible for human intelligence, on earth and in the higher spheres-by the concentrated application of subtle forces-to greatly accelerate the processes of the physical universe, we may not generate the simplest organic form by any means or methods outside of the established order of the natural world."

The story which has been so industriously circulated and published in England, that Mrs. Richmond is hired by the First Society of this city for five years, that a building is being erected, etc., and that she has been granted a leave of absence for six months awaiting its completion, is on a par with the subterfuges resorted to by political intrigues to start a "boom" for their candidates. The First Society of this city has neither money nor credit to justify its making a contract of any sort, or to erect a building. Only by resorting to various devices and makeshifts for raising money has it been enabled to meet the expenses of the past year. The truth is that the Society had run down to the lowest ebb and could not support Mrs. Richmond, neither could she secure an engagement elsewhere in America. The meetings for the past year have been thinly attended. On her last Sunday, though it was widely advertised as her farewell lecture, less than 800 adults were in attendance at the morning service, increased by about 100 in the evening. This, too, in a city of 500,000 inhabitants, with thousands of Spiritualists and investigators and no other Spiritualist meeting. We were lately informed by one of the trustees of the Unitarian church formerly occupied by Mrs. Richmond's Society, that the Unitarians did not use it evenings and night, therefore, have let her society have it, but feared to do so owing to the unsavory reputation of the concern. There is much more of the true inwardness of the hoodwinking methods used to recover up the Richmond fizzle in America that we could publish, but do not see that it would help the cause at this time. We make the above statement believing it due our English friends. Mrs. Richmond may temporarily advance her own interests by engineering such notorious and deceptive reports, but certainly they are unworthy of the great cause of Spiritualism, and will in the long run react to the detriment both of their instigators and of the spiritualistic movement. To travel three thousand miles to get a chance to lecture, and then to attempt to Barnumize the English people with romances about her Chicago success may be business, but we doubt if it is Spiritualism.

Col. Ingersoll rights shy of Woman Suffrage because he fears it will unite church and state. Let Mrs. Saxon and other workers, turn their attention toward the disenfranchisement of woman from religious bigotry, if they feel they need the infidel Ingersoll's eloquent tongue to plead for the ballot, or convince the gallant Colonel that it is not manly to withhold a right through fear of the god that will be worshipped by the

Meetings in the public hall at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have been adjourned until September. Dr. Hamilton Warren and his estimable wife will hold meetings, however, for inspirational speaking, circles, etc., at their own residence, on Sunday evenings. Mrs. Warren, it is claimed, has the following phases of mediumship: Inspirational speaking, music and clairvoyance; she also is controlled to speak in different languages. Dr. Warren writes: "I procured Allen Kardec's books on Mediums and Spirits, and you see the result. I would recommend any one wishing to investigate Spiritualism to purchase those books and study them and follow the directions, and I am confident they will make better mediums and in a shorter time, than by taking Tom's, Dick's or Harry's instructions, who, as a general thing, just know enough to know nothing at all about the subject. Of course I do not ask them to take in the re-incarnation theory, but the development of mediumship and the philosophy, etc. I feel satisfied that any one of ordinary ability can accomplish their own

on mere words or symbols. In the case of the surgical operation—it was before the days of chloroform—which had been determined on to remove it. Here was a case where attention—and attention of no hopeful kind—produced the very opposite effect to that which, in the American young lady's case, attention of the despondent kind had produced—the very same effect, indeed, which a remission of attention, when accompanied by the hope of cure, had in that case produced.—*London Spectator*.

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth Means no Wash, Doves at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only seeks a Hearing.

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SPIRITUALISTIC STUDIES.

The Result of Some Investigations of Slade's Phenomena.—Prof. Denzlow Submits His Observations in the Shape of Conundrums.

Independent Slate-Writing and So-Called Materialization of Spirit Forms.—The Apparatus Used and the Effect Produced Distinguished from the Work of the Stereopticon and of Plate-Glass Ghosts.—The Hysteria and Lunacy Theories Considered.

[Chicago Daily Times.]

Having attended in person four sittings with Mr. Slade, during his recent stay in Chicago, and having been present on two other evenings, when from sixteen to twenty estimable and observing persons sat with him, and communicated the result in my hearing immediately afterward, and being still of an investigating mood, I feel like putting the results of all these sittings into the form of inquiries, and in this form propounding them for the consideration of more scientific, more scrutinizing, or better informed persons, with the view of eliciting their explanation of these phenomena. A recent authoritative article in the *New York Nation* takes the singular view that none but scientific experts are competent to investigate these phenomena, and that even they are not ready yet to proceed with the investigation, as science is not yet sufficiently developed to deal with it on any scientific basis. It was this remarkable statement that there were some phenomena as to which science was not yet science, and "experts" were not yet "ready" (expertise and readiness being in fact the same thing), that stimulated me to take part in the inquiry, as it seemed like an admission of the existence of phenomena with which existing science was not prepared to cope.

A STUDY OF THE MAN.

I first sat with Mr. Slade, in company with four or five others, at the private residence of a friend. Upon being introduced to him I found him a person of middle age, probably forty-three, of spare, good form, motive, nervous temperament, though with a full, broad chest, rather slow of movement and speech when not acting as a medium, slightly bent of hearing, destitute of both the nervous and nervous quiver which I have always met with in men like Hermann, Bliz, Anderson, Casanova, and all others who had any facility at sleight of hand. I should pronounce Slade a more than usually stiff-necked and slow-moving person except as, when sitting in the circle, his convulsive movements, resembling those of the recipient of a galvanic or electric shock may become quick, not in a limber and supple way, but in a spasmodic and uncontrolled way. He is "lumpy" rather than muscular or nervous. As he was attacked, on the first evening I saw him, with a severe fit of nervous prostration in which he immediately feared a renewal of his Berlin paralysis stroke. The interview was chiefly useful in acquainting me with his physical and nervous condition which are considerably below full force, so that he is at times capable of only a partial use of his right side. The intensity of the pain he suffers at slight causes, and the intensity of his emotional excitement at witnessing feelings or hearing the very phenomena he sits to produce impresses on with the idea that it is in all unprepared, as everything about him seems to be, then his nervous condition borders now on.

CHRONIC EXHAUSTION.

producing a morbid and excessive sensitiveness of all the nerves. To this, however, is to be added the fact that when he purports to be under the control of "G" was set, his favorite Indian spirit, he freely submits his flesh to be pinched and otherwise tested, and seems to have great cal-

lousness under all such tests as well as a vice-like power in the grip of his hand which indicates greater strength than one would expect from his appearance. On my first evening with him the interval between the periods at which he needed assistance to walk the floor, his hands and muscles flaccid and weak as a sick child's, and when vigorous rubbing, pounding and stimulants were applied to keep up the circulation and drive away temporarily his apprehended attack, and the period at which, in the circle, he gave each member thereof a grip that might have brought tears into their eyes, was less than half an hour. These are incidents of preliminary importance as bearing on the theory of sleight of hand. I know of few persons less fitted, apparently, for feats of manual dexterity or muscular agility than Slade. Neither his look, language, step, speech, cast, physique, or manner seem compatible with it, as he is "lumpy" as a senator, slow as a parson, rather unsophisticated in manner, despite his wide experience of the world and, if I mistake not, of slightly imperfect hearing.

Owing, as he said, to his ill-health on this first evening, the manifestations were feeble, though some slate-writing appeared to be done, without the possibility of physical contact on the part of any person present with the pencil which wrote. Still, as the affair was less satisfactory than subsequent manifestations of the same kind I will not describe it.

ALONE WITH SLADE.

I next sat with Mr. Slade at his own rooms. We entered the back parlor, no other person being in the room, and the doors were closed. I examined the carpet, table, and wall, all of which were ordinary and honest. I did not search Slade's pockets, nor, as the before mentioned letter in the *New York Nation* recommended, did I look for concealed magnets thrust under his skin. The sequel will show that such precautions on my part would have been as futile as a means of discovering the mode in which the slate-writing was done, as the thrusting of "magnets" into or under one's skin would be as a means of writing between two slates. Nor is it material whether there was one slate or fifty slates in the room, as, in the mode in which the writing was done, the theory of substitution of slates cuts no figure. But according to my best observation the room contained but two slates at the time, both of which lay on the table, and both of which I examined on both sides at the outset and they contained no writing. Nor were there any springs about the slates by which as suggested by one imaginative "spirit" exposé in California, a roll of muslin indistinguishable from the surface of the slates was unfurled and spread over the slate. All such complicated and impracticable devices only bring out into strong contrast the simplicity yet certainty of the occult power which was now to perform the writing. Slade, then, in order, as he said, to inquire of his alleged spirit influences if they were ready, dropped a bit of pencil on one of the slates, placed his left hand on my right, as we sat facing each other at the corner of the table and asked if they would write. Three raps came and the slate was brought out with the words written thereon.

"WE WILL TRY."

This may have afforded some information to him but it amounted to nothing to me. He then removed the writing and let me place the two slates with the same bit of pencil between them, together, which I did, holding both slates firmly in my left hand and against or within an inch or two of my left ear. He then placed his left hand on my right, on the table, and with his right hand held about as firmly as I, the two slates, his thumb coming on the outer side of the slate nearest to my ear and his fingers on the outer side of the farther slate. At no time was there anything doubtful about his grip of the two slates, his wrist and thumb being immediately before my eyes, and any attempt of his to get a finger between the two slates would not only have been promptly detected, but in that position he could not have done the writing as it was done had he got his whole hand in, since the writing would have been both out of his sight and upside down to him, and all the muscular motions of his wrist and arm essential to its performance would have been plainly before my eyes. The slates were not parted while in my hand, while I so held them no sooner did his left hand touch my right on the table than I heard the writing, plainly audible between the two slates, at my left ear. It moved straight on at about the rate any penman would write, the up strokes and down strokes, separately and distinctly audible, and the whole sound as

DISTINCTLY RECOGNIZABLE.

as the writing by a pencil between the slates, as the noise of a saw-filing or organ grinding would have been distinguishable from any other sound that could be made. The sense of a pressure being constantly exerted on the slate, but harder with the down stroke than the up stroke, was about equal to that I would have felt if any person had been writing on the outer of the two slates while I was holding them in this position. Suddenly Slade removed his left hand from my right on the table, and, as instantly as if the motion were one controlled by an electric current which the removal of his hand had severed, the writing

between the slates stopped, but the pencil appeared to remain stationary, though the slate surface on which the writing was done was perpendicular. When he let fall his hand upon mine again on the table, the writing resumed and continued within the slates. This cessation of the writing he performed at quick but satisfactory intervals, but each time he restored his hand to mine the writing went on within the slates. At length three raps on the slate, with the tiny bit of pencil, which was perhaps a quarter of an inch in length, were heard, and I opened the two slates with my own unaided hands, and read on what had been the inner side of one of them, substantially as follows, for I copy

THE MESSAGE.

from memory, and give it only to show its tone and length:

DEAR FRIEND: We aid you in this matter because we wish you to know that we are spiritual intelligences and that we can communicate with you. To what other agency can you attribute writing done under these conditions? The knowledge of this will grow, and as it increases it will be more useful.

J. TYLER.

The only person I have ever heard of whose name resembles the above was Vice-President Tyler, of whom it is no part of my mental habit to think more than once a year. The signature, therefore, is without significance to me, and Mr. Slade professed to know no list of it as I.

Mr. Slade then asked me if I wished for any more slate-writing and I told him that one such illustration was as good as many, as a proof that slate-writing could be done in his presence without any contact between any living person and the pencil that wrote. But I would like a communication that I could identify as that of a deceased person, if I could get it.

He requested me to write my request on the slate, and I thereupon wrote on one of the slates, carefully holding up the slate so that Mr. Slade could neither see the writing nor the motion of my hand:

"Will the spirit of my brother appear?"

I then, keeping the written side of the slate carefully out of the sight of Mr. Slade, turned the slate over, presenting the upper side of the slate for the answer, dropped on it the bit of pencil, and, holding it solely in my left hand, placed the end of the slate (upon which the bit of pencil lay) under the table for a foot or two inches of its length, the remainder of the slate being full in sight and not a foot from my face. Slade sat facing me with his right hand disengaged and on his leg at first and then placed both hands on the table, one of them on my own right hand. Immediately the writing began on the little fraction of slate which lay under the table, no hand but my left touching the slate and both of Slade's hands resting on the table and the whole slate except the part written on being within from half a foot to a foot from my eye. The pressure on the slate as the writing began was such as to require some effort on my part to hold it in my left hand, and it vibrated down and up through the space of an inch or so under the force of the writing. I was holding it about two inches below the table top. In this condition of things I heard the writing as distinctly as before and the three slight taps with the pencil on the slate to indicate that the writing was finished. I then removed it with my own hand, Slade remaining without change of position, and found written upon the two inches of slate that had been under the table (and which when I placed them under the table half a minute or so before, were bare of writing), these words:

"Your brother is not present."

I then wrote in the same manner the question:

"Is the spirit of any person present who knows me?"

Reversing it and placing it under the table in the same manner, the answer written on the upper side, under like conditions was:

Many such are present, but none who can control.

HYSTERIA AND LUNACY.

I have read, with a sincere desire to get some light from it, Mr. Howell's careful analysis in "The Undiscovered Country," of the various stages of lunacy which induced his "Dr. Boynton" to look for spirit manifestations where they were not to be found, but I do not see that they shed any light whatever on a case where slate-writing is clearly done without the possibility of physical contact between any living person and the pencil. I have also read Dr. George M. Beard's efforts to connect the word "hysteria" with these singular phenomena, but I fail to see wherein they apply to such a case. My health was never so good and my mind never more calm than when observing these phenomena. I am as free from hysteria as Dr. Beard, and from lunacy as Mr. Howell, and so in like manner were each and all of the twenty ladies and gentlemen who at various times have witnessed these phenomena in my presence, or have described to me their nature immediately afterward. So far, I have seen as much intelligence as much skepticism, as much calm, healthy acumen, learning and culture, as much familiarity with scientific methods and with sleight of hand as the most quack could wish, or as either Beard or Howell possesses brought to bear to the simple problem, which it would seem a child ought to be able to solve, of detecting whether any human being was in physical

contact with the pencil when it wrote. They all say no such contact was possible. All the "hysterism" there is in the case is in Slade's degree of nerve exhaustion and morbidly sensitive nerve state, and this is not greater in his case than in that of hundreds of thousands of over-worked professional men throughout the country who can call up no such phenomena. Out of fifty thousand other hysterical or morbidly sensitive persons, not one will produce slate-writing between slates. In this instance Slade's nervous condition seems to be the effect, not the cause, of the extent to which he has been called upon to produce these phenomena.

Make a draft, Messrs. Beard and Howell, on all the asylums of the world for hysterical patients, one of the symptoms of whose condition is either the ability to produce slate-writing or to make others believe that they can produce it, and your draft would not net a single slate-writer. Independent slate-writing has never been a characteristic of hysterics. Hysterical persons may believe they see what they do not see, but the principle of illusion has no application in this case, as fifty persons in the room at the time would all have seen the writing alike when it had been done, and all would have heard the pencil doing it. I did not see the pencil make its mark, and therefore there is no fact in the entire phenomena to which the principle of illusion can apply. The use of the word hysteria, therefore, when allusion of the senses is alleged, is merely the evidence of ignorance. It explains nothing, and designates nothing. When I examined the slates before the writing no illusion theory applied, because nothing had yet occurred. When I examined them after the writing was over, no illusion theory applies, since the writing was undoubtedly there, and anyone of a million persons, if they saw the slate at all, would have seen and read it alike. The only part of the fact in relation to which the illusion theory can apply is that I suppose I held the slate surface, where physical contact with the pencil on the part of some human writer would be impossible, when, in reality, I did not. But what is so easy as to hold a slate in broad daylight where

NO HUMAN BEING

can write on it, especially in a room where there is only one other person. To suppose that I can not do that, or that I can not know decisively when I do or do not so hold it is part of the absurd insanity of impudence. It indicates that those who so assert have become infatuated to the integrity of the human intellect and have lost their power to remain loyal to the evidences of the senses, and as a result which involves no less than an absolute abdication of the throne of human reason. Nor does the theory of sleight-of-hand apply, because in all cases of sleight-of-hand the hand of the operator is in communication with the thing done, and a chief share of the difficulty is created by keeping this magical hand in such a state of swift and diversified motion that the observer could not follow it. In this case, however, both of Slade's hands were motionless plainly in sight. A sleight-of-hand man who never uses his hands, but whose hands lie flat on a table while everything is doing, would, indeed, be a wonder, unless he had an assistant, and Slade had none. What I had thus far seen with Slade did not differ essentially from what I had already seen with Mrs. Simpson who resides permanently in this city, except that Mrs. Simpson reads easily any question her visitor may write on the slate, without having that visual access to the slate which would be necessary to enable an ordinary person to read it. This, Slade tells me, he does not. In another respect

MRS. SIMPSON'S SLATE-WRITING

is characterized by an incident that does not appear in Slade's. This is the fact that the bit of pencil is placed on the slate and a goblet filled with water is placed over it so that apparently the pencil should be confined in its writing within the hollow space left by the concave bottom of the goblet which space would be about the size of a silver dollar. But on placing the slate underneath the table, Mrs. Simpson holding one side of the slate and the observer the other, so that the top of the goblet rests steadily and firmly against the under side of the table, the pencil is heard to write in long lines across the slate as freely as if the goblet were not there and on removing slate and goblet from under the table without the possibility that either could have changed their relative positions during the operation, or could have been removed by so much as a hair's breadth from each other, the writing is found to begin on the slate at a point outside the space covered by the goblet to cross the slate again and again in half a dozen lines, none of which pay any regard to the physical obstacle afforded by the solid contact of the goblet with the slate, so that each line begins to the left of where the goblet stands, passes directly under it with unbroken writing, and reappears at the right of the goblet as if the goblet had not been there. When I saw this with Mrs. Simpson, the conditions precluded deceit or

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND

as absolutely as in the case of Slade. But one other person was in the room, and he sat some twelve feet away. I had examined the carpets for trap doors, and think I am competent to say there were none, and had there been twenty they would have been of no service, as I held the goblet, and

laid so firmly and steadily while under the table that I knew that neither table, slate, nor goblet moved relatively to each other while the writing was being done. Not only was the writing done without possibility of any human person being in contact with the pencil while it was doing, but it was done by some agency which disregarded solid glass as an obstacle, and wrote as easily on a surface covered with it as on a bare surface. This, of course, raises the question why it should have used the pencil at all; but I am not answering questions, but asking them. Moreover, at the end of the writing the bit of pencil was neither in the hollow space in which it had been placed underneath the goblet, nor was it anywhere on the slate; but it was at the bottom of the water on the inside of the goblet, and was worn by the writing it appeared to have done. The physically impossible fact, therefore, of passing one solid substance directly through another, without violence to either, occurred some six or eight times within ten minutes. After I had been forty minutes in the room, and knew that neither when I entered, nor since, had there been any other flowers, in the room than a growing fuchsia near the door, Mrs. Simpson undertook to produce a flower. Placing the goblet of water on the slate in like manner as was done for the slate writing, but with no pencil, after, perhaps, five minutes of apparent

STRONG ELECTRO-NEUROUS EXCITEMENT

in the arm which was holding her side of the slate Mrs. Simpson told me to withdraw the goblet from under the table, and in the act of doing so, the fragrance of the hyacinth filled the room and inside the goblet was a fresh, rich, unstained hyacinth flower of twenty-two petals, just plucked from the stem, and which I took home with me and kept till it withered—perhaps a week.

Prior to my third session with Slade I was present at the residence of Col. Bundy when some sixteen persons of indisputable intelligence and some of them of special critical power, including Judge Bartram and Mrs. Bartram, Dr. Jewell of Evanston, editor of the best reputed journal of nervous disease in this country and one of the foremost medical journals of the world; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Barrett, of *The Western Magazine*, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. Gaze, Mrs. Willard, Dr. and Mrs. Dickson and several others, all witnessed substantially the same method of slate-writing I have described and none of whom were able to detect any mode by which any living person could have communicated the moving force of the pencil which did the writing. Of course in all these slate writings there is no concealment, no turning down of lights and the slates are always in the hands of the observers, and not of Slade.

My third session with Slade was for the purpose of securing a "materialization," but as nothing appeared, I will not describe the effort further than to say that the friends who sat with me assured me that, a few evenings before, they had witnessed the materialized spectres, on one occasion of one person, whom they well knew, and on another occasion of three persons, one of whom they knew.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

The apparatus for producing these visions is as simple as could be. Its only object seems to be to produce an aperture through which you can look into a darkened space. It is as follows: A black lap-robe, perhaps four feet square, is hung across the corner of the room by "racking" one edge of it to the wall and the other to the molding of the folding-door. Behind this curtain there is a triangular space, whose right angle is the corner of the room, and whose broadest side or base is the lap-robe. The table at which observers are to sit is then moved up to within one foot, or slightly more, of the lap-robe, so that the side of the table is parallel with the robe. Two upright wires are then screwed or clamped to the edge of the table, and along the top of these two wires a third wire is fastened with screws, and on the horizontal wire is hung a strip of black cambric muslin, perhaps two feet square, or a few inches less. Into this piece of muslin, whose sides and bottom swing loose, a cut is made in a U form, except that the bottom of the U is not curved but is square, and thus an inner curtain within the cambric curtain is formed, which may be lifted, so that observers may look through the aperture into the dark space between the cambric curtain and the lap-robe. There is no orifice in the lap-robe. This is all there is of apparatus.

AFTER ARRANGING THE APPARATUS

ourselves we retired into the parlor at the request of Slade, who said he wanted to "let them get ready." When we re-entered I did not take the pains to look again under the curtain (lap-robe) as I knew that no camera or stereopticon worked in that corner could throw an image of any kind into that aperture for many reasons, viz.: First the blaze of the camera would pass through the aperture and make itself visible as a bar of light shining directly across the room in our midst or against our faces, and the picture itself would be thrown on the wall behind us. The camera should at least have a screen to arrest the image; secondly, in the ordinary mode of conducting such a business the likelihood that the curtain would be drawn aside, thus exposing the assistant and the camera is so

Sideros and Its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

It is quite evident that the condition of things seen by her in this examination was very similar to that seen by other psychometers; so much is this the case that I think the meteorite must originally have been located near to the mining locality, which she and they describe. She sees what Mrs. Foote and Mr. Cridge had seen with a specimen from the same mass; colored men mining, and sees them placing what they dig in a basket, as Mr. Cridge had seen them, carrying rock out in baskets. She describes the trees that she sees as strange and short. The people are strange, with dark complexions, the dress of the woman is short, the climate is warm and the dwellings of the miner's rough and low. People ride in rough-looking, two-wheeled vehicles, and are drawn by animals that look like mules, and yet like goats, evidently strange animals, that she knew not what to call; and the dress of these people she finds to be gray. In all these particulars and in some others, that will suggest themselves to the attentive reader, her description resembles that which I have received from others independently, and I can only account for these striking resemblances by supposing that they visited the same world—Sideros.

GREENLAND METEORITE.

Having obtained a portion of the great meteorite mass found at Ovisak, on the western coast of Greenland, I gave this subsequently to Mrs. Hubbard for examination. She had not at that time, I am well satisfied, any idea of the nature of the specimen. She said:

"Strange forms come before me, but they disappear so quickly I can hardly describe them. I can see what look like human beings, but they are not like our people; they make motions to express themselves, and use no language that I can perceive; they make hideous noises. They move with great agility; they have hardly anything on. Their heads slope back. They are shorter than average persons here. They are of a brownish appearance. They subvert on what they obtain by hunting. It is rocky and mountainous where I see them.

"Now, I see a high mountain that runs up to a peak; it seems very steep. Small, inferior, stunted trees, grow upon it. I see a little hut made of brush and things picked up. It seems like a home for them; they have that feeling about it. The people here do not seem to have any human intelligence, yet they make an effort to talk, but there is no articulation. They run like deer and leap over dangerous places readily. I see a large body of water. The people eat fish and all their food uncooked. The have small heads and small features; their hair is black and hangs down. I feel as if I was right there with them."

The Ovisak specimen took her, I think, to the same world previously described by Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Cridge; she sees it at an early stage of human development, when the distinction between the brute and the man has just become established. She notices the agility with which the human beings move and the ease with which they leap, in consequence, as I think, of the feeble attraction of their world. She sees that they are short in stature, as all, or nearly all, the inhabitants of Sideros appear to have been. The rocky and mountainous character of the country is described and the stunted vegetation. The whole world seems to have been deficient in the conditions essential to exuberant vegetation.

As I wished particularly to see how her descriptions agreed with those I had already received, and since most of those that I had received described the human beings on Sideros at a more advanced stage of development, I said, "Will yourself farther this way in time and see them farther advanced." She then said:

"I seem to be on the top of a mountain; there is a chasm below, that looks fearful to me; it is at an immense distance. I see a place now like a low building in which men live; it is long and low. I see no women there. The men seem to work in here, but it is not a factory. I see what look like mining implements, pick-axes and such things. They seem to work metal in some way; it seems like iron. I see an anvil. They have fire and heat the metal. It does not look like a blacksmith's shop, but they work iron here. These seem more like our own people; but they are tawny, a yellowish-brown. There is a mine here where they get the metal out. It seems mountainous all around. There is a great deal of ore here mixed with the soil. These men are miners and this place is for their utensils, for sharpening and filing them. I see one large, strong man with his sleeves rolled up.

"The general lay of the land is like what I saw before, but the people are so different. They have conveyances of some kind. The earth seems so peculiar, so full of this metal. They have something they use instead of a wheelbarrow, to carry things on; it has four handles on and two carry it. The climate is warm. Their dress is coarse for work; the clothing looks brown; they do not seem to have a great deal. The head man is much larger than the others; he is boss of the whole.

"I see water and a very rude boat that has no sails. They seem to have learned to propel the boat by some kind of power, though in a rough way. I can hear animals growl, but do not see any. I see a woman; she is dark; there is not much color to her clothing or style. Her dress is not fitted close. It is loosely tied round the waist. It is short, a little below the knees. They don't believe in tight waists. They live more truly to nature than we. She is connected in some way with the large man. They live in a low inferior building of one story. I think they must have built it themselves; everything about it is rude. These people are not like Indians, but their color reminds me of them. This place does not seem far from water."

Are there any domestic animals?

"I see an animal, but I do not know what it is; it walks very slowly. They use it in some way. It seems as much like a camel—no, not like that either; I never saw one so small. It is a queer-looking thing. I do not know what it is. It is an inferior-looking animal, of a yellowish-brown color. It is kept for use. I see it hitched to something that it drags along the ground; it looks rough like all other things here. Whatever the people need to transport that is heavy, is done with this animal."

There are many interesting statements in the latter part of her examination. She sees a yellowish-brown people mining. Mrs. Foote saw a company of people with dark skins digging, while Mr. Cridge describes a mining people, who are dark and have black hair and eyes. She states that they had but little clothing and that looked brown. Mr. Cridge says the dark people "make cloth that is darkish-brown." She sees a rude boat propelled by power and destitute of sails and this seems strangely out of character with the development of the people in other respects; but the climate of Sideros must have been an exceedingly equable one and winds were rare, so that unless boats were propelled by oars, they must have been propelled by power; and the inventive faculty of the Siderians must have been early stimulated to discover some way of propelling boats by power. The draught animal that she saw was probably closely allied to those seen by Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Cridge.

MRS. HUBBARD'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Dr. Eager of New Haven, a sensitive and a psychometer, tried for me the fragment of the Painesville meteorite previously examined by Mrs. Hubbard, in total ignorance of its nature. She said:

"I feel as if I drew up, and I see high, sharp peaks and a large sheet of water; overhead the sky is extremely blue. I see beings that I can hardly call human; their faces are broad and their heads long; they are short, chunky. There does not seem to be much vegetation. They eat something that grows on a tree without being cultivated. It is something round and brown like a kind of ground-nut, that contains an edible kernel."

This examination as far as it goes is in harmony with the rest. Short people with long heads and broad faces have been seen on Sideros by many observers. She notices also the sparseness of the vegetation.

MRS. FLETCHER'S VISIT TO SIDEROS.

When lecturing in Lowell last March, I discovered that Mrs. Abby Fletcher, the wife of M. H. Fletcher, a well-known manufacturer of that city, had considerable psychometric power. She tried for me a fragment of the Painesville meteorite in entire ignorance of its character and said:

"I feel as if I was in a very large city; people are coming and going, moving to and fro. It is a place where I never was before. The streets are not like ours at all.

"Now I see what looks like a mountain, but that, too, is not like any I have seen before. It is very singular, jagged, jagged, the worst imaginable. The lower part seems to have been dug out. There is nothing smooth about it; some parts are almost perpendicular. Persons go round to get up. I see no green thing connected with it. It seems as if a great amount of material had been taken out of here. Above that, it goes right up. It must be a good way round to the top. It is a queer-looking place. The main color of the rock is very dark, but I can see in the interior bodies of a different color. I never was in such a place and never saw such rock anywhere. It seems to take me a long distance from here. Persons have been at work here and a great deal has been done.

"Now it changes, expands and flattens; the space below is wider and seems almost a field. Persons are digging; a great deal is going on here. I can see deep cavities that have been made. One man has his sleeves rolled to his shoulders; the arm seems very dark. I see the face of one man that is very red and much covered with hair. He is a human being, but hardly looks like one; he is very broad across the shoulders. He has a hideous face. His whiskers are not long, but grizzly and thick. I can hardly see where the face is." At the close of the examination she said, "I seemed to go away from everything with which I am familiar. I seemed to walk about among large, dark caverns where men were mining."

Her description of the city is too short and general to enable a person to identify it, but the rest of her description harmonizes remarkably with the previous descriptions of Sideros, and its mining population. She sees persons digging, and as she subsequently discovers, mining, and notices that the arm of one, whose sleeve is rolled up is dark, and that another one is broad across the shoulders. On the same day she made for me a second examination, of the same specimen, but with no further knowledge of its character than the previous examination had given:

"I seem to be in the same place, but changes have taken place (I can see just as well with it in my hand). It looks as if there was some valuable ore connected with that mountain; it seems to lie like a floor under it. Men are digging all around. There is something terribly hot in this specimen. I see many people, but not so clearly that I can describe them. I am moving about in those caverns. The people are not of any nation that I have ever known. They do not look familiar. I see a low forehead, flatish head and broad face. He is short in stature and has a very short neck. He has not much clothing on, a sort of loose blouse and his limbs are bare from the knees."

What is the color of the clothing?

"It is a grayish dirt color. Here we have strange looking people, short in stature with broad faces and bare limbs from the knee; which seem to have been fashionable with the Siderians. The influence of the specimen was for some reason very disagreeable to Mrs. Fletcher, and I was able to obtain but little more. She never recognized the fact that she was examining another world, yet in the evening of the same day, with the same specimen, she said:

"I seem to be almost taken out of the world, disconnected from every thing here. Where the people live seem to be like hovels. Their dress is peculiar, a kind of frock and bare below the knee. The people look hard, and are of a coppery color. They have dug out an immense place here. As I front the mountain, the city lies to the left. There seems to be several kinds of metal combined here."

"This specimen has travelled, it has been all around. The mountainous part of this place is not like this specimen; it is more like ordinary rock. I see what seems to be copper ore all in layers; it comes off in scales. There is a great amount of iron with this copper. I can smell the copper. I see a kind of house near by, long and low; men go in and out. It looks barren around here. Water of a yellowish color runs out of this place; sediment settles from it like iron-rust."

THE YEAR OF SIDEROS.

I was desirous of discovering as near as possible the time required for the revolution of Sideros around the sun and requested Mr. Cridge to find a young child and follow him up to manhood. With the Painesville meteorite he said:

"Now, I see a child 8 or 4 years old, as we reckon time. His father is a representative and the child is with him in the capitol. Children are sent to school, but it is in a garden in the open air most of the time. It is spring, and the child is almost a man before the fall comes, between 19 and 23. The severe cold is not as long as I thought; grass grows all the time; it snows but a little; the grass has a yellowish hue. About the winter the child leaves his father and sits in the capitol as a senator or representative. The winter is nearly over, and he is about 30. I think the years must be between 39 and 43 of ours."

His last figures do not harmonize, however, with his previous statements. He starts with the child 4½ in the spring and finds him between 19 and 23, say 21, before fall. This gives us for spring and summer about 22 years, when winter is nearly over he is about 30; this gives us for fall and winter only about 8 years and would make the whole year not more than about 30 of ours. It must, however, have been more than this to correspond with other portions of the examination. He continues:

"The winter is about like that of Northern Texas. Some kind of grain is raised even then. The government stores up grain and keeps it at the same price all the time. I am round now to the same time of the year as before and he is now a man of about 40."

This would make the year of Sideros about 30½ of ours. This, of course, but a rough calculation, and may be erroneous to the extent of two or three years. If it was about three years less than this, then its time would correspond with that of the November meteors, which have a period of about 33½ years. If its period was then

about 30 or 37 years, it or its fragments may have been retarded, since that time to the extent of three years, as some comets are known to be retarded, apparently by the resistance of the medium through which they pass.

(To be Continued.)

REVIVALISM IN INDIA.

Keeshub Chunder Sen's Strange Religious Movement.

(Monroe D. Conway in the Cincinnati Commercial.)

It would be worth while for a student of psychology, or of adnormal religious excitements, to visit India just now. The minister of the Brahmos, Keeshub Chunder Sen, seems to have had his head somewhat turned by—or at any rate since—his visit to England, and the marriage of his daughter to a Prince. He has built a splendid house in Calcutta, and atones for that worldliness by ascetic mortifications. He has announced that he is a special agent of Providence; he is not an incarnation of any deity; he is not a prophet; but he is something different from other men. His recent course and preaching have been fruitful of discord and agitations. The more educated of his followers, who have favored the Brahmo movement as at once a protest against idolatry and a refined theism, have become disgusted and left the church. A large number of the lower-class converts have been offended by the marriage of his daughter with a Prince, secured as it was by a partial surrender of the Minister's proclaimed principles against infant marriage; and they have abandoned him. And this parting with the elements of rational restraint and coolness on the one hand, and of humility on the other, appears to have been the means of revolutionizing a movement to which some had looked for great and beneficial changes in India.

Keeshub Chunder Sen and his followers seem to have taken hints from the revivalists of the West, and formed something like a "Salvation Army." They are replacing their lost adherents with fanatics gathered in the highways and byways, the survivors of extinct excitement, and adopting their wild manners and customs, their pilgrimages, shrieks, dances, and superstitious, they are calling the grand totality a "new dispensation." But from the mass of evidence before me I should say their star of Bethlehem has a chance of guiding them to Bedlam, or the places in India corresponding thereto. Sen himself has gone so far in that direction as accepting a sort of worship from disciples kneeling around him (on the ground that he did not wish to stop the flow of bhakti—that is, devotion or enthusiasm), and holding personal interviews with Jesus, Paul and John. One consequence of this outbreak of fanaticisms is the loss of many of the educated; but it has secured the results which manifest to Sen a "new dispensation." That is, he has raised public curiosity; thousands go to hear him, and by using Christian phrases in his own sense he has roused the missionaries and made a sensation. They are denouncing him off one side, while the educated theists denounce him on the other; and the result is that on a recent occasion as many as 5,000 people went to hear him. The discourses he now delivers are quite valueless for any moral or religious teaching; they are merely frantic ejaculations about God and the prophets, among which Jewish, Christian and pagan are found oddly mingled.

The last phase upon which this new wild movement has entered appear to be the dance and the pilgrimage. They lately organized a pilgrimage to "Sinal." On the 22nd of February they all bathed, put on clean clothes, and followed the minister up into the "sanctuary," here, if one is to believe reports, they passed eight days and nights, and communed with Moses reading over the Pentateuch and spiritualizing each verse; so that on the last day Moses is said to have spoken to them in some mysterious way; whether he spoke from a burning bush, or whether he materialized personally, cannot be gathered from the mystical narratives of the pilgrims.

The revelation made by Moses included a transcription of the Ten Commandments, and a proclamation to the modern Israel, in which he stated that Jehovah's voice was his only guide, his only book of wisdom, the only Scripture of salvation; and promised that "the Almighty shall lead Bengal out of the bondage of superstition and idolatry into a city overflowing with milk and honey of purity and joy."

"The Lord shall communicate to all his devotees, to every Moses in the land, the moral law through faith and conscience, and all India shall in time bow to the Supreme legislator."

"In trust and obedience I, Moses, fought my salvation and that of Israel; so shall every believer in the new dispensation try to prove loyal and obedient unto the moral law of Heaven."

In essential features the law of ancient Israel and of modern Israel shall agree; but in detail they shall differ, and instead of one Moses there shall be many imbued with his spirit in the present age, and he be unto their countrymen law and conscience incarnate.

"Blessed, blessed, blessed are thou, modern Israel, for the Lord shall deliver thee and make thee a mighty nation."

This "revelation" is chiefly remarkable for the indication it gives of the extent to which the Aryan has been overlaid by the Semitic accent and style. It is without any traces of the Vedic style, though its biblical phraseology is oddly interlarded with modern dialects. The ancient scriptures of India have become the possession of scholars, and the Bible has been made by British conquest and missions the mold into which the molten mind and emotion of that country are now taking new shape. But instead of taking such shape as the missionaries hoped for, one that would make them supporters of the Christian church, the form is that which makes Jesus and the Bible into buttresses of Brahmanism, or rather of that potpourri of resuscitated Aryan fanaticisms which Keeshub has collected and is stirring. The most startling and uncomfortable result thus far of the new enthusiasm for Christ which animates the Brahmos is the way they hold Him up as an ascetic (or, as they say, Vaishnav), literally "void of attachment." They proclaim loudly all the texts which so represent Jesus; they dwell on His fast of forty days and nights, and His assertion that a certain kind of demon only goes out by fasting and prayer; they picture Him without a place to lay His head, and ordering men to sell all they have and give it away; to lay up no treasures on earth; and to forsake family, house, land, all. This kind of thing is precisely opposed to all the Christianity which England has exported to that region. It is also true that Keeshub Chunder Sen has not yet forsaken his fine house and family, but then he has never adopted Jesus as his only model and god, as the missionaries have, and, moreover, since his followers regard him as a "providential" man, he is supposed to have special reasons for carrying his asceticism into peculiar channels. (As a matter of fact he nearly died not long ago of self-starvation.) This representation of Jesus as an ascetic Hindu yogi, or hermit, and the utter disregard for dogmas not found mentioned in the Bible (trinity, incarnation, etc.), is more bitterly resented by the Christians than was the long indifference. An old idolater is far more favored than one of those enthusiasts about Christ. Indeed, something very like persecution seems to have begun out there in some of the many cases in which Brahmos are employed as servants or agents in English houses or offices.

The "dancing" custom which has arisen under the "new dispensation" is not unlike that which marked the beginning of the Shaker movement. The Brahmos, being quite puritanical in their notions, do not countenance dancing for amusement, but only for piety. Strange to say, they especially claim Hebrew authority for it, as the dance of David before the ark. Calvinists there were dancing girls employed in the temple at Jerusalem, and some antiquarians say they survive in the processions of ritualists around the interior of a church. At any rate the Brahmos have begun ecstatic dances, and as they dance they sing a hymn which would appear to be an secretion from the past. The derisive dance of Puritans is said to

have been originally an imitation of the cotillon of stars. In India there is an old legend of Rishna appearing among milkmaids as a charming young shepherd and dancing with them all. This last probably influenced the early choreographic ceremonies of various sects, especially perhaps that founded some four centuries ago by Chaitanya, mentioned in the second verse of the hymn. Hari is the Chaitanyanite name for God. The other names in the hymn are those of various founders of sects, and the effect is much as if Fox, Wesley, Swedenborg, Jesus, Andrew Jackson, Davis, Elijah, Elias Hicks, Calvin, Channing were supposed to be whirling together in a holy break down.

"THE SONG OF THE DISPENSATION."

Chanting the name of Hari, the saints dance. Dances My Gouranga (Chaitanya) in the midst of devotees drunk with the nectar of emotion, with tears of love in his eyes. (Oh! how charming the night!)

Moses dances, Jesus dances, with hands uplifted, inebriated with love; and the great rishi Narad, dances, playing on the lyre.

Dances the pious King David of old, and with him are Janak and Yudhishtir, the noble-hearted. The great yogi Mahadeo dances with joy, with whom dances John with his disciples.

Nasak, Prasad, and Nityanand all dance; and in their midst are Paul and Mahomed.

Suka dances, Dhruva dances, dances Haridas; and with them dance all the servants of the Lord. Wandeo and Sankar dance, Ram and Sakya Muni; dance the Yogi, the bhakta, the ascetic, the poet, the sage, and the devotee.

Dadu and Tukaram dance, Kabir and Tulasi; dance both Hindu and Musaulman smiling in love. Dances the sinner, dances the saint, dance both poor and rich; every woman sing in chorus, Glory to God.

Leaving aside the pride of birth, the Brahmins dance with Chandala, embracing each other. Behold! Hari, inebriated with his own love, dances in the company of his devotees and utters "Hari, Hari."

With the Lord Hari in the middle, the saint dance in a circle, throwing their arms round each other's necks.

Lo! the devotees of God all dance, casting aside barriers of time and space. The fishes dance in water, the fowls in the air; the branches of trees dance fantastically, moved by the winds.

Dances the river, dances the ocean throwing up waves; and lo! there is Hari dancing in their midst. The sun, moon, and the stars dance in the heavens; beasts and birds dance.

The breezes dance in the fire, the lightning in the clouds, dances the snow-capped Himalayas. Hearing the glad tidings of the New Dispensation, dance both the heavens and earth, and utter "Hari, Hari."

Premdas (the servant of love); rolling at the feet of all, is bewitched by the scene, and utters the name of Hari.

Prayer.

BY J. MURRAY CASE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Many in the spiritual ranks look upon prayer as a relic of superstition and ignorance. This comes from too much reading of materialistic teachings. They believe in a human soul from phenomenal evidences, but in all things else are materialists. The human soul is a spark of the divine essence. The aggregate of all intelligence, we may denominate God. Each human soul is a little cell; it needs food; it cannot exist unless it is fed from the divine fountain. When the body grows weak from hunger it asks for food; when the soul becomes weary it turns to the divine fountain and is filled.

No human soul can earnestly and sincerely pray without being made better thereby. It does not matter to what objective being we address our supplications. The Hindu that prays to Brahmas; the Chinese to their wood and stone gods; the Arab to Mahomet, and the Christian to Christ—if they are equally sincere, will all be equally blessed. It is not the objective being to whom we appeal that wings the blessing; it is the inward "hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

A hungry soul is like a drooping lily. A scorching sun will make the lilies and the cornfields pray. They droop their foliage in humble supplication, and when a gentle shower comes, or the dew falls, how they seem to laugh and grow happy. The hot sun dries up the water in the leaves of plants and produces a partial vacuum. In a hungry soul, there is also a vacuum, and as the lily drinks in the rain drops or the dew of the night, even so the human soul in answer to prayer is filled with divine essence. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

We have had too much cold, intellectual, materialistic, Spiritualism, and not enough emotional or religious. Our emotions are the intuitive thoughts of the soul. Emotional thought is never selfish, cold, exacting and critical. Intellectual thought always is. A scientific Spiritualism, which intellect alone would create, could do the soul no more good than the science of astronomy. We want a Spiritualism that is both a religion and a science. "Faith without works" could not be more lifeless, than a scientific Spiritualism without the religious or emotional.

But it may be asked to whom or what shall we pray, who have no knowledge of an individual God who will hear and answer our prayers; we know no God but Nature. Very well; then pray to Nature, for she has not made your wonderful body and more wonderful spirit, and can you be more wise than she?

Oh! Nature, of whom I am a child, hear this my humble prayer! I know that "in thee I live, move and have my being," and that from thee my body and soul are fed. I am suffering in spirit. I feel my weakness; my soul hungers, and as a babe upon its mother's breast feed me, I pray.

If this little invocation is offered in deep sincerity by a hungry soul, I say that some intelligence will respond and a blessing will follow just as certain as air and water will rush to fill a vacuum.

I hope to live to see the time when Spiritualists generally will recognize the power and influence of prayer. I hope to see our circles always opened with an invocation. It brings to our firesides bright and pure spirits. When we deny the efficiency of prayer we open wide the door to evil, mischievous and obnoxious spirits, and to this cause we may trace much of the crude phenomena and silly twaddle, that has made Spiritualism odious to people of refined tastes and religious culture.

Columbus, O.

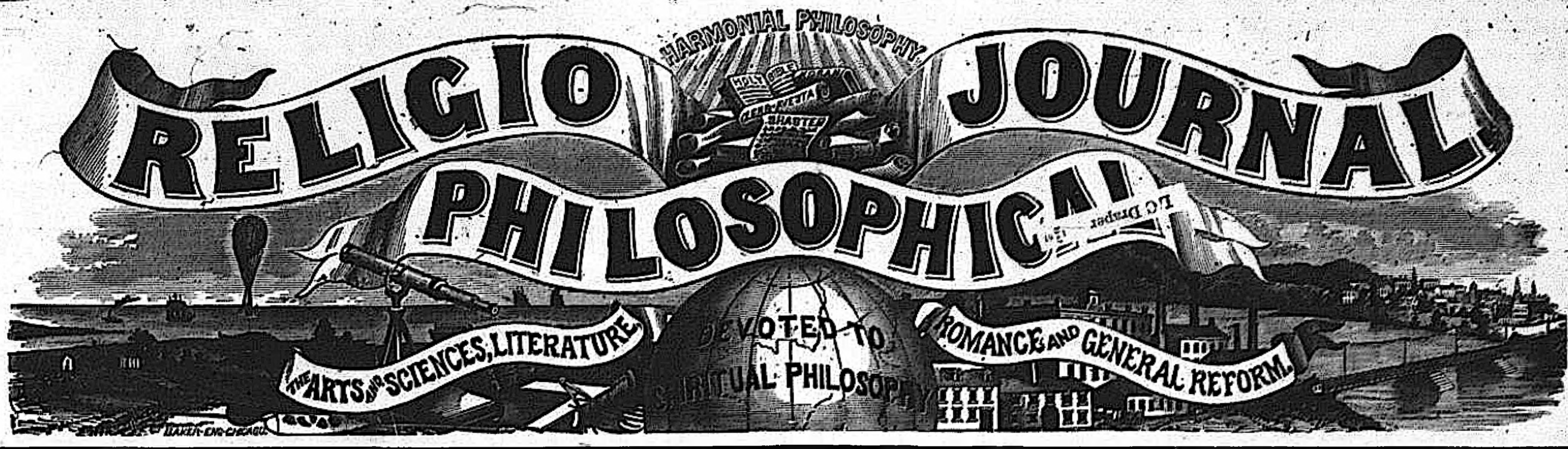
Modern Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism has wrought a wonderful change in all religious teachings of the Christian world. When asked what the spiritual philosophy has done or expects to do, you can point with pride to its mission. No reform which has blessed mankind has ever made such rapid strides as this. It has worked its way into the literature of the age. It is found in the poet's sweetest lines, and it is, to a degree, taught from the pulpit. Modern Spiritualism is not a fatherless child, though upon the cold charity of the world. It has godfathers and godmothers by the thousands. They are of every nationality and the spirit with which they manifest their regard for this adopted child, is sufficient proof, that some what may, the child shall be cared for and tenderly nurtured and fed.—The Ohio Branch.

[illegible]

Mrs. E. G. Dodge, M. D., of Oswego, N. Y., has our thanks for a fine photograph of herself.

CONFIDENTIAL



Truth fears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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EARLY DAWNINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Interesting Experiences in the Life of Different Ones.

BY H. S.

The proofs of the nearness and activity of the Spirit-world are so abundant at the present time, that we have hardly need to draw from the storehouse of the past. And yet it is pleasant to know that what is now so clearly before the world, has been seen dimly perhaps in most cases--by the highly intuitive and spiritual in all the past ages, particularly by those whose earthly lives were passed in a more immediate nearness to the open advent of our modern Spiritualism.

My present purpose is to give, for the benefit of the readers of the JOURNAL, some of these gleams of the early dawnings of our faith, only a few, however, such as I happen to have conveniently at hand, leaving the great storehouse of similar illustrations to be explored by some industrious student of the future.

I now refer to the early prevalence of spiritualistic ideas and experiences, and not to the phenomena, the last of which have already been largely collated and brought within our reach in Robert Dale Owen's invaluable work, "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World."

These spiritualistic ideas prevail largely in the productions of the best writers--especially the poets--of the first half of the present century. It would be easy to fill many columns of the JOURNAL with quotations of this kind from well-known poets of this period. But besides these there have appeared in the public journals from time to time, fugitive pieces of unknown authorship, in which the gleamings of the brighter faith are clearly to be seen--touching and beautifully so sometimes.

I have now before me an instance of this kind, which is so much to my purpose that I cannot forbear giving it entire notwithstanding its length. These lines must have been written many years before the advent of modern Spiritualism, as I have had them in my own possession for nearly forty years; and, in an introductory note accompanying their publication in the paper whence I took my copy, the following statement is given by the person sending them: "From whom these lines first came I know not; but, copied from hand to hand, they have been going about comforting such as have valued friends among the departed," and telling of the choice spirit, though not of the name of their author. They reach the heart, and so they came thence. Let them bear longer and wider the true thought they so well embody. They will comfort more. Who in more hopeful and touching strains has spoken of immortality and a reunion for the departed?--the dictate of reason and affection, the joyful assurance of Christianity."

To these earnest words, as well as to the sentiment of the lines themselves, I give my most hearty assent; and so, through the kindly convenience of the JOURNAL, I send the good angel voice once more on its work of benediction, and at a time when the world is far better prepared to hear wisely and favorably than before:

THE DEPARTED.
The dead! the dead are with us
And they throng around our way;
And the presence of their memory
In our hearts can be so gay.
When round the hearth we gather
We know that they are there;
And with them our spirits converse
In the holy place of prayer.
Around our couch at midnight
Their forms sit slowly by;
And in the silence, when they speak to us
How they fare in the sky.
At night when the dew is falling
They walk with us as stars;
And their voices like the rustling
Of angels on the wings.
And when in social circle
We join the merry band;
Or in the hour of sorrow,
Sit silent hand in hand.

They come and sit beside us
And gaze into our eyes;
And we listen to their voices then,
With a calm and noble surprise.
The departed! the departed!
They crowd around me now,
And a sweet and cheerful light of peace
They shed upon my brow.
I know they have not left me,
Though no more I see their forms;
And their presence mid the strife of life
Is like sunshine in the storms.
O beautiful the beautiful!
Altogether they stand
Within the chambers of my soul
A fair and shadowy band.
And from out those chambers, now and then
This cheerful voice is given;
Oh! faint not while ye walk below
Ye dwell with us in heaven.
No earthly sorrow brightens us,
No chill misfortune pains;
Then weep not, though with you no more
In form we walk again.
Ye feel that we are with you,
When ye wander by the streams,
And ye see our faces, as of old,
In the pleasant light of dreams.
And when in twilight waiting
Ye think of us as dead,
And o'er our empty resting-place
The sweet evening dews ye spread,
Remember for the soul that lives
There can be nothing dead;
Remember that the soul, once born,
Lives through eternity.

The deep, death-like trance--even now but imperfectly understood--has been known and sometimes recognized in all ages of the world; but in most of the cases preceding our era of Spiritualism, the condition has been mistaken for that of actual death, and many have thus been laid away in the final earthly resting place before the electric umbilical cord which constitutes the final hold of the body upon the spirit, has been severed; or, in other words, whilst the spirit was only absent, not separated from the body. Probably a large majority of the premature burials of past ages have been of this character. I will give a single illustrative instance. My account is taken from a work of Prof. Bush entitled, "Mecmer and Swedenborg," published some thirty or forty years ago. It is headed

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL TRIANCE OF WILLIAM TENNENT.

and this account is said to be exceedingly well authenticated. The remarkable event occurred in New Brunswick, N. J., about the middle of the last century. Mr. Tennent was a student in theology, and was engaged in preparing for his examination, when he was seized with a severe illness which finally, to all appearance, terminated his life. But a young physician, his particular friend, thinking that he saw some slight symptoms of vitality in the body, induced (with much difficulty) a delay of the burial for several days; when, as the last allowance of time was just expiring, the patient awoke with a deep groan. With much care and effort he was finally restored to active life, but his memory of the past was wholly gone. He was compelled to begin his studies entirely anew; but when he had progressed so far as to read and pronounce such words as "thee" and "thou," his recollection began gradually to return and continued until the restoration was complete. He afterwards became a minister of the gospel; how long he continued the account does not state.

But the most remarkable part remains to be told. He had recollection also of what transpired during the trance, and although loath to speak much upon the subject, he finally made some disclosures to a particular friend, from which the following is taken: "As to dying," said he, "I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape of the Deity, but glory unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the happy multitude when one came to me and looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'You must go back.' These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back.' With this shock I opened my eyes in the world. And for three years the sense of divine things continued to great, and everything else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

This I regard as a genuine case of intromission to the Spirit-world, whilst the spirit was still held to the body in such a way as to allow of its return. But had it not been for the determined effort of the medical friend, the body would have been buried and the earthly life forcibly extinguished, thus adding another to the long list of those who, through the prevailing ignorance of natural and spiritual law, have been prematurely forced from the earthly life.

It will be observed that old theological ideas prevailed largely in this experience; that the heaven into which the subject entered was much in accordance with the general expectation of persons of his position and belief. But to my mind this does not militate against the genuineness of the occurrence, since, according to our most advanced knowledge upon the subject, this is what should naturally be expected. For we have reason to believe that the Spirit-world is so wisely and benevolently constituted that there are no sudden and ex-

treme breaks in the experience and preconceptions of those entering there. In other words, we are not to be suddenly forced out of old errors and prejudices, but gently and gradually led on into higher states of thought and experience. Hence the first condition on entering that life, is generally one that does not widely differ from the preconceived ideas existing at the time of leaving the earthly body.

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

These have been common at all stages of the world's progress; but, as in the case of the trance, they have grown more frequent with the nearer approach to our era of Spiritualism. But these visions of the departing ones had been almost invariably misunderstood until our more recent revelations. In the former times, it was supposed that what thus occurred during the separation of the body and spirit, was the result of a delirium naturally attending the event. Hence but little attention was paid to it as a significant fact of human experience. And thus whilst the spiritual senses of the departing one were already becoming open to the grand and beautiful unseen realities around, and delightful visions and voices of loved ones of the beyond were greeting the newly awakened faculties, and anthems of spirit voices were heard inundating the soul with unspeakable bliss, the few disconnected words uttered at such times have been ascribed to wanderings of delirium, and only expressions of wonder and compassion have been uttered in return by the mistaken bystanders, whilst the true expression should have been that of joyful congratulation to a soul thus being born into the new life.

But since the advent of the Spiritualism of to-day, we can in some good degree understand and appreciate these scenes at the bedside of departing ones. We now know that the separation of the spirit from the earthly body, is a process which, in some of its leading features, closely resembles that of the birth into the earthly life. Clairvoyants, gifted with the spirit-seeing capacity, have often witnessed and described the entire process. It is seen that the head of the spirit-form, including as it does the centres of intellectual life, first emerges from the body, and that the process continues until the entire form has thus become separated from the material body, but often remaining connected with it for a while by a cord of light closely resembling the umbilical cord of the natural birth. And while this connection continues, we are told that there is a possibility of a return to the earthly life, as has sometimes been the case in what have been claimed as resurrections of the dead.

It would seem that in certain instances of these human departures wherein the process has so far advanced that the head, with its brain organism, is already embodied in the spirit-form, the mental powers still retaining as is often the case, a good degree of activity and clearness, the spirit senses being thus called into action, the sights and sounds of the Spirit-world become present realities; and when the power of expression through the earthly organism still remains, that expression--often quite laborious and imperfect--is an effort to convey to mortal friends the spiritual realities into which the dying one is just entering.

We have also learned through our intercourse with the Spirit-world, that at this so-called hour of death, groups of loving friends from the other side are always present to welcome the expected one to their own happy circle. And so it naturally happens that the first opening vision of the departing one is made to rest upon the spirit-form of some especially dear one who is the advance representative of the gathered group.

This statement--so closely condensed that I fear it may not be understood by the reader--may help us to something like an explanation of the nature and significance of the many touching incidents of the kind so frequently to be met with in the records of the past. I will now give a few of these incidents which will serve to confirm and illustrate these generally received ideas among the Spiritualists of to-day. I have made no extended exploration of the field, however, but have only availed myself of a few instances most conveniently at hand, the occurrence of which was in the period closely preceding the epoch of modern Spiritualism.

At a social religious meeting in the city of Boston, at which I was present, Dr. Walter Channing, a physician of the highest standing--a brother of the distinguished preacher and philanthropist of that name--gave the following incident of his experience, and in such a manner as to show that it was regarded by him as of deep spiritual significance, and not as the unsteady flickerings of life's expiring taper.

A young man who had recently buried a lovely and dearly beloved sister, at length himself lay at the point of death. As his struggling spirit was making the final effort to free itself from the body, and the vision of the heavenly world was opening upon him, it seemed that the form of his sister was the first object to meet his astonished and delighted gaze. "Charlotte!" he exclaimed with an enraptured manner wholly indescribable, and with this last effort of mortal speech he passed sweetly away into the presence of the loved.

Another incident, an account of which I met with in the public papers at about the same time, is very similar in its general features; but in this case the departing

spirit was that of a young girl whose mother had died at a period so early in the child's life that the loved features had failed to leave their impress in her memory. She had, however, become acquainted with these features from an excellent portrait of her mother upon which she was accustomed--especially during her last sickness--to gaze with the most absorbing interest. As the spirit of this young girl was about taking its final departure, all at once a brightness as from the upper heavens burst over her colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open and the lips parted; the wan curdling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort as she looked piercingly into the far above. "Mother!" she cried with surprise and transport in her tones, and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom. Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of death, "If I had never believed in the manifestation of departed spirits before, I could not doubt of it now."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF REV. THEODORE CLAPP.

From the autobiographical sketches of this highly intuitive and devoted Christian minister, I shall venture to glean somewhat largely of illustrations bearing more or less directly upon my theme. I give the full title of the volume that others may be able to find and read it for themselves, a process which to me has been one of especial interest and profit.

I have called Mr. Clapp a highly intuitive man, and the personal of the volume before us will, I think, fully satisfy the reader that such was the case. With the help of this faculty, his openness to the influx of the higher truths, he worked his way from Andover orthodox up through Universalism, Unitarianism and Liberalism generally to a position which, in all important respects, was identical with Spiritualism, though he does not in so many words declare himself to be a Spiritualist. But I will now give a brief outline of his career, including especially those incidents which have a bearing upon my special theme.

Mr. Clapp was born in Western Massachusetts in 1792, and entered Yale College in 1811; but soon broke his health from overstudy; was prescribed for by the doctors, but instead of taking their medicine, he threw the pill boxes and vials out of the window, and without leave or consultation with any one, he started off on a tramp through the Western States which lasted for seven months. The result as given in his own language was that "travel, hunting, fishing, rough fare, sleeping on the floors of log cabins, fatigue, wet, cold, a constant change of scenery, and a succession of stirring adventures among those who were then considered by many as border ruffians, completely metamorphosed my physical condition, and without a particle of medicinal aid placed me again in the full enjoyment of life and health." This was one instance, I think, wherein his intuitive or mediumistic tendency served to deliver him from the oppressive power of old and false ideas and customs into the freedom of a natural and rational life.

At Andover where he pursued his theological studies under the especial patronage of Dr. Woods, he became so disgusted with the narrow, formalistic customs, and the sophistical supports of irrational doctrines prevalent there, that when he went forth into the ministerial field it was with a strong bias toward the liberal and rationalistic faiths of the day, and eventually he became both a Unitarian and a Universalist, as it would seem, for he adopted the distinctive doctrines of both these denominations, but ever after maintaining an independent ecclesiastical position.

In the summer of 1821 he spent a few weeks at a celebrated watering place in Kentucky. Here, being the only clergyman present, he was urged to preach on Sunday; but having no written sermon with him and being wholly unaccustomed to extemporaneous efforts of the kind, he tried to evade the work thus imposed upon him, but to no purpose, for although evidently a graceless set, the people there were determined bent on having preaching, in order that they might pass away their Sunday time a little less objectionably than in the usual course of fashionable dissipation on week days.

Finally, in a sort of desperation of mind, Mr. Clapp gave himself up to an off-hand, extemporaneous effort which, to his surprise, proved to be the most effective discourse he ever delivered; and having thus found out his capacity as an inspirational speaker, he never after returned to the use of a manuscript. It was doubtless owing mainly to this change into an inspirational speaker that endowed him with the special powers of eloquence which attended him in his subsequent career. The preaching of this sermon led eventually to his settlement over a large congregation in New Orleans, as some of the leading members of that congregation were among his hearers at this time, when he was, as it were, forced by what should hardly be called accident into a new and more effective style of preaching. Over that congregation he remained settled for nearly thirty-five years, never forsaking his post even during the most terrible of those southern epidemics which so often prevailed. I will now give, in somewhat brief and detached passages of his own language, some of his experiences

which bear more or less directly upon the special topic before me, the passages being so selected and arranged as to give no other than a strictly correct impression of the sayings and doings of this remarkable man.

"It has been my lot to pass through twenty most fatal and widespread epidemics, including the yellow fever and cholera. Besides, during many of those summers which were reported by the medical authorities as being healthy, I have witnessed a great deal of suffering and mortality among unacquainted strangers. It has been my duty one day to officiate when a lovely daughter, shining in all the charms and freshness of life's green spring, stood before the bridal altar and took upon herself the beautiful vows of wedlock; the very next day and in the same room, by the side of her coffin, I have been called upon to preside over that melancholy scene which is the termination of all earthly prospects. Transitions from life to death equally sudden have been common occurrences in my experience. As to mortality, the bloodiest battles of modern times can scarcely be compared with the ravages of the yellow fever. A volume, however ably written, could not worthily portray the wretchedness of a single epidemic. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last than any clergyman in the United States. In all my experiences I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations; but never in agitation from dread or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. Before they get sick, the unacquainted are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless and happy. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. In all my experience in New Orleans, I have met with no dying persons who were terrified, except church members who had been brought up in the Unitarian faith. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that these individuals were not good Christians. They were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity was the cause of their fear and apprehensions. No honest man with such a creed (referring particularly to the doctrine of election) could die without the greatest dread and anxiety. For if God has inflexibly determined to destroy a portion of his children, however pure and good they may be, no one can know absolutely, from his character, that he is among the saved. All efforts to make death a scarecrow to frighten men into the church are as low and debasing as they are irrational and anti-Christian. Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man."

It is quite possible that some of these statements may seem over-strong even to Spiritualists, especially those concerning the entire absence of fear and of pain at the hour of death, in the case of those deemed irreligious and evil; but what Mr. Clapp thus asserts is certainly not without substantial reasons, some of which are given in the narrative. But, at all events, such positive assertions of facts in human experience by one whose field of observation has been so extended, are worthy of the close attention of the thoughtful. Is not a part of the explanation to be found in the fact that the old theology has so over-drawn its terrors of death and the hereafter as to render them utterly unreasonable and harmless even in the sight of uncultured, but common-sense evil-doers? Besides, is it not probable that, when thus so closely on the border land of the Beyond the spirit invariably becomes open to the light of the coming dawn, a light which reveals the utter falsity of the old dogmas, and makes it clear to the dying that they are in the hands of perfect wisdom and love, and not the subjects of a God of terror and vengeance, who, as held forth to them in the past, has seemed to be worse even than themselves?

A few more quotations from Mr. Clapp, appropriate to our subject, and I will draw this article to a close. The first is from the account of the death of a young man of intelligence and culture whose father had recently departed from the earthly life, and is as follows: "Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a distinct and audible voice. At the close he exclaimed: 'It is finished!' and then gazing with fixed eye as upon some object on the ceiling over him, he said, 'God be praised, I see my father.' Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked what father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father? He answered, 'My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is (pointing upwards) smiling down upon me, arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is going--he is gone.' On uttering this, his arm which had been raised heavenward fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile, an expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. This incident made a lasting impression on my mind. It deepened it strengthened immeasurably my belief that the soul survives the body. Who knows, said I to myself, but every one of these hundreds that are dying around me, when they draw their last breath are greeted by the disembodied spirits of those whom they knew and loved on earth, and who have come to convey

*Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections during a Thirty-five Years Residence in New Orleans; by Theodore Clapp. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company, 1877.

Sideros and the People as Independently Described by
Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

When I had discovered that the period of Sideros was between 30 and 40 years, I was led to think that it was once a world revolving in the same track as that of the November meteors, had become broken up and that the meteoric showers, which occur every 33½ years between the 11th and 13th of November, are caused by the fragments of this disrupted globe, approaching so near to our planet as to be drawn by its superior attraction from their orbit and showered upon the earth. Tempel's comet, whose period is 38 years and 63 days, and the comet of 1866, whose period is 33 years and 64 days, being only larger fragments of the same globe, which will probably reach our planet at some future time, to the great consternation of some of its inhabitants.

The question then arose, what could have given such an eccentric orbit to this world, sweeping it away into space beyond the orbit of Uranus, and then around the sun in a path nearly coinciding during a portion of its course with that of our own planet, and where did it come from originally? The planet that travels around the sun in a period nearest to that of Sideros, is Saturn, whose period is nearly 29½ years. When I came to examine carefully the satellites of Saturn, I found them to be very strangely distributed. In ten thousands of miles from Saturn they stand nearly at the following distances: 12, 18, 19, 24, 84, 95, 229; the nearest being 120,000 miles distant, and the farthest at the enormous distance of 2,200,000 miles. The distances between them are nearly represented by the following figures: 3, 4, 5, 10, 45, 131. It is easy to see that the spaces between the fifth and sixth, and between the seventh and eighth are enormously large compared with those between the others. The sizes of these bodies are peculiar; the sixth is more than half the diameter of the earth, the seventh is very small, the smallest of them all, and the outermost is nearly as large as the moon, while the rest of them are small. My opinion is that somebody from exterior space, perhaps a fragment of a dead world beyond Neptune, drawn by the attraction of the sun, as meteors are drawn to the earth, came either in contact with one of the satellites of Saturn, or very near it, and in consequence the satellite was either driven or drawn out of its orbit and became a comet flying in an eccentric orbit similar to that now followed by the November meteors, its fragments. When this was done, Saturn in all probability was a sun and the satellite had advanced to its carboniferous period. I have received as yet but one psychometric description that indicates this, and I merely present it as extremely probable. I said to Mr. Cridge, "Go back in the history of Sideros just as far as you can." He said:

"I see it come up as far as its carboniferous period, and then a change took place; it goes to another sun and turns back to molten water again."

As I understand him, it was then revolving around Saturn, at that time a sun, when from some cause, which he did not know, it began to go to another sun, which I think was the centre of our solar system, and this change caused its return to a molten state. If it was struck by an immense body returning to the sun the heat produced by the collision might have been sufficient to return it to the molten state, when it commenced its new and eccentric career around the sun. He continues:

"It threw off many masses as it went. Within half an hour every living thing upon it died. It seems to have gone from the sun it revolved around and a larger one swept it off. It seems to have been in a terrible commotion for a long time. It did not revolve regularly. At certain times the old sun affected it. Every time it came close to it, it seemed almost to stop, and its heat was greatly increased at such times. It became smaller, for it threw matter out into space every time. It seems as if a brake was put on. Its direction was sometimes entirely changed. It seems to come nearer and nearer to the original sun (Saturn as I think) during several thousand years, and then it was driven off by some convulsion, and gradually returned and went through the same round. A crust would form and then be broken up and the world would become molten and almost turn to vapor again. Finally this ceased, its old sun lost its influence upon it, and in time it started into life about as our world did."

"It was to these disturbances in its youth, in all probability, that Sideros owed its exceedingly rugged character, many of the masses that were then thrown off, returned at various times, falling upon its surface in great rocky fragments, seen and described by several psychometers long before I had any conception of the cause."

IOWA METEORITE.

On the 26th of January of this year, with a meteoric specimen that fell in Iowa on the 12th of February, 1875, Mrs. Denton said:

"If I get this from the specimen, it was a body with a very uneven surface, hills, valleys and crevices. I think it is a globe, but it is a small one compared with the earth and has a very uneven surface. Here are splinters of rock, more than a quarter of a mile long, and they are pulled up, one above another and one across another, and pointing in every direction, but more of them in one line for more than a mile in height. No human being could by any possibility climb over this rocky chaos. I can only conceive that it came into this state by a hollow globe, say four or five miles in diameter, being shivered into fragments on the spot."

From other examinations I have every reason to believe that the Iowa meteorite came from the same world, though from a very different locality, and I think that the locality seen by Mrs. Denton is the one seen by Mr. Cridge, when he passed through Sideros, while examining the Texas meteoric iron and said, "The other side has a great deal of rough, torn-up land."

METEORIC CONDITION OF SIDEROS.

The atmosphere of Sideros at all times seems to have been light compared with that of our planet, vegetation sparse and very few large trees, none that would be called large on our globe. In consequence of the lightness of the atmosphere large tracts of land were uninhabitable, indeed they could not be visited, and they were free from snow even in the winter time, because the atmosphere at their height could not uphold the clouds. Some human beings in consequence of this were, during some periods of its history entirely cut off from others, having no more communication with them than if they had lived upon another world. There was always a lack of aqueous vapor upon this world, the oceanic area at all times being much smaller comparatively than it is upon the earth. The climate, notwithstanding its immense distance from the sun when Sideros was at its aphelion, was much warmer than that of the temperate zone of our world. It was never very hot, the high lands, perhaps, tempering the heat of its summer. The warmth of its winter can only be accounted for by assuming that distance from the sun does not produce that intensity of cold that we have been led to suppose. Indeed what we know of the climate of Mars might have led us to this conclusion. Although its mean distance from the sun is 30 million miles greater than ours, yet, judging from the size of the snowy

caps upon its poles, its climate must be very similar to that of our planet.

As a consequence of the lack of vegetation on Sideros, it appears to have had very little coal, so that it was hardly over used for fuel, and the lack of timber compelled the inhabitants at a very early period to construct their habitations of stone. There was, however, a considerable amount of petroleum and asphaltum, and rock saturated with petroleum took the place of coal to a considerable extent. This may seem strange to those who suppose that petroleum is the product of vegetation, but, as I have shown in the first volume of the *Soul of Things*, petroleum was originally deposited by certain coral polyps in their tabulated cells, and, when found in other rocks than limestone, has passed into them from the beds in which it was originally contained. The number of races of men on this world was quite large, I think as many as nine or ten; this may have been partly caused by the insulated character of its habitable portions; life having advanced independently to man along various lines, which could never have retained their independence, had there been ready opportunity for mixture. There seems scarcely to have been time for the formation of a homogeneous population, for the planet ripened and died prematurely, and it fell as falls a premature apple, long before there was time for the production of its sweetest juices, and its greatest beauty. Here is a picture of it in its Silurian stage:

SIDEROS IN ITS SILURIAN PERIOD.

"At times it rains terribly; the clouds come very near the earth and then the rain comes down in sheets. It is rather mountainous back from the coast. The continent is very narrow—ribbon shaped and circles round."

"I see star-fish on the shore, some of them are a foot and a half across, of a pale yellow color and translucent, and others nearly transparent; there are black specks in them. Sea moss grows upon the rocks, that are covered with water at times, and are sometimes bare. The water is hot and the air is poisonous. The sea-moss covered rocks are quite high when the tide is down. Some of the moss is a dull green; it is very thick. The rocks look like lava. Masses of jelly-like matter are born, having a hardish crust on the outside. I see nothing that I recognize. There is a sea-weed that grows two or three feet long and small mollusks in the moss; they are long bivalves."

"Sometimes a volcano springs up out of the ocean and changes the whole appearance of things. This water is almost boiling; nothing advanced could live in it." The development of Sideros through the geologic ages seems to have resembled that of our own globe, though we have spent but little time in its investigation, its human history being by far the most interesting.

Mrs. Eager describes it in its early condition and sees some of its rudest human types:

"I see mountains very large, and high and craggy, with large crevices. It seems to be the same world as I saw with the specimen yesterday [Colorado meteorite]. There are no inhabitants; none ever lived here. The atmosphere is very dense; it is dark and dreary as hades. The sun does not shine here; it is all the time like twilight. Fragments are constantly being thrown off in large quantities; some glacial as if made of metal. The atmosphere is very warm, nothing could grow here."

"Now I see a broad sheet of water that looks very smooth, but is not clear, it is of a bluish color. I see many singular shapes in it; they may be fishes; but they differ from all that I have ever seen before. This is a broad river and leaps into a yawning abyss, a foaming, rushing cataract, as it pours down 3,000 feet, I should think. She comes forward in time and says:

"Now I see a valley; the air is much better and rocks are not as high and very different. They are of a lighter material, a layer of light and then a layer of dark, that has a metallic look. I see now a hut and near it a shrub or bush with broad leaves. The hut is built very roughly; shreds of wood and roots have been thrown upon it. Here is the most singular being I ever saw. He is nude, has a large head, broad between the ears and the ears are large and upright. The head is very sloping and extends very far back. He has large, long claws and looks like a man and yet differs very widely from him. He is covered with long, coarse hair about three inches long. He is seven feet high I think; his mouth is very large, his nose flat and his nostrils dilated, as though from running. He generally goes on all fours like a monkey, but walks upright at times; his chest is full, his limbs taper and his feet have long claws that look strange. I see trees with thick juicy leaves, which he pulls off and eats. He is of a dark brown color, with keen, dark, wild-looking eyes. I can hear him growl at times."

"There are a great many in this part of the country, but not very near. They seem to know but little and fight a great deal; and use for this purpose clubs that seem hard and strong. I see a female with shorter hair on the body; she is nursing a young one."

Humanity on all worlds must of necessity have advanced from the brute, and there must have been a time when the keenest observer would have found it difficult to distinguish between the beast and the man.

ANIMALS OF SIDEROS.

The following from Mr. Cridge belongs to a much more recent time:

"The houses here are round, but rude. There are trees larger than I have seen before. This is a village near a forest and near an ocean. There is an animal here that looks like a tapir; it is no larger than a dog; it is domesticated and petted, and yet eaten. There are more birds and animals generally here than I have seen before. There are horse-like animals about the size of a deer; there are also wolf-like dogs that have been domesticated. All the animals seem to have long heads. The dogs have long hair and look like shepherd dogs. They use them for hunting the deer-like horses. The hair on the tail is not as long as a horse's and the mane is woolly. They have tried to domesticate them, so that they could use them as beasts of burden, but do not seem to have been successful. They keep them for the sake of their hair, of which they make cloth. The people cultivate the soil a little and use iron. Water seems as plentiful as it is here."

"This is an island about 600 miles long. The people here, boats made of boards; their tools are soft, I don't think they have any steel."

(To be Continued.)

Faint not; the miles to Heaven are not few and short.

A young man cannot recover the loss he suffers here in practice of bad habits, though by patience and godly sorrow he may regain the celestial companionship of his mother in the Spirit-world.

It was remarked that no physician in Europe who had reached forty years of age, ever, to the end of his life, adopted Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of blood; and that his practice in London diminished extremely from the reproach drawn upon him by that great and signal discovery.—Hume, V., 31.

The Religion of Spiritualism.

(Barstons Sentinel, N. Y.)

Mrs. Maria M. King, the inspirational writer and speaker whose volumes on "The Principles of Nature" were noticed a few weeks since in the *Sentinel*, has been passing a few weeks in the mountains north of Barstons, for her health. Being about to start for her home at Hamamont, New Jersey, she consented to meet a few Spiritualists of this vicinity at the residence of E. J. Huling on Caroline street, last Friday evening and make their acquaintance. After an hour or more spent in social intercourse interspersed with music, Mrs. King was impressed to deliver a message to the friends present which, being taken down and written out, has been revised by her and is as follows:

MY FRIENDS: I am happy to greet you to-night as the friends and representatives of Spiritualism in Barstons. I am one engaged with you in a cause which we claim as that which vitally interests humanity at large. We stand as exponents of a faith that is despised by many, and in my opinion, for the reason, mainly, that it is misunderstood. Our religion, which we agree is pre-eminently a religion of good works, has a spiritual side which the world in general does not understand. I feel impressed to speak a few words here on the religion of Spiritualism.

Jesus said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst and that to bless." The Spirit of Truth, which Jesus may be supposed to have represented on the occasion of his uttering these words, has a representative that speaks to every individual soul of man on occasions when the spirit is free to listen to its promptings—when the passions are hushed, and the yearnings of the soul after good are breathed forth in earnest aspirations to the divine source of the "best gifts." Yes, and when the careless, heedless mortal is, as to every trembling man, on the verge of disaster that is to affect the spiritual man, this representative is the voice within that awakes the terrors of "Sinai's thunder," that utters threats of future retribution; that speaks a God obeyed, and justice ready to strike the offender. And it is the "still, small voice" that will make itself heard by such, at times, bringing conviction for sin, and stimulating desires and resolutions for a holier life, in the turmoil of passion wherein the higher nature is subdued, or perverted by sensuality.

In the order of the highest life it is appointed to every dependent mortal spirit to be in a manner, in subjection to a spirit that represents to it the "Holy Spirit." "Holy Ghost," according to the language of the church that represents God, or goodness, holiness, purity, truth. I say a spirit; I will add a line, or succession of spirits to the supreme order of spirits in the highest heaven; each successive higher one representing more of God to the dependent soul, as the latter is developed and progresses. This guide, prompter in spirit, is one adapted to the individual's magnetic condition, existing to be thus the "voice in the spirit," in every time of pressing need. This spirit is superior to the immediate guides, being prompter to them in all that concerns the welfare of his ward. He must be, in every case, superior to evil—on a plane of development that constitutes him a safe guide to whoever is entrusted to his care.

This science of social order that inspires the order I am attempting to delineate briefly, the old theologians have hardly discovered or revealed to mankind, while claiming to be exponents of God's ways to man. Christian theology tells of a Holy Ghost, a Saviour, an all-pervading spirit of God that speaks to every individual soul of man as its prompter to good, but leaves the mind in vague uncertainty as to what all this signifies. Now we claim, most emphatically, for Spiritualism, that it is the doctrine of regeneration—the necessity of this new birth, so-called, which we claim is a gradual unfolding of the spirit which is the divine image, from the germ of the divine which is the birthright of every one, and constitutes every soul of man the direct lineage of God. In essential points regarding the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, we differ from many Christians. As for instance the resurrection of a Jesus crucified instead of offending man, has fastened itself upon Christendom, and is a relic of a religious religion whose cornerstone was laid, offered up for sin which might be wiped upon an unoffending victim, that was to suffer while the sinner escaped. The belief in the gift of the Holy Ghost to be conferred through faith in the sufficiency of this sacrifice, a superstition in itself, has its foundation in truth, as all primitive religious notions are apt to have. The meretricious sin, of all evil propensities, which are symbolized by the animals that were once offered in sacrifice to all animals symbolizing the animal passions or nature of man—is what brings the gift of a spiritual renewing, which is the beginning of spiritual regeneration.

The difference between true Spiritualists and many Christians in regard to the essentials of religion, particularly what I have been speaking of, I claim to be in the interpretation of terms and experiences which are shared by both.

Some Christian experiences, the experiences of mediums in the present day whose work is the revelation of the Divine principle of the Spiritual Philosophy, and those of prophets and seers, the mediums of ancient times, exemplify the influence of the superior spirit guide upon the individual for spiritualizing, and enlightening, and for uplifting the whole being. Experience, after all, is the best teacher; what is learned by it is learned thoroughly. There is no room for doubt where the mind has been convinced by the stern logic of circumstances, experience. I speak these things at the prompting of a spirit, and yet I speak what my own experience has verified.

I will state a few facts in relation to my own experience, which I do not doubt corresponds to that of many others among earnest Spiritualists and mediums. Previous to becoming a Spiritualist and medium I was a Christian, and sincere in my religious convictions. I had an experience as a Christian which convinced me of the reality of what is called, in the church, religion. In my youth I was seriously inclined, and having near friends who were Christians and church members, I naturally inclined in their direction—sought satisfaction for my longings for something beyond me in religion. I believed there must be a reality in what was so much talked about and written of in religious books, and so I resolved to seek it for myself—to know for myself what a religious experience was. This was not in the excitement of a crowd of penitents and exhorting revivalists, but at home. I was moved upon by the spirit independent of this psychological influence which drives crowds to the profession of a spiritual change which too often is but a ruffling of the waters of the spirit by an ephemeral breeze that passes, and is apt to leave stagnation behind. I devoted myself to prayer and reading the Scriptures, and serious thought during leisure time. I put myself in the exact condition, as I now understand it, to receive spiritual baptism, and I had it. In the quiet of my chamber, and while engaged in ordinary household duties, but contemplating religious things, the light burst in upon me like the sunshine through a dark cloud; and it was joy unutterable. I had experienced an influx of spiritual influence that came upon me as suddenly as the light from heaven shone upon Saul of Tarsus, and as in the case of the great apostle, it gave me an impetus in the right direction which has never been lost, but rather increased, as the spirit influence has never ceased to be vouchsafed as it has been needed. As I cultivated spiritually by prayer and aspirations in the years which followed, I experienced, from time to time, such outpourings of the spirit as filled my spirit with rejoicing. During all this time I was instructed only in the church doctrine, and was growing in grace. But in reality, while spiritual regeneration had commenced, I was not growing in the knowledge of the truth. I misinterpreted my experiences, as others were doing.

Now came the time when the spiritual phenomena around society, and I began to investigate them. I saw what was very convincing as to their origin, but I said to myself, "What does it matter? I have my religious experience, and it is a reality; and I cannot forsake my allegiance to my faith until I have

another secure foundation to stand upon. I commenced reading the works of Mr. Davis, and before completing this perusal I discovered a foundation that I believed would sustain me, and stepped upon it; and from that time to this, it has seemed to strengthen beneath me. I have, as it were, been permitted to count stones by stone of the solid masonry set upon the everlasting rock of God's immutable law, and growing up into a structure broad and strong enough to sustain all of thinking men evermore. My new faith shed light upon my old light, that interpreted all that was dark in the Bible and Christian experience. I was soon arrested with the conviction that the gift of mediumship was to be conferred upon me—I may say unsought, but not undesired. It has been in the course of my development under the supervision of a spirit of power that I have experienced, in full measure, the repetition of those spiritual baptisms, baptisms of the Holy Ghost, I may well term them which commenced when, as almost a child, I rejoiced in the influence of spirit resting with power upon me, and stimulating me to a good life, and pointing me heavenward. There is a prominent landmark in my experience during the first month of my development, that I am convinced was placed there by my revered guide, for the one important purpose, among others, of convincing me of the true source of the spiritual experiences of mankind, attributed to the spirit of God, to Jesus, or the Holy Ghost.

This spirit obtained such power over me that he could sway my mind at his will; could arouse emotions of one kind or another, as pleased him, by his psychological power, or by bringing me en rapport with certain conditions. On one occasion he, as it were, unveiled himself to me. And what shall I say? How describe my emotions? I felt, I believe, as nearly as mortal can, what it would be to have God, in the perfection of his love and holiness, reveal himself. His words were, "My daughter, my charge"—uttered to my spirit, and my soul was subdued into the depths of humility, while all of joy, thanksgiving, gratitude, of which I was capable filled my spirit. Oh! it was a glimpse of the real heaven—the gates momentarily swung ajar, and I was permitted a glance within, and what is more an experience of what the delights of redeemed souls are. It was but momentary, none can see God and live, it is written; and in this moment I realized it, I could not have lived in such rapture, and with such emotions of mind long continued. But the glory then revealed left its halo around my spirit, that has been as a light on my pathway ever since.

The dark places over which I have been compelled to travel have been enlightened by it, for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and is strong in God's strength. He stands by me in every time of pressing need as a helper indeed. Through him the Everlasting Arms are outstretched to embrace me, that I fall not or falter in what is laid upon me to do. This guide, teacher, friend, is one that "can be touched with a feeling of his infirmities," having once traveled the road through mortal life. He can be all to me that I need, under the supervision of those higher still than he, who are his inspirers and helpers, as he is mine. What other Saviour under God do I need? I must work out my own salvation—not alone, thank God; for it was said, "It is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His own good pleasure," which means that Divine help is extended to striving, aspiring men, through this spiritual guide—a help as shall direct him surely on his way.

THE USE OF OATHS.

Forms in Use in Various Countries as a Pledge of Loyalty for Legislative Bodies.

Appropos of the Bradlaugh affair, the London *Standard* publishes the following summary of the declarations of allegiance made by members of the Legislature of the countries mentioned: "In France, since the abolition of the Empire, on the 4th of September, 1870, no oath or affirmation has been administered in any form to members of the Legislature of the Republic. Nor is there any formality which might be regarded as an equivalent. Under the Empire new members made a declaration to the following effect: 'I swear fidelity to the Emperor and the Constitution.' But the name of the Deity was not included."

"The members of the German Parliament take no oath, nor do they make any affirmation whatsoever. The members of the Prussian and most other State Parliaments, take an oath of loyalty beginning with words: 'I swear by God the Omnipotent and Omnipresent,' and concluding with the words, 'so may God help me.' To this latter formula those who wish it may add, 'through Jesus Christ, to eternal bliss, Amen.' Any one refusing to take the oath, or commenting upon it, would undoubtedly be excluded from the Prussian and other State Parliaments. In conformity, however, with the laws regulating the administration of oaths in civil and criminal courts, an exception would be made in the case of persons belonging to recognized theistic religious communities, who, like certain Mennonite and Jewish sects, regard the name of the Deity as too awful to be invoked in the transaction of secular business. In these cases a simple affirmation would be regarded as equivalent to an oath. The omission of any oath in the German Parliament is occasioned by the wish to avoid the delicate question as to the amount of loyalty due to the Emperor, in contradistinction to State sovereignty."

"By the law passed on the 15th of May, 1863, Parliamentary oaths were abolished in Austria, and a simple affirmation was substituted. The first paragraph of the standing orders of the Austrian Reichsrath reads as follows: 'New members, on entering either of the two houses, have, on the President's challenge, in place of taking an oath, to promise loyalty and obedience to the Emperor, inviolable observance of the Constitution, as well as of all other laws, and conscientious fulfillment of their duties.' Upon the President reading words to this effect, the new member simply replies, 'I promise.'"

"Articles 87 and 88 of the Rules of the Spanish Congress say that Deputies, before they can take their seats, shall make the following oath, which is read aloud by the Secretary of the Congress, all present standing: 'Do you swear to observe, and make others observe, the Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy? Do you swear fidelity and obedience to the legitimate King of Spain, Alfonso XII.? Do you swear well and truly to behave in the mission confided to you by the nation, always and in everything seeking the welfare of the nation?' The Deputies then, two at a time, approach the table of the President, and kneeling on his right hand, he remaining sitting, they place their hands on the Gospels lying open before them and say, 'Yes, I do swear; and the President then answers, 'If you do so, may God reward you, and, if not, may he call you to account.' This formula was re-established in 1876 in the constitution voted by the First Cortes under the Restoration. It is copied from the Constitution in force during the reign of Queen Isabella. At the time of the Spanish Revolution, from 1863 to 1874, no oaths were required in the Cortes, and when the First Cortes of the Restoration met, in February, 1870, Senor Castelar protested against the oath, and at first refused to take it, but finally submitted. In the Second Cortes of the Restoration, in 1877, the Democratic and Radical minority of 15 Deputies, under Castelar and Marias, again protested against the oath of allegiance, and took it after publicly stating their mental reservations, but no instance exists on the records of the House that a Deputy declined to take the oath on the ground of atheistic convictions. For such cases no rule has ever existed in the Spanish Cortes."

"The President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, seeing a new Deputy in his place, says: 'I invite the honorable gentleman to take the oath in the form following:—I swear to be faithful to the King, and to observe loyally the fundamental statute and the other laws of the State, with a single view to the inseparable welfare of the King and the country.' The new Deputy then, in his place, stretches out his right hand and pronounces the word, 'Giuro,' 'I swear.'"

A plucky little boy ten years old was recently severely injured by the cars at Dubuque, Iowa. When taken home his leg hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor had dressed the wounds he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck, and said: "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back

Continued from First Page.

them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?

"Shortly after this, I was standing by the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother saying, 'Do you not see my sister (who had died of yellow fever a few weeks before) there?' pointing upwards. 'There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven.'"

"Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us, as guardian angels to breathe on our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions."

The following extract is concerning Mr. Clapp's own personal experience during what seemed at the time to be the closing hours of his mortal life:

"That point of my disease termed the crisis continued two or three days. During this time, I was unable to close my eyes, and had abandoned even the hope of recovery. One night I said to Mrs. Clapp, 'I am dying.' She thought so too. An icy coldness had nearly reached the citadel of life. We were alone. I was in perfect possession of my consciousness. From some cause or other my mental powers were much more active than when in health. My memory was so excited, vigorous, and grasping, that I recalled the whole of my life and could repeat to myself passages of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages without an effort. All the literature that I had acquired came up before me with supernatural freshness and clarity. A true record of my thoughts and feelings that memorable night, would fill a volume infinitely more interesting than any other exercises I have ever enjoyed."

"Strange as it may seem to some, that was probably the happiest night of my life. My soul was filled with delightful imaginations. I fancied that I saw angels playing on their golden harps in the most exquisite and enrapturing airs. A kind of profound curiosity, mixed with the highest delight dwelt in my mind. For at that period I was not afraid to die. I kept looking to catch a glimpse of the spirit-land whose scenes I expected every moment would burst upon me, when I should close my eyes on earth and open them upon the light of a day whose sun will never go down. A feeling not unlike regret accompanied my first impressions that I was returning back to mingle again in the trials, duties and vicissitudes of earth."

But although Mr. Clapp finally recovered from the severity of this attack, he was never afterwards able to perform in full the duties of his ministerial life, but after a voyage to Europe (in 1847) he returned and resigned his position at New Orleans and took up his residence at Louisville, Ky., where these memoirs were written. The following incident occurred during his voyage which shall be my final quotation, although there is much more that would be exceedingly interesting to the reader:

"My fellow-passenger was a resident of New Orleans. Although a most intelligent, agreeable, and worthy gentleman, and most excellent company, he was at that time inclined to be skeptical on the subject of religion; but when I met him last winter I found that he had become an ardent, zealous Spiritualist, and of course a firm believer in God, inspiration and immortality. The change was to me the more extraordinary, because he has a mind remarkably cool, clear and philosophical. I have never known a person less liable to be led astray by sophistries and enthusiasm of any kind. Who dares say that there is nothing true, divine or beautiful in modern Spiritualism?"

It should be borne in mind as explanatory of some of these quotations, that although the incidents given occurred many years before the established era of our faith, yet they were not recorded in a book-form until about ten years subsequent to this era, when Spiritualism had obtained for itself a firm foothold in the world, especially in our own country. Hence it was natural that one of Mr. Clapp's advance thoughts—being as he was almost, if not entirely a believer—should make frequent references to this faith in writing out his personal sketches of the past.

These illustrations of the earlier gleamings of the light of our faith might be indefinitely extended. But I close for the present, being aware that I have already occupied the full extent of space that should be allowed to an article like this.

"Liberals" and Democracy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I see that the notorious *Truth Seeker* editor asks "liberals" to vote the Democratic ticket because the Republican party, as he alleges, supports sectarianism. No great party can rise far above the average of public opinion, and so no doubt, that party may be swayed somewhat by the great power of sectarianism. Yet it feels, too, the power of liberal opinion, and declares for unsectarian schools and a separation of church and State in general terms.

But how about the shameful subserviency of the Democratic party to the Catholic church, the granting of hundreds of thousands of dollars of public money to Catholic schools in New York, by its leaders in power there, the orders of their priests, from the pulpit that the heathen must vote the Democratic ticket and like acts?

I look upon an effort to form a political party on a "liberal" basis as an absurdity, as other grave issues will overshadow this, and men will not leave their parties for it. Criticism of parties and of candidates, and support of men, who while true in other directions, will help liberty of conscience and that justice to all which comes with separation of church and State, taxing of churches, etc., is well.

The first thing is to keep up a standard of high personal conduct. Those who follow vulgar and weak leaders fall into the ditch and lose all moral power.

G. B. STRESSING.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten is speaking in New York to good houses this month, notwithstanding the city is suffering from intense heat, and every one is out of town that can get out. This gifted lecturer always will draw good audiences wherever she is."

The finding of a petrified shark at the La Puma gold diggings, Cal., is reported. Its weight is about two hundred pounds, and its original length was about eight feet. A petrified whale, some forty feet in length, is imbedded in the earth in the same locality.

Dr. Eriemeyer gives it as his opinion that the Semite nations, including the ancient Hebrews, were left-handed, and that this peculiarity was the reason why they wrote from right to left.

WOMAN'S WORLD AND WORK.

The Subject of Mrs. Watson's Address.

An Eloquent Plea for Justice to Women—Mrs. Watson's Departure.

(Petroleum World, Titusville, Pa.)

It is but seldom that the people of any city are favored with an address so full of earnest thought, wise lessons and impassioned eloquence as that delivered at the Universalist Church last evening, by Mrs. E. L. Watson, upon the subject, "Woman's World and Work." A large audience was present and listened to the speaker with intense interest. It is doubtful if a more eloquent plea for the equality of women was ever delivered in the State, and certainly there never was one so delivered more earnestly or sincerely. Following is the synopsis of the address:

History was made by man, and written by man, for man. Woman was given no part or place in the work. For weary centuries one-half the human race has been compelled to stand by as the silent, inactive witness to the deeds and misdeeds of the other half. Individually is the universal law in mind and matter—in everything that lives and grows. But woman's individuality has been denied her. To read history one would think that woman was a mere non-entity, a speck in the great atmosphere of existence not worth the recognizing. Yet the smallest leaf that grows, the tiniest insect that creeps, the dim comet speeding through space, each blade of grass—each has an individuality, a fixed definite destiny to fulfill, which it performs in accordance with the law which called it into being. The history of one woman's life, fairly written, would convince the world of her title to a distinct individuality and lift her up into the position to which she is entitled in the great family of humanity. The question "Where is woman's world?" has been answered time out of mind, "In the household, in the family, in the nursery." It is true that these are parts of her world and her work, but they are not the limits. She is entitled to a place, she has a mission to perform, in the world now occupied by men, to purify the public service, to promote morality and bear a part of the responsibility in the affairs of State and Government.

Are not gentleness, tenderness and purity as lovely and desirable in men as in women? Are not strength of mind, firmness of character and integrity of heart as glorious in woman as in man? If they are, then it is woman's right and man's right to cultivate them alike and with equal advantages. Woman's world is an undiscovered country. It is foreshadowed by clouds of ignorance which hang above the world like an eternal curse. Now and then a woman whom fortune and destiny seemed to have chosen as an especial favorite has risen up before the world in testimony of the grand possibilities of womanhood. There was a Madame Roland, who with her husband bore equal shares in the cares of State. There was a Florence Nightingale whose purity and sweetness of life conquered a corrupt and vicious soldiery and enabled her so to influence the army that she seemed an angel risen out of the hell which the demons of war dig for our common humanity. There was a Caroline Herschel who sat with her brother through the lonely watches thousands of nights studying the problems of the stars, and became as famous as her brother. But these women were not favored or assisted by men in their great work. Destiny or some special Providence lifted them up to the full dignity of womanhood in spite of custom, in spite of ridicule and in spite of the contempt which men are only too ready to cast upon all women ambitious of reaching the great possibilities of their lives.

It is urged against the plea for the enfranchisement of women that they are already represented by men at the polls. On the contrary they are wholly and persistently misrepresented. To represent woman man must be acquainted with her wants, in sympathy with her aspirations and have a knowledge of the intricate workings of her inner spiritual life. Men do not possess this, they do not try to possess it, and therefore they do not try to represent woman as she ought to be represented in the government of the country. What is history, what is government, what is human progress? They are the aggregate, the sum total of this life, and in all their varied works woman should stand upon the broad level plane of equality with man. The law of heredity proves beyond doubt or question that woman's influence in moulding the lives and characters of the race is ten times greater than that of men, and if there should be but one educated class it should be the women, who rock the cradles and direct the destinies of men.

If every great man in the world to-day could rise up here to-night, and express the honest convictions of his heart, in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred it would be found that for his intellectual and moral greatness, for his purity and nobility of character he was indebted to his mother. In the highest civilization women are freest, and where women are freest there will be found the best and purest society. To judge of a man's character find out his opinions about women. Corrupt and evil-minded men will express coarse and vulgar thoughts, while the pure and upright man will always speak reverently and in praise.

They who argue that woman's mission is the silent one, the mission of secret ministrations and voiceless prayer—they who echo the misinterpreted manifesto of Paul, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," but faintly understand woman's relation to human progress. They urge that woman cannot take up arms, and therefore should not be given a voice in the control of the government. But is war the highest plane of civilization? Is there no coming time when the gentler arts of peace, love and the common brotherhood of humanity will rule the land, and the black clouds of war vanish in the sunlight of universal peace? They say the enfranchisement of women would bring them into the petty political wrangles which mark the ebb and flow of party spirit. But is there no hope of a future, when principles and not personal prejudices will rule the public voice, when statesmanship will mean something beyond mere partisan advantage, and the government regenerated and reconsecrated in the flood of intellectual progress? The woman's world lies all about us. It is as broad as humanity itself, and reaches from horizon to horizon of human action. In woman is embodied the prophecy of a race, the promise of a race yet to be. A Sappho, a Joan of Arc, whose heroism inspired the warriors with fresh conceptions of patriotism; a Grace Darling, whose valor put to shame the boldest courage of men; a Caroline Herschel, who divided the honors of astronomical achievement with her great brother, a Vinnie Ream, be-

fore whose artful chisel the marble chips fell away, revealing an ideal of the sweet-lived Lincoln as true and perfect that beholders wept even as they admired—these are instances of the grand possibilities of woman's life and mark the path through which she has trod onward and upward for unnumbered ages.

What would the church have been without the devoted self-sacrifice of woman? A shadow of a departed substance, a form without spirit, a mockery of faith, and a travesty on true religion. But the patient woman, whose heart is filled with a love and a tenderness unknown to man finds more consolation, more real sympathy in the shadowy recesses of the cathedral than in the glamour of the crowded church. Woman's devotion, her deep inner spirit of self-sacrifice, upholds the church and gives it all its strength.

Let girls be trained up as boys are. Let them be taught the nobility of labor, and that they need not sacrifice any of their loveliness in earning an honest living. Let women be the equals of all men. They should be tried before courts and juries of their peers. To-day they are tried under laws of men and by juries of men. They are denied a right guaranteed by the Constitution.

The enfranchisement of women would promote morality and temperance, strengthen the Government in every part, and purify politics. Woman's mission is to work—work with heart and intellect—for the purification and elevation of the race. If it be woman's sphere to be a housemaid, let her do her best and be sublime. If she is gifted for an artist, let her excel in her calling, and be the peer of any king. And let us all remember that the mother, she who sustains and trains the infant man, is the grandest, the divinest of all queens.

MRS. WATSON'S DEPARTURE.

It having been understood that this would be Mrs. Watson's last public appearance prior to her departure for the Pacific Coast, the Titusville Spiritualist Society took occasion to offer an expression of regret at her withdrawal. At the conclusion of the address, Mr. Harp, a prominent member of the Society, stepped upon the rostrum and in a manner full of emotion, addressed Mrs. Watson as follows:

DEAR SISTER: It is with great sorrow that the Spiritualist Society of Titusville, this evening, says to you, our beloved sister, good-by; and I can only say that this sorrow is shared not only by all who have known you in this city—your home for so many years—but by all whose privilege it has been to make your acquaintance, or listen to the inspired utterances voiced forth by you in this our Eastern country. These utterances have been to us an inspiration to live a purer and higher life; have given us confidence to think outside the beaten track, not only in theology, but in all departments of thought, and have here given us food for thought, have been a joy to us in times of rejoicing and when sorrow has entered our homes. And dear ones have been born into the higher life, the grand truths and teachings of the spiritual philosophy as given by the angels through your organism, have given us such consolation as can from no other source be obtained, and been to the mourner precious beyond our power to express.

While we regret so much to say farewell, we would not bid you stay when you feel that your health demands the change, but wish that your journey may be pleasant, with your spirit friends for company, to that land where "the snow o'er the orange blows," trusting and hoping that the change will be of so much benefit that many years will thereby be given to your earth life, in which to speak glad tidings of great joy to many people. And we will hope, may we not, that you will cherish a pleasant remembrance of our city and its people; and should the good angels again guide you across the continent, I can assure you, you will find hearts kept warm to welcome you home again.

Mrs. Watson replied in a few remarks of great tenderness and gratitude. She referred in fitting terms to her long experience in this city, to the sorrows she had undergone, to the happiness she had enjoyed and the happy memories of Titusville and its people she would bear with her to her new home in the west. It was a beautiful address, full of feeling and gratefulness.

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